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DR. AUGUST NEANDER.*

DR. JOHANN AUGUST WILHELM NEANDER, the greatest ecclesiastical historian the Christian Church has ever possessed, was by birth a German Jew; and so completely Jewish was his appearance, that, in the streets of London, he would probably have been mistaken for an old-clothesman. His short, spare, bent figure; hooked, fleshy nose; bushy eyebrows; thick, black hair; large mouth, high cheekbones, and round chin, all bore witness to his nationality; while his long-tailed coat, shabby brown hat, and unfashionable jack-boots were quite in keeping with his otherwise Israelitish contour. Nevertheless, there was in his eye a calm, subdued, and heavenly fire, that spoke of diviner thoughts, nobler sentiments, and a higher world than that with which the large majority of his kinsmen are absorbed. Looking more closely, a sympathetic observer could not but

feel that here the uncomely form and dress,

"Like nature, half concealed
And half revealed the soul within,"

for a noble Christian spirit can dwell nowhere without pervading the least prepossessing exterior and rendering it transparent as crystal to kindred eyes.

Neander was born at Göttingen, on the 17th of January, 1789.* His father, Emanuel Mendel, was a broker, and, by all accounts, a man of no very high principle. In his later years, he is described as a stout, clumsy, ill-favored person, with very bushy eyebrows, a stealthy look, and rather coarse manners. Though he continued true to his Judaism, he was accustomed to boast of his celebrated Christian son, and took great pleasure in

* For many details and suggestions we are indebted to two articles by Drs. Hagenbach and Kling, which appeared in the *Studien u. Kritiken* for 1851, and to an article by Dr. Uhlhorn, of Hanover, "Die Aelteste Kirchengeschichte in ihren neueren Darstellungen," in *Dorner's Jahrbücher für deutsche Theologie* for 1867. We are surprised that no detailed biography of Neander has been published. His papers, we believe, are all in the possession of Dr. Schneider, of Neuwied.

* Neander's Werke. 12 vols. Gotha: F. A. Perthes. (2.) August Neander. Ein Beitrag zu seiner Charakteristik. Von Dr. Otto Krabbe. Hamburg.

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showing to his acquaintances any new book that son might have published. Neander's mother, whose maiden name was Gottschalk, was distantly related to the celebrated philosopher Moses Mendelssohn, and is said to have been a pious, pleasing woman, who sought to discharge her duties to her children with all faithfulness and tenderness.

At his circumcision Neander received the name David. He was the youngest of six children, there being besides himself two brothers and three sisters.* While David was still quite young, his mother left her husband and removed, with all her children, to Hamburg, where she had wealthy relatives; on this account he was accustomed to speak of that city as his proper home. What may have been the grounds of this separation, we are not informed; probably, the unsatisfactory character of the father, and the prospect of securing, by the help of her friends, a better education for her children.

Till his 14th year David went to a private school; but in October, 1803, he was sent to the *Johanneum*, the celebrated gymnasium of Hamburg. His mother took this step at the advice of Leonhard Wächter, one of her boy's teachers, who assured her that though absolutely unfit for trade, he had remarkable abilities for study. Dr. Gurlitt, the then head-master of the *Johanneum*, put him into the first class in Greek and Latin, and into the second in mathematics, geography, and history. Amongst his classmates was Karl Sieveking, brother of Amalie Sieveking, who is said to have been as a boy, youth, and man, a character of rare purity, strength, and nobility. Young Mendel was so industrious that he soon outstripped even the ablest of his fellow-pupils in knowledge of the ancient classics, and was felt by all to be a youth, not merely of dis-

tinguished talents and attainments, but of unusual depth of thought, great tenderness of heart, purity of sentiment, and single-eyed simplicity. He seldom took part in the games and excursions of the other scholars, though urged by his mother and sisters to do so, for the sake both of his bodily health and general culture. Whilst he enjoyed the respect and love of such schoolmates as knew him more intimately, his shortsightedness, shyness, clumsiness, *other-worldness*, made him the butt of frequent practical jokes. For example, a number of boys were once found pretending to hang him up to a pillar, by a rope they had tied round his neck. A fellow-pupil tells also the following anecdote of his absence of mind. He was, one day, slouchingly going his usual walk along the *Jungfernstieg*—one of Hamburg's finest streets—on the Alster, with his hat over his eyes, and his hands in the back pockets of his long overcoat, when a wandering young handicraftsman—probably as dirty-looking as most of them are—rushed up to him, took him in his arms, and shouted out, "Holloa, friend Breslauer, how in the world did you get here?" Finding himself mistaken he, of course, let young David go; "but when I came up to him, a minute or two afterwards," says the narrator, "he seemed totally unaware that anything particular had befallen him." One of the elder pupils, named Noodt, who frequently took him in charge, says, however, that occasionally, when the jokes played on him became too outrageous, he would fire up and begin to fight with antagonists so far his superiors in strength that his friends had to interfere and draw him off.

At Easter, 1805, David quitted the *Johanneum*, and entered the "Academical Gymnasium," being then 16 years of age. Prior to his departure, he delivered, at an anniversary meeting of the friends of the *Johanneum*, a Latin oration on the theme "*De Judaeis optima conditione in civitatem recipiendis*," which was so well-written and so full of fire and force, that the head-master, Gurlitt, after adding notes and observations, had it printed as part of the usual school programme. Noodt, the friend mentioned above, says that all who listened to the oration were astonished, both at its ele-

* The eldest brother, baptized in 1806 by the name of Andreas Karl Johann Mendel, became an eminent physician, and died of typhus fever whilst attending on the sick during the siege of Hamburg. The second brother, who called himself "Mendahl" after baptism, became a commercial traveller, and died in a lunatic asylum. His eldest sister, Henrietta, became Madame Scholz; the second, Johanna, or Hannchen, was his lifelong housekeeper and nurse; the third, Betty, died insane. His mother also became a Christian, and spent the later years of her life with him in Berlin.

gant and flowing style, and at the energy with which it was delivered by the otherwise shy and clumsy youth. It secured him the friendship of two young men, who were then attending Gurlitt's lectures, namely, Varnhagen Van Ense and Wilhelm Neumann, through whom he subsequently became intimate with the well-known Chamisso.* The two first mentioned assisted Neander in his study of Plato and Sophocles; and introduced him to the works of Schlegel, Tieck, Fichte, and other great oracles of the day. These and other friends had, naturally, not a little influence on the important step, which he shortly afterwards took, namely, that of his entrance into the Christian Church.

Profoundly interesting as it would be to trace the psychological process by which Neander passed out of the unbelief or misbelief of modern Judaism, to the acceptance of Christ and Christianity, we are not in a position to indicate much more than the outward instrumentalities and occupations which led to the result. He was actually baptized by Pastor Bossau of the St. Catherine's Church, Hamburg, in the Parsonage House, on the 25th of February, 1808, being then just seventeen years of age. The witnesses to the rite were Johannes Gurlitt, his teacher, Karl August Varnhagen Van Ense and Wilhelm Neumann; from the last-mentioned he took his new surname *Neander*, *Neuman* (Neumann), and one of his Christian names, Wilhelm; from the other two the names Johann and August.

The bent of his mind and the direction of his thoughts, for some time prior to his baptism, are partially indicated in

* These three men belonged to the Romantic School of German literature, whose leaders were Novalis and Tieck. They also formed a league, designated—from a ring with the motto *το τοι πάλαι άστρον*, which the members wore,—“The North Star League,” into which Neander was admitted. Chamisso was the author of “Peter Schlemihl, or the Shadowless Man.” Neumann became an eminent philologist; Varnhagen Van Ense published various literary works in his lifetime, and has created a great sensation by the diaries which he left. Young Mendel's oration was on the subject of Jewish emancipation, which he defended both as an act of justice and as a means of counteracting the moral declension of his kinsmen. At a later period, however, Neander was not so warm an advocate of emancipation as at this time.

an essay written when he was sixteen years old, and which he himself handed over to Pastor Bossau before the performance of the rite. It will be of interest to our readers if we translate one or two sentences from it. It is entitled, “An attempt to construe dialectically the various stadia in the development of religion.”

“Religion is an outflow of man's yearning after the Infinite. It is the reflex of the Infinite in various forms, no one of which alone exhibits it in its totality. In the childhood of the race, when as yet the sense of individuality had not been awakened, religion took the form of *unconscious identity* (i. e. with God). After the forbidden fruit had been tasted, that is, after man had attained the consciousness of individuality, and the veil concealing antagonisms from view had been rent in twain, it assumed the form of *fear*. Judaism was this stage in the development of religion. Ere the Divine regenerator, the atoner, love could come, it was necessary that fear should rise to its highest pitch—to the pitch of absolute antagonism. Even prior, however, to its reaching this stadium, religious *virtuosi* appeared, who darkly anticipated the future reconciliation, the second and higher identity, the identity of love; though they were utterly incapable of bringing it about. Indeed the antagonism not being yet absolute, the time was not yet full. The prophets were such *virtuosi*; so also, perhaps even in a higher measure, though his presentiments did not, as in the case of the prophets, take a personal shape (Messiah), was the divine Plato, especially in the Republic, where he gives clearest expression to his holy love and longing for the Infinite.

“At last the Word became flesh; the Divine and human natures were united; the identity found personal and unique expression; and on the recognition of this point of indifference—that is, on faith in Christ as the Mediator—depends our blessedness; or in other words, the independent production of the identity in and for ourselves. Disjunction is damnation; identity is salvation; fear is discord; love is identity. Fear and love, punishment and reconciliation, are the most general terms in which to express the difference between the Jewish and Christian religions.”

Surely a remarkable line of thought for a youth of sixteen. One thing is very clear even from this brief extract, that Neander had cast off the yoke of modern Talmudical Judaism, with its immoral compromises, absurd enjoinments, and narrow and empty religiosity. The main factors, too, in his

development, are tolerably evident to those who are at all familiar with the terminology of the then reigning philosophies.

Whilst there is good reason for believing that he was even at this time a careful reader of the Old Testament, to the works of Plato he undoubtedly devoted most attention. They were not read at the Johanneum; but one of Neander's fellow-pupils tells us that editions of and commentaries on them, might be found constantly lying about his room, on the floor, on the chairs, and in every corner. And says he, "I shall never forget the happy moments when he used to recite to me passages from this his favorite author." Dr. Gurlitt, when once asked what influence Plato had had in the formation of Neander's religious convictions, answered that he could not tell—he only knew that Neander had studied him very eagerly, and thought he had thus been led to Christianity, by what process he knew not; nor with his own rationalism was he likely to comprehend this great, spiritual reality. The well-known Hamburg preacher Rautenburg, however, writes:—

"The only thing I know with certainty is what Neander told me with his own lips—namely, that it was a passage in Plutarch's treatise, *De educandis liberis*, which first turned his mind in the direction in which he afterwards found truth and peace. I remember distinctly asking whether Plato had not led him to Christ. He answered, and I shall never forget the heavenly light and the blessed, childlike expression of his eye, "No, it was Plutarch's *Pædagogus*;" and then he quoted the passage. In consequence of our conversation being interrupted, I learnt nothing more."

The precise passage is now unknown. This account may be supplemented—it is not contradicted—by another which the son-in-law of Pastor Bossau has given. A Christian friend, to whom young Mendel one day in very rapturous terms expressed his admiration of the "divine Plato," remarked, without at all anticipating the effect his words would have, "I quite agree with what you say about your favorite, but I would advise you to read also the Gospel of John; you will find there everything that is loftiest in Plato, only more clearly, more beautifully, and more fully put." Whereupon Neander began to

read the New Testament. But whatever may have been the immediate occasion of his commencing the study of the life of Christ, whether Plutarch, or the friend to whom we have just alluded, Plato unquestionably prepared the way. Wilhelm Neumann wrote in 1806:

"Plato is my friend's idol and the constant theme of his conversation; he sits over him day and night, and there are probably few who know and accept him so completely and so sacredly as he. It is marvellous how he has become all that he is, almost independently of the direct influence of others, purely through the contemplation of himself and honest study. Without having read much of the Romantic Philosophy, he has constructed it for himself, and found the germs of it in Plato. He has learnt to look with great contempt on the world around him."

About this time also some of the works of Jacob Böhme, Moses Mendelssohn and Rousseau fell in his way.

The essay from which we quoted above betrays very distinctly the influence of Fichte and Schelling amongst philosophers, of Schleiermacher amongst theologians, and of the romantic literary school with which he had become allied through Chamisso. That Schleiermacher, especially through his "Discourses on Religion," had not a little to do with Neander's conversion, we know from the testimony of his friend and colleague Dr. Friedrich Strauss, of Berlin, who was intimate with him from a very early period, and who said in his funeral address, "In Neander a natural susceptibility to the higher elements of life was but a preparation for that highest element, the knowledge of Jesus Christ, which first dawned upon him when he read Schleiermacher's 'Discourses on Religion,' an epoch in his life of which he never spake save with the profoundest emotion."

At the academical gymnasium in Hamburg Neander had matriculated as a student of law, for it was originally his own design and the wish of some of his relatives that he should enter that profession; but soon after his baptism he came to the resolution to devote himself to the study of theology.*

* He once gave the following account of the change in his plans. Dr. Stieglitz, his uncle, an eminent physician in Hanover, who had promised to support him at the University, and whom he

Much light is thrown on Neander's character, mental development, and inner life at this period by the letters addressed to his friend Chamisso, then an officer quartered at Hameln.* Though written in a high-flown style, they are marked by the loving spirit, broad charity, genuine tolerance of differences, wide compass of thought and capability of understanding historical phenomena, for which their author was so remarkable through life. We shall not have space, however, for more than one or two brief extracts. We will commence with the one in which he communicated the change in his plan of study. After expressing in the strongest terms his detestation of wordliness, and saying that the closer his acquaintance with the wordly the intenser was their mutual dislike, he adds:

"Their presence strikes me dumb; I cannot do homage to the vulgar mind, departing, as it has done and ever more completely does, from the one centre of all beings that breathe a divine atmosphere; and losing, as it does, all sense for the blessedness of that Divine commonwealth whose corner-stone is friendship. Against it and all that is sacred to it, against its idols and its temples, let us vow eternal war! Let each carry on the contest with the weapons which God has put into his hands, until the monster shall be destroyed. Only let concord prevail among those who are doing battle for the cause of the true God and for the well-being of the true Church. How sad and heartrending is it to see soldiers of the same army quarrelling about empty forms and forgetting that they are all aiming at the same goal."

Hereupon, after announcing his determination to study theology, he adds:

visited on his way to Halle, requested him during his stay to write down the reasons which had induced him to choose law in preference to any other branch of study. Whilst doing so, Neander arrived at the clear conviction that his heart's inclinations and intellectual capabilities all pointed towards theology. On stating this to his uncle, the latter replied, "that too is my judgment," and the eventful alteration was made.

* The friendship with Chamisso, though for a time very close, does not seem to have been very lasting; nor indeed was it to be expected. Neander entertained an estimate of Chamisso which a closer acquaintance could not possibly justify. The former was always better than he seemed; the latter worse, not perhaps from hypocrisy, but because his friend's unusual purity and excellence, so long as they were together, called the better elements of his character temporarily into an activity which after separation seriously relaxed. With Neumann and Varnhagen, Chamisso showed himself more as he ordinarily was.

"May God give me all the energy I desire, in order that I may learn to know and proclaim Him, the One, to the *profani*, in a sense which the vulgar mind is unable fully to understand. Holy Saviour, thou alone art able to reconcile us with this profane generation, for which, fired by the warmest and most undeserved love, thou didst live and suffer and die. Thou didst love the profane; we can only hate and despise them."

This letter breathes an exclusive and aristocratic spirit, which was anything but characteristic of Neander in his later years. It was the spirit of the romantic, sentimental, philosophical circle to which he belonged; it was the spirit which is everywhere natural to young striving minds when they fancy themselves stirred by thoughts the world has never known before, and fail to find appreciation amongst the experienced but prosaic men around them. In another letter he writes about himself:

"I found none like-minded with myself, with whom I could form a closer friendship, and was prevented by natural shyness from seeking them. At last, however, by that necessity of nature, which even in this world unites souls that are akin to each other, I made the acquaintance of our two excellent friends Neumann and Varnhagen, who received me into their league. From that time onwards many things of which, living alone, I had had only a dark inkling became clearer and clearer, and I began to understand myself better. I long now to see you; not indeed because our friendship needs a corporeal presence, but still it is delightful and glorious when one's brother reveals himself, so to speak, to one's eyes in outward shape. Till then let us learn to know each other, ever more vitally and universally, through the revelation of letters."

On another occasion he writes:

"Letters have only significance and value as they are copies, and as it were parts—if not clear at all events indistinct—of that primal letter which dwells in the undivided energy of our own essential nature. To recognize the thought and spirit of Deity in phenomena as they succeed each other in time and space, we require a power of the same kind as that by which we understand and recognize our friend in the letter he writes to us. How incapable are we of recognizing the Spirit of God in the great and glorious epistle of nature unless we have the key in ourselves; unless we have found God in the inmost depths of our own nature; unless we live and move and have our being in Him, so that what is, as it were, merely begun in the hints of the outward world is continued in us and receives

a full answer in our own peculiar nature. Even so are we unable to recognize our friend in his letters unless we have known him before, unless his true original life forms as it were an integral part of our own life, and his letters therefore appear to be written by ourselves."

The next extract shows us that his acceptance of Christianity, even at this stage, had not been merely external or even intellectual:—

"Blessed be the cross, which, like Christ, the godly are called upon to bear, because of the multitude of sins; and thanks for the glorious victory which we gain when the old life is nailed to the tree and our spirit, becoming free, constitutes nature its willing organ, when a full reconciliation is effected, and liberty and necessity go hand in hand through life. It is by means of storms that the Lord separates the chaff from the grain; it is by means of conflict and suffering that the Church grows and is strengthened. Since Christ died there is no more real suffering; the intenser the pains the more glorious the birth; all who believe in the death of the cross are to die, that, like Christ, they may every moment have a blessed resurrection. But I, alas, have not yet been tried. How am I as nothing! Still nothing but mere yearning, mere resolve! But I must not complain; God will care!"

In another letter he describes the *γνώσις σωτηρίαν* as the end and sum of all theology, as the goal and pole-star of all his studies:—

"My aim," says he, "is to penetrate ever more and more fully to the inmost depths of the spirit, there to receive the light of the one God who enlightens and warms all things; to follow up its rays, to take inward hold of them as they shine in the intellectual life of humanity; and to arrive at both an inward and outward understanding of the Bible and its interpretations."

Such were his thoughts and sentiments when as yet a youth of only seventeen or eighteen years of age!

One feature of Neander's character—a feature which never underwent a change—is very prominent in all his letters, namely, his high appreciation of and intense yearning after true friends. That we may not subsequently interrupt our narrative we will insert here two extracts from letters to a young poet, Carl Meyer, with whom he formed an intimacy after finishing his theological studies, and with whom he corresponded for many years. These letters overflow with a sympathy for which nothing was too large, nothing too trifling.

Words characteristic enough of their writer occur in the very first letter:—

"I recall very often to mind the evenings we spent together in conversation, when the affinity between our souls revealed itself without a veil. True friendship is always a reciprocal contact of life in God, and is cherished and fed by Him in whom our life is hid."

This was in the year 1811. In the year 1819 his friend begged him to become godfather to his first-born son, and Neander replied:—

"I heartily rejoice with you in the joy which the birth of a son has caused you; and thank you sincerely for making me a participator in the act by which he is initiated into the holy community of our common Lord. May He to whom he is consecrated and whose property he is, sanctify him from the very first steps of his life onwards, guide him by His grace, and keep him pure, till his battle with this world shall be over and he shall be called to participate in the perfect and unmixed joy of the upper world."

And how did his large heart overflow, in later years, with true fatherly friendship for the young men who studied under him! Many of the most eminent living theologians of Germany can tell of the love and faithfulness and helpfulness of him at whose feet they are proud to have sat. Young men sincerely inquiring after the truth, and touched in any degree by the powers of the world to come, were sure of the heartiest welcome; and if he had once placed his confidence in a student he was ready to overlook many failings. As long as he discerned a spirit of earnestness and humility he was satisfied; but if vanity or perversity or self-sufficiency took their place the tie was broken. He was, of course, more especially drawn towards pupils who evinced unusual ability; and to such his kindness knew no limits. Sometimes he found his confidence misplaced; sometimes his hopes proved unfounded; but these were exceptional cases. On one young man he had built unusual expectations and centred unusual affection—Herrmann Rossel, to whose memory is devoted part of the preface to the third volume of the second edition of his "Church History," and if space had allowed we should have been glad to rehearse to our readers the truly idyllic story of the rise, continuance and close of this father-

ly and filial friendship; but we must now resume the thread of our biographical sketch, which we dropped just at the moment when its subject had formed the resolution to study theology instead of law. In the Easter of 1806 he set out in company with his two friends Neumann and Varnhagen for the University of Halle, where Schleiermacher's lectures seem to have principally engaged his attention. A glimpse into his inner life during the first semester is afforded by a letter which he wrote to Pastor Bossau:

"Many thanks for the interest you take in my affairs; that, however, for which I have chiefly to thank you is your having received me into the holy fellowship of which you yourself are a preacher; for this favor, however, I can only thank you truly by striving earnestly that the sign of the new life which you gave me may become veritably the sign of a new life. I have resolved not to be a mere dumb member of the holy community into which I have been incorporated; but to take my place in the ranks of those whose aim it is to quicken the masses around us, who are seeking life where there is nothing but death."

He speaks also of the new zeal awakened amongst the students by Schleiermacher; praises the combination of lofty thought and large learning in the latter, and refers particularly to his exegetical lectures on the New Testament, which he had inaugurated with the important principle that—

"It is the duty of the exegete to guard against importing into the Scriptures either the ideas of theology or ideas of his own; to seek to understand them out of themselves; and above all to form his estimate of each part and of the whole from a survey of the whole."

He seems, too, to have been specially interested in the same teacher's lectures on the method and design of the study of Church history; and probably received impressions from them which influenced his entire subsequent career. What he himself said many years later concerning the true idea and nature of Church history in the preface to the first volume of his "General Church History," corresponds exactly to the account he now gives of Schleiermacher's views.

In November, 1806, however, he was withdrawn from Schleiermacher's per-

sonal influence. A few weeks after the battle of Jena, Napoleon closed the University of Halle, and sent both professors and students about their business. Neander, who seems to have been specially ill-treated by the French soldiers quartered in the house where he lodged, formed the resolution with Neumann and some other friends to remove to Göttingen, and as none of them possessed money enough to hire a vehicle, the journey had to be performed on foot, a distance of at least 100 miles. On the way, Neander, whose strength was soon exhausted at the best, became ill, and arrived in Göttingen with a crownless hat and altogether in a tattered and destitute condition. Geseenius, who afterwards became one of the most distinguished ornaments of the University of Halle, is said to have been the first to offer to the fugitives refreshment and refuge. So long as Neumann remained in Göttingen, that is till the following Christmas, he took charge of Neander; after the departure of Neumann he shared lodgings with and was looked after till Easter, 1809, by another friend, named Noodt.

Neander soon collected around him a circle of students, both old acquaintances from Halle and new ones made in Göttingen, with whom in the evenings he recapitulated the lectures or read Plato's dialogues and Schleiermacher's discourses. His memory was even then so excellent that although he only made brief notes in the classroom he usually remembered the whole of what had been said; and on one occasion he dictated a course of lectures on Church history delivered by Schleiermacher in Halle a year before. His fellow-lodger had trouble to keep him from studying the entire night through, in order to fetch up the time lost in the repetitions. So great an influence did he acquire over some of his contemporaries, that the celebrated Herbart, who was then professor of philosophy in Göttingen and at the height of his popularity, complained that Neander had alienated from him several of his best pupils. In his youthful zeal Neander once wrote on the note-book of one of his fellow-students, Pape, who attended

Herbart's lectures, 'Much screaming and little wool, as the devil said when he sheared the swine.'

During the Easter holidays of 1807 Neander paid a visit to Hamburg, where his father was then residing, and spent eight days with his uncle Stieglitz in Hanover. The acquaintance which he made there with a retired Professor Frick, who was engaged on a translation of Dante, seems to have been of great benefit to him. They visited each other repeatedly, and spent much time in disputing about Plato and Schleiermacher, in the study of whom Neander was now almost more absorbed than ever. One day the Professor admonished his young friend to devote his attention to the true sources of religious life, to put himself at the feet of the one Lord and Master, in whom "are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge:" an admonition which made a deep impression on his mind, and caused him much uneasiness. By the good providence of God, too, it was ordered that in Hamburg, whither he departed shortly after the conversation in question, he should be thrown into the company of two men, Dr. Heise and Matthias Claudius, whose whole life and character were fitted to lead him from the broken cisterns of human knowledge to the divine treasure of God's Word, from human teachers, to Him who is the way, the truth, and the life. It was during this stay at Hamburg that he preached his first sermon at Wandsbeck, and characteristically enough, he selected the text, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God," John i. 1.

When he returned to Göttingen his intimate acquaintances all felt that he had undergone a great change. In fact he had become a new man, though severe struggles still awaited him. Schleiermacher, whom he had hitherto esteemed so highly, was laid aside, and with him Schelling and Fichte. The New Testament became his constant companion; and the Fathers of the early Church took the place of Plato. During the first few months he was quiet and reserved, even towards his friends; and the once communicative and lively companion became the object of constant unex-

pressed questioning, till he himself broke the silence by handing to them a full confession of faith, written in Latin, at the close of which he announced his intention of devoting himself to the study of Church history, and prayed the Lord to guide and preserve him from all error. The following extract from a letter written probably after the change just referred to, though not very clear, will throw some light on the way by which he had been led. We must preface it, however, by the remark that the Halle students found in Göttingen so much coldness and deadness, that they felt as though they were banished to a desert. One of Neander's own letters, dated January 2, 1808, is superscribed "Philistopolis, City of the Philistines." That the banishment was good at all events for Neander, and that the vocation of Schleiermacher to Göttingen, which he and others had sought to bring about, would have been, humanly speaking, less a blessing than a curse, will be felt by those who know the two men, and read the following words:—

"I am glad now that I was led to Göttingen, and praise God's love for it; had I remained at Halle, under Schleiermacher's influence, my inner life would not have been healthy. It is necessary for a man to be torn away from every sort of human mediator, in order that he may learn to cling alone to the eternal Mediator, who is God and man in one person, and who, by His sufferings and death, purchased for Himself all who in faith give themselves up inwardly to suffer and die with Him. If human teachers be in possession of the truth, if it be really, vitally theirs, and not merely outwardly, in fancy or profession, they owe it to Him from whom I also can receive it. I can only see the light in the light with my own eyes; it can only shine on me as my eye is fitted to receive it. If they teach anything else than the one God, be it what it may, whether nature, or the universe, or humanity, or art, or the devil,—anything that is not devoted to, and first sanctified by Him, let the loud voice and the inward yearnings of all beings convict them of lying. God grant that at the moment when His light shines in on my inner vision, I may be able also to catch the rays of the same light that shine on other minds and in other directions, even though they be broken by our earthly atmosphere; and again, at the proper time, to ray forth the light from myself: so that I may receive and give, and give and receive; but His will be done!"

Such was his lofty conception, at the

age of nineteen years, of the vocation of a theological teacher!

At this juncture, animated by the wish to be able to read the Old Testament in the original language, he, with his friend Noodt, whom he had persuaded to exchange the study of law for that of theology, commenced taking private lessons in Hebrew, from Dr. Gesenius, then what the Germans call a *privatdocent*.* He subsequently attended also the lectures of the orientalist Tychemsen. Characteristically enough Neander refused to hear Eichhorn, notwithstanding that he was then one of the most popular, productive, and learned men of his time. He adopted this course, probably, because of the shallow, rationalistic view he took, in particular, of the Old Testament. Like others of his class, he traced all that was distinctive of and glorious in the Bible not to God, but to the current ideas and fancies of the ages at which the several books arose. This little circumstance shows Neander's religious earnestness. His favorite professors were Planck, Heeren, and Stäudlin.†

About this time—it was in the year 1808—he complained frequently of severe headaches and of a buzzing and roaring in the back of his head, as though a waterwheel were constantly going round in it. This prevented him from continuous work. The physician whom he consulted prescribed careful diet and relaxation; and strictly enjoined

ed on his friend Noodt, with whom he still lodged, to prevent him from working at night, and also to drive him often out into the open air. The fact is, our friend was an incessant and irrepressible worker, and neglected all the usual rules of health. His mother and sisters also strongly urged him to follow the advice of the doctor. In consequence of the pressure thus brought to bear on him, he not only began to take long walks in the neighboring villages, in one or other of which, on Sundays, he frequently preached, to the great edification of the congregations, but actually took fencing lessons. As may easily be imagined, these latter were an amusing spectacle. He is said to have used his rapier with such extraordinary energy, and so thoroughly in opposition to all the rules of the art, that amidst universal laughter his antagonists were compelled to give way, and flee. This change in his mode of life soon brought back health, and from the autumn of 1808 onwards, he was as busy as ever again reading and making extensive extracts from the Fathers of the early Church.

Early in 1809 the Professors Planck and Stäudlin, who saw their pupil's worth, proposed to him to become *Repetent* at the University, and took the appropriate steps for securing his appointment. He was at first inclined to accept the offer; but during a visit which he paid in the Easter holidays of 1809 to his relatives and friends in Hamburg, he felt himself so happy that he could not make up his mind to return to *philistrian* Göttingen, more especially as his university course was ended. In the autumn of 1809 he passed the examination *pro candidatu reverendi ministerii*, in his native city, and exhibited a knowledge, experience, and profound inner life that edified, rejoiced, and astonished his examiners. One of his friends, Struve, who was examined along with him, describes the event as follows:—

"When Neander and I entered the hall in which the examiners were awaiting us, my heart beat violently, and I felt very nervous; but he seemed quite at his ease; and producing as he did, rather the impression of a spirit from a strange region, than of an ordinary student, he excited at the very outset the surprise, and ere long the admiration of every one present. All that was needed was, as it were, by some question to

* At most German Universities there are four classes of teachers:—1. Ordinary Professors; 2. Extraordinary Professors; 3. Privatdocenten; 4. Lectors or Readers. Most Universities have also Repetenten, or Repeaters, a kind of "coach" or "grinder." The professors of both classes are generally paid a salary; the privatdocenten never; they have merely the right to lecture and receive fees from students. Lectors are a lower grade, a sort of private tutor officially licensed.

† Dr. G. J. Planck was professor of Theology in Göttingen from 1784 to 1833, and one of the most distinguished Church Historians of Germany. His principal works were the "Geschichte des Protestantischen Lehrbegriffs," and the "Geschichteder Kirchenverfassung." Heeren's name is one well known in England, many of his historical works having been translated. Dr. K. F. Stäudlin was Professor of Theology in Göttingen from 1790 to 1826. As a young man he spent some time in England. His principal works relate to Christian Ethics; but he also wrote a Church History of Britain and other countries.

turn a tap, and immediately there flowed from him a continuous stream of profound and learned remarks, which grew almost into treatises, that seemed as though they would never come to an end.*

After receiving the candidates' license, he spent part of his time in giving lessons in schools and private families, in Hamburg and Altona, preaching also occasionally, both in town and in the country. The friend whose words we have quoted above, says he heard him once at the church of St. George, and describes his discourse as possessing more of the characteristics of a treatise than of a sermon—which one can well believe. In the middle of the discourse the sheet of paper containing his outlines fluttered down from the pulpit over the heads of the hearers; Neander, however, took no notice of it, and preached on as though nothing had happened. His sermons are said to have been opposed to all the rules of homiletics, though full of warmth, life, and vigor. Whatever else might be wanting in them, they did not lack Christ and His cross. They were generally considered much too long. Nor did his performance of the liturgical part of the service always go off without mistakes—mistakes sometimes as odd as his own personal appearance. He used, however, in later years to say that he never preached without deriving great personal benefit from the exercise.

His mode of life as a candidate in Hamburg, however, did not satisfy him. He soon began to complain of his time being so broken up that he could not proceed with his study of the Fathers, or in fact with that of any other connected subject. He took up all sorts of schemes, among others, that of a translation of "Aristotle," but was unable to carry any of them out. His friend Noodt, with whom he lodged, gives the following account of the circumstances under which he was freed from this unpleasant position, and launched on the career

which God had obviously marked out for him:

"I read about this time"—this was early in 1810—"in the Heidelberg *Jahrbücher*, that Marheineke and De Wette, then professors at the University, had accepted invitations to the newly-founded University of Berlin, and proposed leaving in the following autumn. Accordingly, when Neander complained, I pointed him to Heidelberg, and said, 'You despised Göttingen, and now God has prepared an opening for you in Heidelberg, by the departure of two distinguished professors. You will find there a sphere capable of satisfying you.' Neither of us knew, however, what course to pursue; besides, we had to keep the plan secret from his mother and sisters, who would have raised great objections to his going so far away. At last, after several weeks' fruitless talk, we all at once thought of Gurlitt, our old master, who was always glad, when pupils of his became teachers at a University; and we said to each other, 'He will know what steps ought to be taken.' The following Sunday morning we set off together to see him. Neander, who had not visited him for a considerable time—partly because of the great divergence of their theological views—felt shy of asking his advice about a plan as to which he was not quite clear himself. But his fears were groundless. Gurlitt decidedly approved of the idea; said that he ought by no means to remain as and where he was; that he would find his proper calling in Heidelberg; but added, that there was no time to be lost. He himself offered to arrange for Neander's getting his doctor's degree in Wittenberg; to secure him such assistance as might be necessary for his support in Heidelberg, so long as he remained privatdozent; and suggested the subject for his preliminary dissertation. We both of us returned to our lodgings, quite overjoyed; and Neander at once set to work on the Latin dissertation and *curriculum vite*, both of which he completed in a remarkable short space of time. As his own handwriting was almost illegible I wrote them out, from his dictation. In the autumn of 1810, after having spent eighteen dreary months as a candidate in Hamburg, Neander settled in Heidelberg, whence his mother and sisters soon received the, to them, unwelcome and discomforting news, that he was working night and day, and that his health was accordingly beginning to suffer again."

The title of the dissertation which he wrote, published, and defended, on commencing his academical career at Heidelberg, was "*De fidei gnoseosque christianæ idea et ea, quæ ad se invicem atque ad philosophiam referantur, ratione secundum mentem Clementis Alexan-*

* One of the examiners, Dr. Rambach, a clergyman who had kept his stand on the old paths in the midst of the general defection from the faith of the fathers, used to say that it was as though one of the old confessors had risen from the dead to bear witness to the salvation that is in Christ; with such simplicity, heartiness, and assurance did Neander speak of what the Lord had done for his soul.

drini." What was the subject of the one he wrote for his doctor's examination in Wittenberg, and which had been suggested by Gurlitt, we are not told.

We have now arrived at the second principal turning-point in Neander's life. The work on which he had now entered remained his vocation till his death; and the spirit and convictions with which he devoted himself to these new and important duties underwent no essential change, though they became ever richer and deeper as the years rolled by.

Before continuing our narrative it may be well to premise a few explanatory observations. We have already referred to the influence exerted by Schleiermacher on Neander at Halle, particularly through his lectures on Church history. An influence almost as great, though of a different kind, was exerted on him in Göttingen by Dr. Planck, then perhaps the most distinguished professor of Church History in the whole of Germany. Two features of Planck's own works made a strong impression on Neander: the one was their thorough honesty and impartiality; the other, their application of the experiences of the past to the problems of the present. Whatever view may be taken of Planck's general method, commonly known as the pragmatic method, of writing history, there is no question that he conscientiously observed the principle *sum cuique*, "to every man and thing its due." Neander himself, in the dedication to one of the volumes of his "General Church History," says, that as to this feature, he had always striven to tread in his teacher's footsteps. As to the second point:—The most superficial examination of Neander's works, apart even from his own express utterances, must convince any attentive reader that one of his great aims as a Church historian was to edify and build up the Church of his own day. Indeed, this feature of his productions has been made a ground of attack. But he owed also, in all probability, a third idea to Planck; that, namely, of the monographic treatment of ecclesiastico-historical subjects. Planck's own principal works all came under this category: and shortly before Neander became closely intimate with him, one of his other pupils, Gess, had,

at his suggestion, written a monograph entitled "Merkwürdigkeiten aus Hinckmar's Leben." Another of the subjects proposed also by him for monographic treatment was the "Life of St Bernard," to which Neander subsequently devoted one of his best books. We mention these circumstances, because Neander has been styled the father of Church historical monographs; which is true, in so far as his productions of this class reached an excellence previously unattained; but his first insight into their importance was undoubtedly due to Planck.

Neander was twenty-one years of age when he opened his first course of lectures at Heidelberg. The aristocratic youth of that University are said to have been but ill-pleased that a young Jewish proselyte should venture to appear in their lecture-halls; and a sort of conspiracy to shuffle him down was hatched or fed in the house of Professor Gervinus. When the hour for his first lecture struck, the *auditorium* was crammed with hearers. As the young licentiate passed on, with hesitating, embarrassed steps, to the chair, not a few hard and even insulting words fell on his ear. But scarcely had he commenced speaking, than the loving glances of his large and lustrous eyes, and the soul-stirring tones of his strong, rich voice, subdued the unruly audience; the shuffling ceased; and ere the lecture was completed, the worst enemies of the "Jew" had become his warmest friends. From that day the field was his own. His relations to his colleagues, also, were on the whole agreeable, and his advancement rapid. In 1812 he was appointed Extraordinary Professor. The same year witnessed also the appearance of his first work, that on the "Emperor Julian and his Times," for which he had already made preparation in Hamburg. In a letter to his friend Carl Meyer, he refers to it as follows:—

"I am now much occupied with a little work on the Emperor Julian, his religious views, and his conduct towards Christianity, with remarks on the relation of the Christian religion to the age at which it rose. I hope to finish it by Easter. The resemblance between various periods of ferment in the life of humanity, and the parallelism between the age in which we live and that in which Christianity was diffused in the world have long occupied my attention. And how

often have I dwelt with interest on the character and life of Julian, who, though more restrained and hemmed in by the world, from youth upwards, than other men, refused to submit to its yoke, and with glowing enthusiasm strove to pass beyond the limits imposed by human life; but who was too enamored, alas! of what is unusual and brilliant, to recognize the Divine under the unpretending servant-form of Christianity."

The work produced so great an impression, that its author was invited to become Ordinary Professor of Church History in Berlin, and about the same time he was offered the same position in Heidelberg. He refers to both propositions as follows, in letters to his friend Meyer, the first dated December 30th, 1812:—

"I hope this year will close under as happy auspices for you as it has done for me. Both from Berlin and Carlsruhe, kind and liberal propositions have been made to me. I am remaining here as *Professor ordinarius*, with a salary of 800 florins (about £66) for the first year, and 1,000 for the second (about £83)."

Shortly afterwards, however, he wrote:—

"After all I am going to Berlin. This is in many respects very pleasant to me; it has also come quite unexpectedly; and I regard the invitation as a call from God. But so far as it will increase our distance from each other, I am sorry. I had gone too far in my negotiations with Berlin to draw back, especially as the king himself had heard of, and interested himself in the matter. I am to receive a salary of 800 thalers (£120), and 250 thalers for the expenses of my removal."

It was at one of the most glorious epochs in the history of Germany that the University of Berlin was founded; and not one of the least important events was the foundation of this University. Some of the greatest men Germany has known became professors in it:—Fichte, Schleiermacher, De Wette, Marheineke. It was verily a goodly company into which the youthful proselyte was introduced; but he was soon found to be as eminent as any, and his personal and literary influence proved to be second to none. Berlin presented many attractions to Neander; above all, it offered a wider field of usefulness; but it had also its drawbacks. In a letter to his friend Meyer, dated January, 1814, he complains, for example, that he finds no men

whom he can love and reverence as he did some in Heidelberg.

The stream of Neander's life pursued henceforth an even course. He remained unmarried, and lived in Berlin till his death. On one of the evenings which he devoted to the reception of his pupils, a student once indelicately raised the question—whether it be not unchristian to remain unmarried? Neander answered, without the slightest embarrassment and in his usual kindly manner, "Yes, if one purposely and with proud self-will remain unmarried, but not if it is so ordered by God." His time was mainly absorbed by his professional duties and the composition of his works. To the latter we shall refer in the concluding portion of this article. As a professor, Neander has rarely, if ever, been excelled. He discharged the duties of his chair with rare conscientiousness. Till Schleiermacher's death he lectured on Church History and New Testament Exegesis alone; afterwards he undertook also Ethics, Symbolics, Systematic Theology, indeed almost every subject save Old Testament Exegesis and Practical Theology. His feeblest course was probably that on Dogmatics; for though full of rich Biblical thought, it was defective in point of system. His Exegetical Lectures were more practical in their character than is usual at German Universities. He was more concerned to set forth the inner substance and connection of the sacred text, than to settle philological niceties, though he was perhaps more competent than most theologians to pronounce judgment on the latter. Specimens of his method have been published since his death by one of his pupils, Dr. Schneider.* His strength, lay, however in his prelections on Church History; here he was perfectly at home. The entire field was present to his mind with astonishing clearness. He never wrote his lectures out, and therefore never re-delivered a course without careful meditation and revision of his notes. As a general rule his lectures were rather diffuse; but Neander met the complaints sometimes made on this point, by saying that he deemed it necessary for the greater part of the students. He could,

* One or two of them have been translated into English and French.

however, when he chose, set forth the great general features of a period of Church History in a very few sentences. The complete command he had over all its materials and sources enabled him to contract or expand at pleasure. His delivery, too, was unusually good for a German professor.

The students regarded him with profound respect and unbounded confidence, and well indeed they might. He lived for them—his house, his heart, his purse, his time, all were freely open to them; and as a consequence, he had the satisfaction to see generation after generation go forth not only to praise him, but above all to praise the Lord for whom he labored. He was unquestionably one of the chief means of uprooting the rationalism that in his early days held possession both of professorial chairs, pulpits, and schools. A few other details about his relations to the students will be found further on.

His relations to his colleagues were not always perfectly cordial, but this arose chiefly in the case of such men as Schleiermacher, Hegel, Marheineke, Vatke, from the fundamental differences in their views of Christian truth. He himself felt so profoundly convinced that the weal and woe of humanity depend on Christianity, that he was jealous, with a consuming jealousy, of every theory or tendency which seemed to set aside or emasculate its essential features. Criticism of its outworks he tolerated cheerfully, as for himself so for others; but philosophical substitutes he could not away with; and perhaps he sometimes used stronger words about those who adopted and taught these questionable views, than would be sanctioned by modern courtesy. For Schleiermacher, however, notwithstanding seasons of estrangement, he ever felt the deepest respect and even regard. He owed too much to him, and was too sensible of his immense power—a power far more for good than we in England are altogether capable of allowing—to be able to assume towards him the attitude he exhibited to Hegel and his theological adherents. We find him accordingly on various occasions intimately associated with and following the lead of Schleiermacher; and when the latter died, Neander said of him in his lecture-

room, "The man has departed from our midst, whose labors will in all future times be allowed to have constituted a new epoch in theology."

But absorbed as Neander always was in his studies and professional duties, he was by no means an indifferent spectator of what was going on around him in the political, literary, and ecclesiastical world. No one rejoiced more than he at the results of the great German rising against Napoleon; and no one would have been more willing than he to risk property and life for the good of his country, had he been called on to do so. He saw in them the visible work of the living God, and regarded them as the dawn of a new and more glorious period in the history of the Fatherland. Nor did a day pass without his having the news read to him.

In his capacity as member of the Royal Society of Berlin he took part in all sorts of scientific and literary discussions on various subjects. Many of his smaller treatises originated in essays read at the sittings of that society. In conjunction, too, with Schleiermacher, he founded the now defunct *Deutsche Zeitschrift für christliche Wissenschaft und christliches Leben*, and contributed to it a number of very valuable papers.

One of the ecclesiastical movements which he welcomed with his whole soul was the union of the Lutheran and Reformed Churches in Prussia, effected in October, 1817, on the 300th anniversary of the Reformation. It fell in with his highest sympathies, and he hailed it as the promise of better days. He took, indeed, no active part in bringing it about—in all such matters he followed the lead of Schleiermacher, feeling his own lack of that gift of *κωβερνησις*, for which his colleague was distinguished.

An event which excited him to unusual activity was the dismissal of De Wette from his professorship at Berlin in 1819, the circumstances of which were the following. It was a time of intense political excitement in Germany, particularly among students. No one was more virulent in his opposition to the youthful enthusiasts than Kotzebue, the dramatist, who was employed by the Russian Government to send reports to Petersburg respecting movements and parties in Germany. Irritated at what was con-

sidered his traitorous behavior, and especially at the scorn and mockery with which he treated the liberals, *Sand*, a student, assassinated him. Shortly before his execution, in Mannheim, De Wette wrote a letter of consolation to his mother, which coming into the hands of the Prussian Government, led to the event above mentioned. Neander had never sympathized with De Wette's theological tendencies; but believing that his colleague was being unfairly treated, he joined with Schleiermacher, using his utmost influence—not without risk to himself—to secure a reversal of the decision; they failed, however, and De Wette removed eventually to Basle.

He took also a deep interest in foreign missions, and wrote an appeal on their behalf, which was a means of calling public attention to the subject. Many of the smaller biographies contained in his *Denkwürdigkeiten* originated in addresses delivered by him at missionary meetings.

But we must hasten on. All that our space will now permit us to do prior to reviewing his literary labors is to gather up a few reminiscences, partly supplied to us by Neander's pupils and personal friends, and partly drawn from other sources; and to rehearse the lovely story of his last hours.

During the later years of his life he lived in the upper half of the Markgrafen Strasse, in a house which is partly occupied as a printing establishment. It is matter of surprise that in a city like Berlin, where tablets have been set up in honor of very inferior men, none has been put on the house in which Neander died. Until the death of his mother, in 1817, she, as well as his sister Hannchen, lived with him; after that event the brother and sister lived together until his death. Their mode of life was exceedingly simple and regular. Like Tholuck, in Halle, Neander kept a man-servant, and a student, who, in consideration of board and lodging, assisted him as amanuensis and reader. His sister's part of the dwelling was almost elegantly furnished, though not altogether in good taste; but his own study was thoroughly antediluvian, in every respect, in its furniture, book-shelves, and books. The entire room, with the exception of a narrow passage from the door to the

sofa, and from the sofa to one of the windows, was literally piled up with books. Shelves with quarto, octavo, and other works covered the walls; folios occupied the place of honor—the floor—where they were arranged in an order which, to any eyes save those of their owner, seemed inextricable confusion. Great as was the contrast between the apartments, so great in many respects was the contrast between their occupants. The sister was a lively, chatty little woman, often very Jewishly, that is very “loudly” dressed in the strangest mixture of colors. Energetic and practical in character, she took an interest in all sorts of matters; in concerts, the opera, the fashions of the day, and so forth, things which scarcely had any existence for her brother; she also wrote poetry; and on some occasions she made the impression of a rather worldly-minded person. Her personal appearance was as Jewish as his. Her end of the table at the dinner-party given every Sunday to young University teachers, students, and friends, was generally a scene of the greatest merriment, whilst at her brother's end reigned the profoundest theological solemnity; and she used laughingly to say, “Here is the world, yonder is the Church.” Her devotion to her brother's interests, however, and her care for his comfort and health knew no bounds; indeed, she may be said to have sacrificed everything for him, from the time when he was a schoolboy in Hamburg, to the day of his death; and simply out of love to him, she declined several offers of marriage which were made to her. She survived him only four years, during which period her dearest occupation was to buy up all the portraits of “her August,” of every kind that she could get into her hands; and though she was almost deprived of her eyesight, she would sit hour after hour gazing at them, and at a little bust of him which stood on her table.

We have already described Neander's personal appearance. In his character he bore strong resemblance to the apostle John; for on the one hand he was loving beyond measure, on the other, he could be excited to great anger. Earnest, diligent students, like-minded contemporaries, rising young men with whose tendencies he was satisfied, found in him

a ready helper, a warm friend and faithful counsellor. In fact, he was not unfrequently plundered by unprincipled students and others who encroached on his generosity. But towards men the tendency of whose teachings seemed to him anti-Christian, or for whose character he felt little respect, he could cherish a bitter dislike. When the conversation happened to turn on such men, he would start up from his arm-chair, and with excited gestures give expression to his opinion in terms less polite than forcible. He had an especial abomination of Hegelianism and its advocates; and mischievous students liked to play upon this peculiarity, just for the fun of seeing him excited. One day a student began to tell him that Vatke, one of his colleagues, Professor of Theology, and tainted with Hegelianism, had been commenting rather freely on Julius Müller, of Halle, author of the great work on sin. Neander interrupted him, and burst out—"He is not fit to loose his shoe strings." "But," added the student, "he also spoke of him in terms of recognition." "Stupid talk!" burst out Neander again, "stupid talk!" A student once came to him with an introduction from Tholuck, in Halle, and mentioned that the latter had advised him to read through the whole of Hegel's works. Neander answered in a very angry tone, "How could he give you such absurd advice?" Of a man who had spoken slightly regarding one of his pupils, now a professor in Halle, he used the very unclassical expression, "Gemeiner Bube; he is not fit to form an opinion of him."

Neander's appearance in the professor's chair must have been exceedingly peculiar. A sketch exists of him, which represents him as in a long coat, leaning forward on the desk, with his legs crossed behind, his head bowed down, and his hands stretched out in front, playing with an old quill—regularly supplied for the purpose by his amanuensis—which he unconsciously twisted about whilst the unbroken torrent of learning, thought, and emotion flowed from his lips.

It was his custom also, at home, when conversing with students and others, to keep kneading all the time a piece of soft wax between his fingers. In his conduct towards his students he was very strict. For example, a young Vien-

nese, now a well-known journalist, came to Berlin to study theology, and was very kindly received by Neander. Hearing, however, that he had ceased to attend regularly at his lectures, he refused him, at the close of the session, the usual signature by which a professor testifies that a man has studied under him, and which is usually given, as a matter of course, without too strict inquiry being made. To his protests, he simply answered, "You have taken to wrong ways, I fear; I cannot give you the Testat." With the members of the Theological Essay and Discussion Class (Seminar) which he conducted, he was also very particular. If one of them missed but once, without bringing a sufficient explanation, he would never afterwards allow him to read the usual essay; and in some cases he interrupted young men who had begun to read. But with all his strictness and peculiarities, he was loved by his students, respected by his colleagues, and treated in literary journals with a consideration which was unusual in those days.

Many strange stories have been circulated about him;* but most of them are mythical. We will mention a few, however, as they help to enliven the impression we wish to convey of the man. Such stories as the following will serve as examples: that he once, at the University, took his clothes-brush out of his pocket instead of his manuscript; or that he was seen on the street with a broom under his arm, instead of an umbrella; or that after walking a considerable distance with one foot in the gutter and the other on the trottoir (the Berlin gutters, moreover, are sometimes nearly a couple of feet deep), he exclaimed to his man-servant who accompanied him, "Holloa, Carl, I must be lame!" or that he once went out without trousers, and was not aware of it till the said Carl overtook him with them; or that having one day climbed the ladder, to look at a book on the upper shelves of his library, instead of coming down, he seated himself on the ledge of the porcelain stove, where, having in his absence of mind kicked down the ladder, he was found

* Two or three most interesting articles on Neander appeared in the German magazine "Daheim" last year, to which we are somewhat indebted.

by his sister after several hours, and after she had anxiously looked for him over the whole house; or that he was once discovered on horseback, in the Thiergarten, with a huge folio volume of Chrysostom before him, are, we believe, most, if not all of them, myths. It is true, however, that after having removed to a new dwelling close to the University, he for some time went the way he had been used to go, and complained, as well he might, that it was much longer than he had supposed. It is true also that he was in the habit of cramming his boxes with old books, when he went on a holiday journey, and that, having arrived at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, during an outbreak, his folios were taken out of the cab, in which he was driving to an hotel, and used for barricade purposes. And many other odd things we might narrate, if space would allow.

During the later years of his life, Neander's health was anything but good; indeed, a man of less iron resolution and love for his calling and his students would long before have given up work. His eyesight had long been so weak, that at times he was totally dependent on his reader and amanuensis. But he held on his way like an unwearied servant of Christ, till he could go no further. Fears had been often entertained that his days were numbered; but the strong spirit had ever again asserted its dominion over the frail body. The dreaded day, however, came at last. On the 8th day of July, 1850, he became so ill during the delivery of his lecture, that it was only with difficulty he could complete it, and he had to be assisted home by students, one of whom sorrowfully exclaimed, "This is the last lecture our Neander will deliver." After dinner, despite the protests of his sister, he persisted in continuing his usual work, and for three hours dictated part of his "Church History," under great physical pain. But the choleraic attacks became so violent, that his sister insisted on his giving up, which he did at last, though he remonstrated, saying "Why do you not leave me alone: surely a workman may work when he likes! Do you begrudge me even this privilege?"

The next morning he felt himself so feeble, that he said with a tone of sadness, "I fear I shall not be able to

lecture to-day;" but he added, "I hope to do so to-morrow." This was Tuesday. After dinner he called for his reader, but finding he had been sent away, employed another student to read the newspaper to him. Everything was done that medical skill could suggest, but he continued to grow feebler day by day. On Saturday he was seized with such a yearning to get out of bed, that he commanded his man-servant in almost violent tones to dress him, nor did he resign himself to his inaction till his sister said to him, "Think, dear Augustus, what you used to say to me when I refused to submit to the doctor: it comes from God, and therefore we must submit." "Yes," answered he, his voice suddenly growing calm; "yes, you are right; everything comes from God, and we ought to thank him for it." The physicians resolved now to try the last means,—a bath of wine and strong herbs, and for some hours he seemed strengthened. In the course of the day, having been carried into a bright and sunny room, he felt so refreshed, that he said, "I am an *ἐπαλθὼς τοῦ ἡλίου*, and in this respect resemble the Emperor Julian; but," added he, jokingly, "you must not let Strauss know it." A clear sign that he felt himself to be in danger was that he took a spoonful of old wine without raising any objection. Ordinarily, he regarded it as a waste of money that might be better applied in aid of poor students, and could never be induced to drink anything but water, save under the pretence of its being medicinally prescribed. Towards evening he exclaimed, as it were prophetically, "I am tired; let us get ready to go home." His mind was already beginning to wander. Shortly after, with a tremendous effort, he raised himself up in bed, and as though the spirit were resolved to rule over the body to the last moment, he began to lecture on New Testament Exegesis, and dictated the titles of the courses of lectures which he purposed delivering during the next session—one of them being, "The Gospel of John considered from a true historical point of view." Fancying himself at a later hour with his amanuensis, he proceeded to dictate a part of his "Church History," commencing exactly where he had left off on Monday. Having finished a

chapter, he asked what time it was. An attendant answered, "Half-past nine;" and he repeated again, "I will now go to rest; I am tired;" and as he stretched himself out to sleep, whispered, in a tone that pierced all present to the heart, "Good night." Four hours afterwards, on Sunday morning, the 14th of July, 1850, the Lord whom he had so faithfully loved and served called him home to himself.

Thus passed away this second John—the son of thunder and the son of love—the youngest of the fathers of the church, as he has been truly called; the man to whom the theology, and particularly the Church History, both of Germany and of entire Christendom, owe more than to any other teacher for many centuries, and who was the spiritual father of hundreds of pastors now occupying spheres of usefulness in the Church of their Fatherland. Blessed be his memory!

(To be concluded.)

Blackwood's Magazine.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS TO INDIA.*

THE subject of Missions is a perplexing one. In idea nothing can be nobler than the attempt to spread the truth and kingdom of Christ throughout the world. Whoever believes in Christianity as the power and wisdom of God for the good of the human creatures He has made, must long to see its beneficent influences everywhere diffused, and must be ready to do all he can to aid in their diffusion. The missionary life of the early Church; the labors of apostle and martyr, who gladly sacrificed their lives that they might win men to the knowledge and love of Christ; the marvellous transformation wrought by these labors in the primitive ages; the new spiritual forces working underneath in strange and beautiful forms of activity, till the surface of the ancient civilization was everywhere broken up and changed; the equally astonishing conversion of the wild northern nations who overran the Latin world and subdued its arms, but

were in turn subdued by the arms of the new spiritual empire which had risen upon the ruins of Roman greatness;—these are pictures of missionary triumph fitted to kindle the least enthusiastic, and to move even the coldest and most sceptical of historians. In the long distance of those early ages the glory which surrounds the Christian missionary is undimmed. All recognize the self-sacrifice of his career and the good which he accomplished.

But when we change the point of view, and pass from the career of primitive apostles, saints, and martyrs to the details of modern missionary life, and the results of modern attempts to convert the heathen, enthusiasm is apt to vanish, and doubts held in check before the ancient triumphs of the Cross, are frequently expressed. It is assumed to be the business of the religious world to cry up missions, but the old soldier or civilian, who has seen something of their working in India, shakes his head when they are mentioned. He knows better; and even if we do not allow this, and attribute the shrewd suspicion partly to indifference and partly to ignorance, grave doubts from gravely-pious men may be heard on the subject. Men who prize truth more than any mere form of religion, and the human virtues more than any mere change of creed, see much to question in certain aspects of modern missions. They see a frequent triviality where they looked for nobleness and grandeur of aim; and touches of exaggeration, and even falsehood, where they looked for simplicity and single-minded sincerity. The knowledge which is gathered from missionary magazines, or even from contact with missionaries themselves, is often painfully disappointing. Missionary stations are not models of apostolic zeal and self-denial; they are sometimes hotbeds of religious contention and jealousy—small men contending bitterly with one another for the exercise of a feeble and uncertain power. We are filled with an ideal of Christian heroism, and the picture before us is one of commonplace passion and vulgarity. The bitter quarrelling which for long surrounded the Jerusalem Bishopric, now happily dying out of mind, was a scandalous instance of what we mean. The Natal business is another.

* "Address on Christian Missions to India; with general Reference to the Educational Missions of the Church of Scotland." By Norman Macleod, D.D. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1868.

Where the influences at work are so mean and so divided, it is not wonderful that doubts should be expressed as to their utility. The "day of small things," indeed, is not to be despised, and we do not forget that it is written that God "hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty." All this is true, beyond question, in a true sense. But the spectacle of moral folly and weakness in the guise of missionary activity is not the less an unhappy spectacle which may well disappoint the Christian philanthropist, and damp the ardor of the most hopeful. The emotion which kindles at the thought of St. Paul, as "he stood in the midst of Mars-hill," and spoke imperishable words to the men of Athens, or as he "dwelt two whole years in his own hired house" at Rome, receiving all that came unto him, and "preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ," may excusably die down at the spectacle of modern narrowness attacking an ancient faith without trying to understand it, or of rival bishops contending in the sight of the heathen for the possession of a church or cathedral in which to proclaim the Gospel. In short, there is a side of missions, as they show themselves in the modern Christian world, which is far from encouraging. The idea is noble, but the facts are mean. The plan is great, but the reality is poor.

It must be admitted that this is in some degree owing to the commonplace air which all facts necessarily assume in the midst of which we live, and whose common features are directly under our eyes. It is a very different thing to contemplate even the highest ideal working itself out in detail before us, and to look back upon this ideal as it stands completed in history with all its temporary accidents toned down, and formed into an heroic picture. But making every such allowance, there is less of grandeur and of the simplicity of real work in modern missions than the noblest of causes should inspire.

On this account, among others, we gladly welcome the address before us by one so well known, so manly and sensible, with all his enthusiasm, as Dr. Norman

Macleod. There are few men so capable as Dr. Macleod of speaking at once with intelligence and authority on the subject. He is not only a Christian minister, distinguished by unusual earnestness and eloquence; he has not only enjoyed special opportunities in connection with the Church to which he belongs, of acquiring missionary information, and testing its real value and accuracy; but he is in some respects eminently capable of appreciating this information, weighing it in the balances of a broad judgment, which has been trained in the world as well as the Church, and which is not easily imposed upon by dogmatic pretence, any more than by worldly arrogance. He has, in other words, a keen shrewd eye, as well as an enthusiastic spirit. He can see through disguises, whether solemn or frivolous. He can tell good work when he sees it, and bad work too, whatever phases of being good it may put on. He understands, in short, the larger as well as the narrower point of view from which missions must be regarded before they can be fairly estimated. He does not look at them from within the bosom of a special society, nor does he speak of them and their results in the language of a special theological school; but, while his heart is on fire with the evangelical earnestness which must always be their highest spring and inspiration, his mind is open to survey all their working, and he looks at them with the eyes of a man and not of a sectary.

The result is that his Address, which was listened to, when delivered in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, with thrilling interest, is also thoroughly interesting in its printed form. There is little or no professional phrasing in it, no unnatural strain of spiritual exaggeration, no exciting incidents, no undue color, although there are pages richly dyed in the color which is the natural expression of his own vivid and kindling imagination, as he traverses with rapid touch the solemn or pathetic aspects of his subject.

The occasion of the Address was a visit which Dr. Macleod, in company with Dr. Watson of Dundee, paid to our Indian provinces during last winter. They were sent out by the Church of Scotland as a deputation to visit its missions there,

and for this purpose sailed for Bombay in November, landed there in the end of the month, visited Poonah and the American missions in the neighborhood, and thence proceeded to Madras, Calcutta, and the Northwestern Provinces, everywhere visiting such centres of missionary activity as were accessible to them in the course of their rapid journey. Dr. Macleod speaks with cordiality of the welcome which they received everywhere from the missionaries of all Churches, and from the Bishops of the Church of England in Madras and Calcutta, who presided over immense meetings in their respective dioceses, where special information—which has remained uncontradicted—was given of the working of the various missionary agencies in India. "These meetings crowded the largest halls in Madras and Calcutta, and were attended by leading civilians and the highest European officers: including, at Madras, the Governor; at Calcutta, the Viceroy; and at both, representatives of the native and European press, with a large number of the most educated native gentlemen, Hindoo as well as Christian."

Dr. Macleod is entitled, in the circumstances, to take credit for the amount and value of the information which he received. His time, no doubt, was short, his movements rapid, and consequently his opportunities of thoroughly examining on the spot all the facts brought under his notice limited; but he says very truly, that even if he and his companion had been able to remain a year, or several years, in India, their conclusions could have hardly rested on a better basis. Their induction of facts might have been widened, but it could hardly have embraced any class of facts which did not come under "their" observation. They were in the position somewhat of a Government commission, "which cites select witnesses and visits select districts, and the value of whose conclusions is not to be estimated by time merely, or balanced against those arrived at by 'the oldest inhabitant' of any one village." We confess also that, upon the whole, we agree with his view as to the relative value of the information derived from missionaries themselves, and others who have not given special attention on any comprehensive scale to

the results of missionary labor. It is, doubtless, quite possible for gentlemen to live many years in India, and even in a district where missionary agency is at work, and yet after all be very ignorant of what is going on around them; no less than many gentlemen at home are ignorant of the same kind of work which may be doing in their immediate neighborhood. It by no means follows that because "a man has been long in India" he necessarily knows much of the working of missions there, or is a trustworthy critic of their progress. The "old Indian" may, on this topic, be as really ignorant as the old Hindoo; and certainly any man who would hint at this time of day that the whole affair is mere silly religious enthusiasm, or something worse, is not a man to be accepted as a witness, and still less as a judge, of what is going on. The general character of the missionaries in India is beyond all question. There may be exceptions, as there will be among any large number of men; missionaries low-minded and foolish, or even mischievous; some of the poorer German missionaries have been strongly accused of factious intercourse with the native working classes; but most of them are not only honest and hard-working, but many of them highly enlightened and earnest men.

"Hindoos and Christians, natives and Europeans of every rank and class, were unanimous in their hearty testimony upon this point, and fully appreciated the unselfishness of their motives, the sincerity of their convictions, their intimate knowledge of and interest in the natives, and the wholesomeness of their influence upon the whole body of Indian society. Among these missionaries, too, there are some everywhere who, as regards mental power, learning, and earnestness, would do honor to any Church, and who have largely contributed to advance the interests of social science, Oriental literature and history, as well as of Christianity."

If this be so, it may be asked, Why has so little progress been made in the conversion of India? Why have the labors of missionaries as yet come to so little? But, considering the brief history of modern missions there, and the magnitude of the work, it may be fairly asked, in return, whether they have come to little? Has some satisfactory

progress not been made after all? It is within the memory of men still living that the first systematic attempts to Christianize India, made by the Protestant Churches of Europe and America, were begun. The age of the Scottish missions, the idea of which we shall find is the most enlightened and practical of any, is represented by Dr. Duff, who commenced them, and who still lives to aid them by his experience and wisdom. Then the enormous extent of India is to be considered, with a population of at least 180,000,000—"the Bengal Presidency alone numbering more than the whole empire of Austria." This vast country "is occupied by various races, from the most savage to the most cultivated, having various religious beliefs, and speaking languages which differ from each other," as Dr. Macleod says, "as much as Gaelic does from Italian, most of them broken up by dialects so numerous as practically to form probably twenty separate languages." But the supreme difficulty in converting India does not lie in the mere vastness and variety of its populations, nor the diversity of its languages, so much as in the powerful civilization of ancient date with which it confronts Christianity. The Hindoo, belonging to the same Indo-Germanic or Aryan race-stream of which we ourselves are branches, is the member of a religious and social organization far older than any form of Christian culture. He possesses a language of which Greek is one of the developments, and which, centuries before the Christian era, produced "a heroic and philosophic poetry which still holds a foremost place in the literature of the world." He is said to have been proficient in astronomy and algebra long before the European intellect attained progress in either. The social system to which he belongs is so compacted as to have held together for more than two thousand years. His religion is not merely a creed, but a social power, penetrating every movement of his life, and binding together all his habits, so as to render them almost immovable in the face of any new spiritual influence, however vital.

Dr. Macleod has very well sketched the main features of Hindooism, without any of the extravagances of evangelical Puritanism on the one hand, or any of

the affectations of an admiring neology on the other hand. He describes the succession of its sacred books, "written at intervals representing vast periods of history. The Vedas, at once the most ancient and the most pure and lofty, date as far back, possibly, as the time of Moses, and contain many true and sublime ideas of a Divine Being, without any trace of the peculiarities of Brahmanism—nay, declaring positively that 'there is no distinction of castes.' The great collection of the Puranas was compiled in the middle ages of our era, and forms the real everyday 'Bible' of the everyday religion of Hindoos, the Vedas being now known to and read by only a few learned pundits, and having from the first been a forbidden book to all except the priesthood." These Puranas, unhappily, represent a comparatively degraded type of religious culture. They are full of idolatries, follies, and immoralities, from which the Vedas are entirely free. In addition to these sacred books, their great epic poems, the Mahá Bhárata, or the great war of Bhárata, and the Rámáyana, or "Adventures of Rámá," exercise great influence over the Hindoos. They are supposed to celebrate events of the Vedic period, but in their composition to belong to the Brahmanic age, when the purer Aryan religion pictured in the Vedas passed into the sacerdotal system known as Brahmanism, and the old Vedic gods yielded to the trinity of divine conceptions represented by Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, and the still existing system of caste was established. These poems, although only partially known to the great body of the people, are said by Mr. Wheeler, in his recent "History of India," to exercise upon them an influence greater even than that of the Bible upon the people of modern Europe. The leading incidents and scenes depicted in the poems "are familiar to the Hindoos from childhood. They are frequently represented at village festivals, whilst the stories are chanted at almost every social gathering, and indeed form the leading topic of conversation amongst Hindoos generally, and especially amongst those who have passed the meridian of life. In a word," the writer adds, "these poems are to the Hindoos all that the library, the newspaper, and the Bible

are to the European; whilst the books themselves are regarded with a superstitious reverence, which far exceeds that which has ever been accorded to any other revelation real or supposed. To this day it is the common belief that to peruse or merely to listen to the perusal of the Mahá Bhárata or Rámáyana will insure prosperity in this world and eternal happiness hereafter." Whether or not Mr. Wheeler's description is to be considered as somewhat highly colored, there can be no doubt of the pervading and powerful influence of a religion thus embodied in a great literature, partly learned and partly popular, which furnishes material at once for the most subtle speculative thought, the most lofty inspiration, the most licentious imaginativeness, and even the most commonplace fanaticism. "Among its disciples, the dreamy ascetic, laboring to emancipate his spirit by pure meditation and the destruction of the material flesh, and the profound scholar, rare though he be, nourishing his intellectual life by the abstract themes and endless speculative questions suggested by his creed, may meet with the disgusting faqueer or yogi, with the ignorant millions who care for nothing but a round of dead superstitious observances, or with the cunning or depraved crew who indulge in the vilest practices."

The system of caste, which is a direct expression of the religious thought of the Hindoos, is lastly to be taken into account. "It must not be mistaken," says Dr. Macleod, "for a mere aristocratic arrangement," the roots of which are no deeper than social feeling. It is an essential element of Brahmanism. No doubt the Vedas know nothing of it. But then the people know nothing of the Vedas, and the religious life which they represented has long since disappeared. According to the present belief of the people, inculcated by all the Brahmanical teaching—

"The streams of caste, flowing side by side, but never mingling, are traced up to the very fountain of Deity; or, to change the simile, each great caste is believed to be a development of the very body of Brahma the Creator, and is mystically united to him as parts of his very flesh and bones. Hence no one can become a Hindoo in religion who is not one by birth; nor can any member be-

longing to this divine body break his caste without thereby becoming dead, as a limb amputated from living communion with the source of life, and therefore to be thrown away as a curse and reproach."

The force with which this system holds the Hindoo in his grasp is almost irresistible. His whole life is governed by fixed authoritative rules, to which he yields a mechanical obedience. All that is to be believed or done on earth is settled by divine mandate:

"All the arts and sciences; the methods of every trade; the manifold duties incumbent on the architect, the mason, the carpenter, or the musician, and on the member of the family or community—what ought to be done upon ordinary days and holy days; in youth, in manhood, and in old age; in health and sickness, and in the hour of death; and what ought to be done for those who are dead. Rules are prescribed to him as a sinner or a saint, in joy or in sorrow; directing him how to act towards superiors, inferiors, and equals; towards priests and princes; towards all men on earth, and towards all the gods on earth and in the heavens. No polype, in the vast gelatinous mass which contributes to the building up of a great island from the deep, can be more a part of that mysterious whole than an orthodox Hindoo is of this marvellous religious brotherhood. His individuality is lost. His conscience, will, and affection are in the strong grasp of habits and customs sanctioned by Divine authority, consecrated by the faith of his race, and made venerable by a hoary antiquity."

* This brief summary may give our readers some idea of the magnitude of the task undertaken by Christian missionaries in India. When the real state of the case is looked at, may it not rather be wondered at that so much progress has been made in so short a time, than that so little has been done? According to the last and most authentic calculations, there are supposed to be, in round numbers, about 140,000 native Christians in India. There are 100 native Christian pastors and 1,300 native catechists. More than 33,000 boys and 8,000 girls receive a Christian education at mission schools. The Bible has been translated into fourteen of the languages of India, including all the principal tongues of the empire; the New Testament into five more. These are results by no means to be despised. But the indirect results of missionary labor in India are as yet still more valuable.

Vast changes for good have already taken place in the social habits of the people. Suttee, infanticide, self-tortures, and immolations at idol-festivals, have been done away; they have yielded not merely to the pressure of British law, but before a real change of public opinion, which is the growth partly of general education and partly of missionary influence. Other social reforms affecting the marriage of widows, polygamy, and the education of females, are making steady progress. Not only so, but the current of religious opinion is rapidly changing among the more intelligent and better informed natives. Many of them have ceased to believe in Brahmanism, if they have not adopted Christianity. Upwards of 3,000,000 Hindoos and over 90,000 Mohammedans attend Government schools; and although the pupils receive no direct religious training in these schools, they imbibe year by year more and more of the influences of European ideas. There are those who are not content unless the Hindoo repeats their own creed in definite language, and receives Christianity after their fashion; but all who have been accustomed to study great revolutions of opinion in the history of race will probably see more significance in such indirect changes, pervading more or less the whole national mind, than in any mere statistics of conversion, however encouraging.

The most remarkable of the native movements of religious thought, flowing out of the general progress of education, is known as the *Brahmo Somaj*; a religious school founded by the celebrated Rajah Rammohun Roy, who was one of the most learned and accomplished men in India. "In order to obtain a religion at once true and national, he fell back on the Vedas as embodying a pure monotheism, rejecting the authority of all later Hindoo books, however venerable, from the heroic Mahabharat and Ramayana to the Puranas." He accepted also the New Testament, so far as to collect and publish from it "The Precepts of Jesus the Guide to Happiness." His followers were organized into a society or Church, which met for worship under the above title given to the sect—a title compounded, as Dr. Macleod explains, of the neuter-impersonal name of the

Supreme, and the word for "Assembly." This movement has remained with some, what it was very much to its founder, a system of pure Theism; with others it has advanced until it has indefinitely approached Christianity. The leader of this more Christian development is Keshub Chunder Sen, of whom and his teaching Dr. Macleod says:—

"After having heard this distinguished man preach, and having seen the response given to his teaching by his splendid audience, numbering the most enlightened natives as well as Europeans in Calcutta; and after having had a very pleasing conversation with him, I cannot but indulge the hope from his sincerity, his earnestness, as well as from his logic, that in the end he will be led to accept the whole truth as it is in Jesus. But of one thing I feel profoundly convinced, that the Brahmo Somaj, which numbers thousands of adherents, is to be attributed indirectly to the teaching and labors of Christian missionaries; and its existence, in spite of all I have read and heard against it, brightens my hope of India's future."

Having described the nature of the task before the Indian missionary, the magnitude of the field in which he has to work, and its peculiar difficulties, Dr. Macleod next considers the best means of meeting these difficulties and advancing the conversion of India. On this subject his views appear to us enlightened and practical. He indulges in no vague enthusiasm; he recognizes fully the strength of the obstacles which must be overcome; and defends earnestly and by irresistible arguments, as we think, the least exciting, which is therefore with many religious bodies the least popular, method of spreading Christian truth among the natives. The question is one betwixt direct *preaching* of the Gospel, in supposed apostolic fashion, in the streets and bazaars, and the *teaching* of it as a part of a *first-rate* general education imparted in missionary institutions, such as those possessed by the Church of Scotland and the Free Church in Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay. The latter is the method which Dr. Macleod strongly advocates. It appears to many the less apostolic method. To go forth unfurnished into heathen wastes, and to proclaim the old truth, "Repent and be converted, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," seems more after the pattern

of the early preachers of Christianity—more like the picture presented to us in the Acts of the Apostles. And so far as mere external resemblance is concerned, this may be the fact. But it is a common mistake to miss the inner life and meaning of Scriptural examples by following too closely their external model. There is, after all, little or no analogy betwixt the position of a modern Christian missionary in India and the ancient apostles going forth into Asia Minor, or the Europe of their day, preaching the kingdom of God. Jews as the apostles were, they were yet themselves partakers in the general civilization of their time; they carried with them, after their first timid approach to the Gentiles, and even after their passage into Europe, the same language which had been familiar to them from the time of their “beginning at Jerusalem,” and in which, there is some reason to believe, according to the researches of modern scholars, they may have heard the Gospel taught from the very lips of our Lord. A Jew of Tarsus—a Roman citizen of “no mean city”—was certainly no stranger to the thought and life which he everywhere encountered as he taught in Antioch and Ephesus, and even Corinth and Rome. He had a ready, if not always a willing, audience in the synagogues wherever he went. It was from such centres of old Jewish worship and fellowship that the early preaching of the Gospel everywhere spread forth and took hold of the general life of cities or districts. Anything more really contrasted to the position of a European or American missionary in India cannot be imagined. He has, and can have in the first instance, no affinity whatever with the peculiar life of Hindooism. The moral, social, intellectual atmosphere in which he finds himself must be wholly strange to him. It is notorious that many who have even resided long in India—the great mass, it is said, of British residents, whether military or civilian—remain profoundly ignorant of the inner life of the people. The thoughts, feelings, associations, habits, which chiefly move them, elude European sympathy, and can only be understood after special study and experience. There is thus no common meeting-ground for the missionary and native mind to begin with. Not

to speak of the preliminary difficulties of language, there is no common body of thought which can render the modern Christian preacher in the bazaars or streets of Calcutta, or any other great Indian city, intelligible to the passing audiences which might pause for a moment to listen to his preaching. How is it possible in such circumstances to preach with any effect? Can anything be conceived really more unlike the circumstances of the apostle Peter, as he lifted up his voice to the men of Judea and the dwellers at Jerusalem, and besought them to hearken to his words; and when they heard what he said, “they were pricked in their heart,” and cried out, “What shall we do?” Can anything even be conceived more unlike the circumstances of St. Paul, as he “stood in the midst of Mars-hill,” and felt his heart go forth towards the brilliant Athenians, half in enthusiasm and half in bitter rebuke? Deeply stirred as his spirit was in him at the sight of the Athenian idolatry, there was yet something in the experience of St. Paul—the associations of his youth, and the very atmosphere of his time, which made it more intelligible to him than any modern idolatry can ever be to a modern European mind. It is sometimes made, and rightly so far made, an accusation against modern missionaries, that they fail in the widely-sympathetic intelligence which distinguished St. Paul in addressing the Athenian idolaters; but we should also remember the different angle of relation, so to speak, in which all idolatry presents itself to a mind which has never come in contact with it, till all its Christian convictions have been matured, and even whetted into violent zeal against it. The loathsome forms and foul practices of Hindoo heathenism, out of which all moral meaning has long since disappeared, almost necessarily excite a species of revulsion and even horror in the modern missionary mind which admits no mixture of any other feeling.

In addition to all these differences in the position of the modern and the primitive Christian missionary preacher, are to be considered special difficulties arising out of a facile confusion of terms in the proclamation of the Gospel to the Hindoo. Even the evangelist who is most master of the language, and can

select the choicest words and most exact expressions, may be unable to convey his real meaning, from the readiness with which his phraseology becomes transposed by his hearers. When the former speaks of one God, the latter may do the same, but the ideas in the mind of speaker and hearer are entirely different. We use the words *sin, salvation, regeneration, holiness, atonement, incarnation*, as Dr. Macleod points out. So does the Hindoo; "but each term represents to him an old and familiar falsehood, which he understands, believes, and clings to, and which fills up his whole eye, blinding it to the perception of Gospel truths altogether different although expressed by the same terms. The uneducated thus not unfrequently confuse even the name of our Saviour, Yishu Khrishta, with Ishi Khista, a companion of their god Khristna!" If all these difficulties are fairly considered, he adds, people will "cease to wonder at the almost barren results from preaching alone to the genuine Hindoo—as distinct from low caste or no caste—and that the most earnest men have failed to make any decided impression on the mass. . . . One of the noblest and most devoted of men, Mr. Bowen, of Bombay, whom I heard thus preach, and who has done so for a quarter of a century, informed me, in his own humble, truthful way—and his case is not singular, except for its patience and earnestness—that, as far as he knew, he had never made one single convert." The experience of other missionary preachers is equally disheartening. Dr. Macleod has made special reference to the Abbé Dubois, "an able, accomplished, and earnest Roman Catholic missionary, who had labored for a quarter of a century, living among the people, and endeavoring to convert them." He published the result of his labors in 1822, and gave it as his opinion that, "as long as we are unable to make an impression on the polished part of the nation, or the heads of public opinion—on the body of the Brahmins, in short—there remain but very faint hopes of propagating Christianity among the Hindoos; and as long as the only result of our labor shall be, as is at present the case, to bring into our respective communions here and there a few desperate vagrants, outcasts, pariahs,

housekeepers, beggars, and other persons of the lowest description, such results cannot fail to be detrimental to the interests of Christianity among a people who in all circumstances are ruled by the force of custom and example, and are in no case allowed to judge for themselves." "It is no answer," adds Dr. Macleod, "to this picture that it describes the failure of Romanism only; for it holds equally true of every other effort made in the *same direction* and among the same people."

Turning from the method of preaching, which has been thus unsuccessful, Dr. Macleod expounds the plan of Christian education, which, if not wholly originated, was for the first time systematically and vigorously carried out in Bengal by the Church of Scotland. This educational system remains honorably associated with Scotland, and with the names of two Scotch clergymen—Dr. Inglis, who planned it, and Dr. Duff, who applied it. It must be held to be a presumption in its favor that every mission from Great Britain which has to do with the *same class* of people has adopted it as an essential part of its operations.

This educational system imparts a first-class training in all the various branches of knowledge. It is the great ambition of the young Hindoo to obtain preferment under Government; and the passport to lucrative situations and civil offices in the gift of Government is university examination; which, again, is only open to those who have been trained at schools or institutions "affiliated" to the University or Board of Examiners in each Presidency town. The missionary schools supply this preliminary training in a very effective form. It is not pretended that it is any higher motive than the desire to succeed in life which brings the young Hindoo to these schools.

"When a mission school is preferred to a Government one," says Dr. Macleod, "it is probably owing to the fact that lower fees are charged in the former; and, as I am also disposed to think, from the life and power and superior teaching necessarily imparted by educated missionaries when they throw their whole soul into their work, inspired by the high and unselfish aims which they have in view. Be this as it may, right missionaries

can, by means of the school, secure a large and steady assemblage, day by day, of from 500 to 1000 pupils, representing the very life of Hindoo society, eager to obtain education."

If this were all, however, the end would scarcely justify the means. It is no doubt a valuable result in itself to communicate secular knowledge to the Hindoo, and so to fit him for the active duties of civilized life. But this is not the special work of the Christian Church—certainly not its highest work. It is the design, accordingly, of all the missionary institutions to do more than this. Instruction in the Bible, and in the facts and doctrines of Christianity, is an *essential* part of their system. It is the feature which specially distinguishes them from Government schools, which they put in front, and declare as their chief object. If they gave no other than religious instruction, they would have no pupils; but the combination of the most direct Christian instruction with an efficient training in other branches of knowledge, not only does not deter the Hindoo, but seems to have some attraction for him. He receives all the knowledge communicated to him with a ready receptivity. He may not yield to the force of Christian truth, but he does not refuse to be informed regarding it. He may find in its most characteristic ideas merely material for speculative inquiry, rather than receive them "as good seed in an honest heart;" but in the mean time they penetrate his consciousness, and in many ways affect and modify his principles of action. It is hard to tell how vital an influence may go forth in this way, penetrating for long silently to the very roots of character before it show itself in any striking or widespread manifestations. And especially, of course, is this likely to be the case where the missionary is a man himself full of Christian intelligence and enthusiasm and sense. It will be the constant aim of such a man to use all the means at his command to raise the youthful Hindoo minds with which he is in daily contact out of all the false, perverted, and vicious notions native to it, into an atmosphere of *truth*. To do this is a Christian work of the noblest kind, which may well task the highest missionary powers.

"To quicken," as Dr. Macleod eloquently says, "a conscience almost dead; to awaken any sense of personal responsibility almost annihilated; to give any strength to a will weak and powerless for all manly effort and action; to open the long-closed and unused spiritual eye, and train it to discern the unseen, 'Him who is invisible;' to inspire with a love of truth, or with a perception, however faint, of the unworthiness and vileness of falsehood, a soul which has never felt the sense of shame in lying, and seems almost to have lost the power of knowing what it means;—this is the education which the missionary gives as preparatory to and accompanying the reception of Christianity. He has to penetrate through the drifting sands of centuries in order to reach what he believes lies deeper down, that *humanity* which, however weak, is capable of being elevated as sure as the Son of God has become the Son of man! In seeking to do this there is no part of his work, the most common or the most secular, which cannot be turned by the skilful workman to account. 'Every wise-hearted man in whom the Lord puts wisdom and understanding' will thus 'know how to work all manner of work for the service of the sanctuary.' While everything is thus made subservient to the highest end, most unquestionably the Gospel itself, by the very ideas which it gives, through doctrine and precept, history and biography—above all, through the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ—regarding the character of God and man, is, by its own divine light, the most powerful means of opening and educating the eye which is itself to see and appreciate this light. The Gospel, therefore, must ever accompany, as master and guide, every other kind of instrumentality employed in an educational Christian mission."

The Christian schoolmaster, in short, is the most accredited type of missionary for India. He alone is able to reach the Hindoo mind with any effect. The preacher in the bazaar and the streets is a mere *vox clamans in deserto*; he is a voice, and nothing else. He cries, but no one heeds, and scarcely any understand. The schoolmaster it is who "prepares the way of the Lord." If he make but few converts as yet, he at least breaks down old prejudices, and opens the minds and consciences of his pupils to some perception of a higher order of truths than he could otherwise know. This may not be all that a Christian missionary would wish to accomplish, but at least it is Christian work. It may not present any striking parallel to the labors of the apostles, although it is not

altogether without analogy to certain features in their labors; it is not followed by any rapid enthusiasm of conversion, adding daily "multitudes unto the Church;" on the contrary, the process of conversion is extremely slow and gradual; but, so far as it has been tried, it has been attended with a *real* success; and symptoms are not wanting that it is at length making an impression upon the Hindoo mind, which may issue more speedily than many conceive in some great spiritual change on India. In the mean time the direct fruits of the missionary schools are not inconsiderable. Tested even by the number of converts they have produced, they are not found wanting. Especially they have been the means of raising up a class, comparatively small as yet, but regularly increasing, of native Christian ministers, through whom, more likely than any other agency, the conversion of India will be advanced. Many of the obstacles which impede the success of European preachers and evangelists will disappear before a native Christian ministry, highly educated, and capable of entering into all the difficulties and subtle religious perversions of the Hindoo mind. "The schools," Dr. Macleod says, "have already raised from among their converts a most intelligent, educated, and respected body of native clergy. I remember a high-caste native gentleman of wealth and education speaking of one of these clergy and saying to me, 'that is a man whose acquaintance you should, if possible, make. He was of my caste, and became a Christian; but he is a learned and thoroughly sincere man, and people here honor him.'" When the mission schools have produced hundreds, and still more thousands, of these men, instead of a few dozen, then the great work of direct evangelization may go forward with power. Both the field will be prepared and sowers of the divine seed ready to enter upon it. Meanwhile the mission schools are doing the very work needed, breaking up and preparing the soil, and rearing, however slowly, a native race of cultivators.

Dr. Macleod has some valuable remarks, in the conclusion of the general part of his pamphlet, respecting the rise of a Native Indian Church, in contrast

to any mere reproduction of our divided Christian communions at home:—

"It cannot surely be desired," he says, "by any intelligent Christian—I might use stronger language, and assert that it ought not to be tolerated by any reasonable man, unless proved to be unavoidable—that our several Churches should reproduce, in order to perpetuate in the new world of a Christianized India, those forms or symbols which in the old world have become marks, not of our union as Christians, but of our disunion as sects. We may not, indeed, be responsible for these divisions in the Church which have come down to us from the past. We did not make them, nor can we now, perhaps, unmake them. We find ourselves born into some one of them, and so we accept of it and make the most of it as the best we can get in the whole circumstances in which we are placed. But must we establish these different organizations in India? Is each part to be made to represent the whole? Is the grand army to remain broken up into separate divisions, each to recruit to its own standard, and to invite the Hindoos to wear our respective uniforms, adopt our respective shibboleths, learn and repeat our respective war-cries, and even make caste-marks of our wounds and scars, which to us are but the sad mementoes of old battles? Or, to drop all metaphors, shall Christian converts in India be necessarily grouped and stereotyped into Episcopal Churches, Presbyterian Churches, Lutheran Churches, Methodist Churches, Baptist Churches, or Independent Churches, and adopt as their respective creeds the Confession of Faith, the Thirty-nine Articles, or some other formula approved of by our forefathers, and the separating sign of some British or American sect? Whether any Church seriously entertains this design I know not, though I suspect it of some; and I feel assured that it will be realized in part, as conversions increase by means of foreign missions, and be at last perpetuated, unless it is now carefully guarded against by every opportunity being watched and taken advantage of to propagate a different idea, and to rear up an independent and all-inclusive native Indian Church. By such a Church I mean one which shall be organized and governed by the natives themselves, as far as possible, independently of us. We could of course claim, as Christians and fellow-subjects, to be recognized as brethren, and to be received among its members, or, if it should so please both parties, serve among its ministers, and rejoice always to be its best friends and generous supporters. In all this we would only have them to do to us as we should feel bound to do to them. Such a Church might, as taught by experience, mould its outward form of government and worship according to its inner wants and outward

circumstances, guided by history and by the teaching and spirit of Christianity. Its creed—for no Christian society can exist without some known and professed beliefs—would include those truths which had been confessed by the catholic Church of Christ since the first; and, as necessary to its very existence as a Church, it would recognize the supreme authority of Jesus Christ and His Apostles. It would also have, like the whole Church, its Lord's day for public worship, and the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper. Thus might a new temple be reared on the plains of India unlike perhaps any to be seen in our Western lands, yet with all our goodly stones built up in its fabric, and with all our spiritual worship within its walls of the one living and true God—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. A Church like this would, from its very nationality, attract many a man who does not wish to be ranked among the adherents of mission Churches. It would dispose, also, of many difficulties inseparable from our position, whether regarding baptism or the selection and support of a native ministry. And, finally, it would give ample scope, for many a year to come, for all the aid and efforts which our home Churches and missionaries could afford by schools and colleges, personal labor, and also by money contributions, to establish, strengthen, and extend it.

"Moreover, it seems to me that India affords varied and remarkable elements for contributing many varied gifts and talents to such a Church as this. The simple peasant and scholarly pundit, the speculative mystic or self-torturing devotee, the peaceful Southman and the manly Northman; the weak Hindoo who clings to others of his caste for strength, and the strong aborigines who love their individuality and independence;—one and all possess a power which could find its place of rest and blessing in the faith of Christ and in fellowship with one another through Him. The incarnate but unseen Christ, the Divine yet human brother, would dethrone every idol; God's Word be substituted for the Puranas; Christian brotherhood for caste, and the peace of God, instead of these and every weary rite and empty ceremony, would satisfy the heart. Such is my ideal, which I hope and believe will one day become real in India. The day indeed seems to be far off when the 'Church of India,' worthy of the country, shall occupy its place within what may then be the Christendom of the world. A period of chaos may intervene ere it is created; and after that, how many days full of change and of strange revolutions, with their 'evenings' and 'mornings,' may succeed ere it enjoys a Sabbath rest of holiness and peace! But yet that Church must be, if India is ever to become one, or a nation in any true sense of the word. For union, strength, and real progress can never hence-

forth in this world's history either result from or coalesce with Mohammedanism or Hindooism, far less with the cold and heartless abstractions of an atheistic philosophy. Hence English government, by physical force and moral power, *must*, with a firm and unswerving grasp, hold the broken fragments of the Indian races together until they are united from within by Christianity into a living organism, which can then, and then only, dispense with the force without. The wild olive must be grafted into the 'root and fatness' of the good olive-tree of the Church of Christ; and, while the living union is being formed, and until the living sap begins to flow from the root to every branch, English power must firmly bind and hold the parts together. Our hopes of an Indian nation are bound up with our hopes of an Indian Church; and it is a high privilege for us to be able to help on this consummation. The West thus gives back to the East the riches which it has from the East received, to be returned again, I doubt not, with interest to ourselves."

With the prospect thus eloquently depicted we conclude our review of a subject which may seem to have merely a special religious interest, but which is really one of the highest importance for the permanence of our great Indian Empire, and the interests of general civilization. The spread of Christianity in that vast kingdom, as a living force uniting together in a common faith its discordant populations, and blessing them with its spirit of righteousness, purity, and charity, is the best security at once for good government and popular well-being. The rise of an Indian Church would be at the same time the rise of a nation, bound to us by ties which no accident or mere series of accidents could interrupt, but one with us alike in material ambition and moral aim. It may be long before there is any approach to so grand a result. But the humblest means by which it may be wrought out are deserving of our attention; and in the mean time at least, and so far as we can see or experience enables us to predict, there are no means more likely to contribute to this result than what may seem to many the very humblest of all—the labors of the Christian schoolmaster and missionary.

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ON THE MODERN ELEMENT IN LITERATURE.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

It is related in one of those legends which illustrate the history of Buddhism, that a certain disciple once presented himself before his master, Buddha, with the desire to be permitted to undertake a mission of peculiar difficulty. The compassionate teacher represented to him the obstacles to be surmounted and the risks to be run. Purna—so the disciple was called—insisted, and replied, with equal humility and adroitness, to the successive objections of his adviser. Satisfied at last by his answers of the fitness of his disciple, Buddha accorded to him the desired permission; and dismissed him to his task with these remarkable words, nearly identical with those in which he himself is said to have been admonished by a divinity at the outset of his own career:—"Go then, O Purna," are his words; "having been delivered, deliver; having been consoled, console; being arrived thyself at the farther bank, enable others to arrive there also."

It was a moral deliverance, eminently, of which the great Oriental reformer spoke; it was a deliverance from the pride, the sloth, the anger, the selfishness, which impair the moral activity of man—a deliverance which is demanded of all individuals and in all ages. But there is another deliverance for the human race, hardly less important, indeed, than the first—for in the enjoyment of both united consists man's true freedom—but demanded far less universally, and even more rarely and imperfectly obtained; a deliverance neglected, apparently hardly conceived, in some ages, while it has been pursued with earnestness in others, which derive from that very pursuit their peculiar character. This deliverance is an intellectual deliverance.

An intellectual deliverance is the peculiar demand of those ages which are called modern; and those nations are said to be imbued with the modern spirit most eminently in which the demand for such a deliverance has been made with most zeal, and satisfied with most completeness. Such a deliverance is emphatically, whether we will or no,

the demand of the age in which we ourselves live. All intellectual pursuits our age judges according to their power of helping to satisfy this demand; of all studies it asks, above all, the question, how far they can contribute to this deliverance.

I propose, on this my first occasion of speaking here, to attempt such a general survey of ancient classical literature and history as may afford us the conviction—in presence of the doubts so often expressed of the profitableness, in the present day, of our study of this literature—that, even admitting to their fullest extent the legitimate demands of our age, the literature of ancient Greece is, even for modern times, a mighty agent of intellectual deliverance; even for modern times, therefore, an object of indestructible interest.

But first let us ask ourselves why the demand for an intellectual deliverance arises in such an age as the present, and in what the deliverance itself consists? The demand arises, because our present age has around it a copious and complex present, and behind it a copious and complex past; it arises, because the present age exhibits to the individual man who contemplates it the spectacle of a vast multitude of facts awaiting and inviting his comprehension. The deliverance consists in man's comprehension of this present and past. It begins when our mind begins to enter into possession of the general ideas which are the law of this vast multitude of facts. It is perfect when we have acquired that harmonious acquiescence of mind which we feel in contemplating a grand spectacle that is intelligible to us; when we have lost that impatient irritation of mind which we feel in presence of an immense, moving, confused spectacle which, while it perpetually excites our curiosity, perpetually baffles our comprehension.

This, then, is what distinguishes certain epochs in the history of the human race, and our own amongst the number;—on the one hand, the presence of a significant spectacle to contemplate; on the other hand, the desire to find the true point of view from which to contemplate this spectacle. He who has found that point of view, he who adequately comprehends this spectacle, has risen to the comprehension of his age:

he who communicates that point of view to his age, he who interprets to it that spectacle, is one of his age's intellectual deliverers.

The spectacle, the facts, presented for the comprehension of the present age, are indeed immense. The facts consist of the events, the institutions, the sciences, the arts, the literatures, in which human life has manifested itself up to the present time: the spectacle is the collective life of humanity. And everywhere there is connection, everywhere there is illustration: no single event, no single literature is adequately comprehended except in its relation to other events, to other literatures. The literature of ancient Greece, the literature of the Christian Middle Age, so long as they are regarded as two isolated literatures, two isolated growths of the human spirit, are not adequately comprehended; and it is adequate comprehension which is the demand of the present age. "We must compare,"—the illustrious Chancellor of Cambridge* said the other day to his hearers at Manchester,—“we must compare the works of other ages with those of our own age and country; that, while we feel proud of the immense development of knowledge and power of production which we possess, we may learn humility in contemplating the refinement of feeling and intensity of thought manifested in the works of the older schools.” To know how others stand, that we may know how we ourselves stand; and to know how we ourselves stand, that we may correct our mistakes and achieve our deliverance—that is our problem.

But all facts, all the elements of the spectacle before us, have not an equal value—do not merit a like attention: and it is well that they do not, for no man would be adequate to the task of thoroughly mastering them all. Some have more significance for us, others have less; some merit our utmost attention in all their details, others it is sufficient to comprehend in their general character, and then they may be dismissed.

What facts, then, let us ask ourselves, what elements of the spectacle before us, will naturally be most interesting to a highly developed age like our own, to

an age making the demand which we have described for an intellectual deliverance by means of the complete intelligence of its own situation? Evidently, the other ages similarly developed, and making the same demand. And what past literature will naturally be most interesting to such an age as our own? Evidently, the literatures which have most successfully solved for *their* ages the problem which occupies ours: the literatures which in their day and for their own nation have adequately comprehended, have adequately represented, the spectacle before them. A significant, a highly-developed, a culminating epoch, on the one hand,—a comprehensive, a commensurate, an adequate literature, on the other,—these will naturally be the objects of deepest interest to our modern age. Such an epoch and such a literature are, in fact, *modern*, in the same sense in which our own age and literature are modern; they are founded upon a rich past and upon an instructive fulness of experience.

It may, however, happen that a great epoch is without a perfectly adequate literature; it may happen that a great age, a great nation, has attained a remarkable fulness of political and social development, without intellectually taking the complete measure of itself, without adequately representing that development in its literature. In this case, the *epoch*, the *nation* itself, will still be an object of the greatest interest to us; but the *literature* will be an object of less interest to us: the facts, the material spectacle, are there; but the contemporary view of the facts, the intellectual interpretation, are inferior and inadequate.

It may happen, on the other hand, that great authors, that a powerful literature, are found in an age and nation less great and powerful than themselves; it may happen that a literature, that a man of genius, may arise adequate to the representation of a greater, a more highly developed age than that in which they appear; it may happen that a literature completely interprets its epoch, and yet has something over; that it has a force, a richness, a geniality, a power of view which the materials at its disposition are insufficient adequately to employ. In such a case, the literature

* The late Prince Consort.

will be more interesting to us than the epoch. The interpreting power, the illuminating and revealing intellect, are there; but the spectacle on which they throw their light is not fully worthy of them.

And I shall not, I hope, be thought to magnify too much my office if I add, that it is to the poetical literature of an age that we must, in general, look for the most perfect, the most adequate interpretation of that age,—for the performance of a work which demands the most energetic and harmonious activity of all the powers of the human mind. Because that activity of the whole mind, that genius, as Johnson nobly describes it, “without which judgment is cold and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates,” is in poetry at its highest stretch and in its most energetic exertion.

What we seek, therefore, what will most enlighten us, most contribute to our intellectual deliverance, is the union of two things; it is the coexistence, the simultaneous appearance, of a great epoch and a great literature.

Now the culminating age in the life of ancient Greece I call, beyond question, a great epoch; the life of Athens in the fifth century before our era I call one of the highly developed, one of the marking, one of the modern periods in the life of the whole human race. It has been said that the “Athens of Pericles was a vigorous man, at the summit of his bodily strength and mental energy.” There was the utmost energy of life there, public and private; the most entire freedom, the most unprejudiced and intelligent observation of human affairs. Let us rapidly examine some of the characteristics which distinguish modern epochs; let us see how far the culminating century of ancient Greece exhibits them; let us compare it, in respect of them, with a much later, a celebrated century; let us compare it with the age of Elizabeth in our own country.

To begin with what is exterior. One of the most characteristic outward features of a *modern* age, of an age of advanced civilization, is the banishment of the ensigns of war and bloodshed from the intercourse of civil life. Crime still exists, and wars are still carried on; but

within the limits of civil life a circle has been formed within which man can move securely, and develop the arts of peace uninterruptedly. The private man does not go forth to his daily occupation prepared to assail the life of his neighbor or to have to defend his own. With the disappearance of the constant means of offence the occasions of offence diminish; society at last acquires repose, confidence, and free activity. An important inward characteristic, again, is the growth of a tolerant spirit; that spirit which is the offspring of an enlarged knowledge; a spirit patient of the diversities of habits and opinions. Other characteristics are the multiplication of the conveniences of life, the formation of taste, the capacity for refined pursuits. And this leads us to the supreme characteristic of all: the intellectual maturity of man himself; the tendency to observe facts with a critical spirit; to search for their law, not to wander among them at random; to judge by the rule of reason, not by the impulse of prejudice or caprice.

Well, now, with respect to the presence of all these characteristics in the age of Pericles, we possess the explicit testimony of an immortal work—of the history of Thucydides. “The Athenians first,” he says—speaking of the gradual development of Grecian society up to the period when the Peloponnesian war commenced—“the Athenians first left off the habit of wearing arms:” that is, this mark of superior civilization had, in the age of Pericles, become general in Greece, had long been visible at Athens. In the time of Elizabeth, on the other hand, the wearing of arms was universal in England and throughout Europe. Again, the conveniences, the ornaments, the luxuries of life, had become common at Athens at the time of which we are speaking. But there had been an advance even beyond this; there had been an advance to that perfection, that propriety of taste which prescribes the excess of ornament, the extravagance of luxury. The Athenians had given up, Thucydides says, had given up, although not very long before, an extravagance of dress and an excess of personal ornament which, in the first flush of newly-discovered luxury, had been adopted by some of the richer classes. The height of civilization in this respect seems to have

been attained; there was general elegance and refinement of life, and there was simplicity. What was the case in this respect in the Elizabethan age? The scholar Casaubon, who settled in England in the reign of James I., bears evidence to the want here, even at that time, of conveniences of life which were already to be met with on the continent of Europe. On the other hand, the taste for fantastic, for excessive personal adornment, to which the portraits of the time bear testimony, is admirably set forth in the work of a great novelist, who was also a very truthful antiquarian—in the “Kenilworth” of Sir Walter Scott. We all remember the description, in the thirteenth and fourteenth chapters of the second volume of “Kenilworth,” of the barbarous magnificence, the “fierce vanities,” of the dress of the period.

Pericles praises the Athenians that they had discovered sources of recreation for the spirit to counterbalance the labors of the body; compare these, compare the pleasures which charmed the whole body of the Athenian people through the yearly round of their festivals, with the popular shows and pastimes in “Kenilworth.” “We have freedom,” says Pericles, “for individual diversities of opinion and character; we do not take offence at the tastes and habits of our neighbor if they differ from our own.” Yes, in Greece, in the Athens of Pericles, there is toleration; but in England, in the England of the sixteenth century?—the Puritans are then in full growth. So that with regard to these characteristics of civilization of a modern spirit which we have hitherto enumerated, the superiority, it will be admitted, rests with the age of Pericles.

Let us pass to what we said was the supreme characteristic of a highly developed, a modern age—the manifestation of a critical spirit, the endeavor after a rational arrangement and appreciation of facts. Let us consider one or two of the passages in the masterly introduction which Thucydides, the contemporary of Pericles, has prefixed to his history. What was his motive in choosing the Peloponnesian War for his subject? Because it was, in his opinion, the most important, the most instructive event which had, up to that time, happened in the history of mankind. What is his effort

in the first twenty-three chapters of his history? To place in their correct point of view all the facts which had brought Grecian society to the point at which that dominant event found it; to strip these facts of their exaggeration, to examine them critically. The enterprises undertaken in the early times of Greece were on a much smaller scale than had been commonly supposed. The Greek chiefs were induced to combine in the expedition against Troy, not by their respect for an oath taken by them all when suitors to Helen, but by their respect for the preponderating influence of Agamemnon; the siege of Troy had been protracted not so much by the valor of the besieged as by the inadequate mode of warfare necessitated by the want of funds of the besiegers. No doubt Thucydides’ criticism of the Trojan war is not perfect; but observe how in these and many other points he labors to correct popular errors, to assign their true character to facts, complaining, as he does so, of men’s habit of *uncritical* reception of current stories. “So little a matter of care to most men,” he says, “is the search after truth, and so inclined are they to take up any story which is ready to their hand.” “He himself,” he continues, “has endeavored to give a true picture, and believes that in the main he has done so.” For some readers his history may want the charm of the uncritical, half-fabulous narratives of earlier writers; but for such as desire to gain a clear knowledge of the past, and thereby of the future also, which will surely, after the course of human things, represent again hereafter, if not the very image, yet the near resemblance of the past—if such shall judge my work to be profitable, I shall be well content.”

What language shall we properly call this? It is *modern* language; it is the language of a thoughtful philosophic man of our own days; it is the language of Burke or Niebuhr assigning the true aim of history. And yet Thucydides is no mere literary man; no isolated thinker, speaking far over the heads of his hearers to a future age—no: he was a man of action, a man of the world, a man of his time. He represents, at its best indeed, but he represents, the general intelligence of his age and nation; of a nation the meanest citizens of which

could follow with comprehension the profoundly thoughtful speeches of Pericles.

Let us now turn for a contrast to a historian of the Elizabethan age, also a man of great mark and ability, also a man of action, also a man of the world, Sir Walter Raleigh. Sir Walter Raleigh writes the "History of the World," as Thucydides has written the "History of the Peloponnesian War;" let us hear his language; let us mark his point of view; let us see what problems occur to him for solution. "Seeing," he says, "that we digress in all the ways of our lives—yea, seeing the life of man is nothing else but digression—I may be the better excused in writing their lives and actions." What are the preliminary facts which he discusses, as Thucydides discusses the Trojan War and the early naval power of Crete, and which are to lead up to his main inquiry? Open the table of contents of his first volume. You will find: "Of the firmament, and of the waters above the firmament, and whether there be any crystalline Heaven, or any primum mobile." You will then find: "Of Fate, and that the stars have great influence, and that their operations may diversely be prevented or furthered." Then you come to two entire chapters on the place of Paradise, and on the two chief trees in the garden of Paradise. And in what style, with what power of criticism, does Raleigh treat the subjects so selected? I turn to the 7th section of the third chapter of his first book, which treats "Of their opinion which make Paradise as high as the moon, and of others which make it higher than the middle region of the air." Thus he begins the discussion of this opinion: "Whereas Beda saith, and as the schoolmen affirm Paradise to be a place altogether removed from the knowledge of men ('locus a cognitione hominum remotissimus'), and Barcephas conceived that Paradise was far in the East, but mounted above the ocean and all the earth, and near the orb of the moon (which opinion, though the schoolmen charge Beda withal, yet Pererius lays it off from Beda and his master Rabanus); and whereas Rupertus in his geography of Paradise doth not much differ from the rest, but finds it seated next or nearest heaven." So he states the error, and

now for his own criticism of it: "First, such a place cannot be commodious to live in, for being so near the moon it had been too near the sun and other heavenly bodies. Secondly, it must have been too joint a neighbor to the element of fire. Thirdly, the air in that region is so violently moved and carried about with such swiftness as nothing in that place can consist or have abiding. Fourthly," but what has been quoted is surely enough, and there is no use in continuing.

Which is the ancient here, and which is the modern? Which uses the language of an intelligent man of our own days? which a language wholly obsolete and unfamiliar to us? Which has the rational appreciation and control of his facts? which wanders among them helplessly and without a clue? Is it our own countryman, or is it the Greek? And the language of Raleigh affords a fair sample of the critical power, of the point of view, possessed by the majority of intelligent men of his day; as the language of Thucydides affords us a fair sample of the critical power of the majority of intelligent men in the age of Pericles.

Well, then, in the age of Pericles we have, in spite of its antiquity, a highly-developed, a modern, a deeply interesting epoch. Next comes the question: Is this epoch adequately interpreted by its highest literature? Now, the peculiar characteristic of the highest literature—the poetry—of the fifth century in Greece before the Christian era, is its *adequacy*; the peculiar characteristic of the poetry of Sophocles is its consummate, its unrivalled *adequacy*; that it represents the highly developed human nature of that age—human nature developed in a number of directions, politically, socially, religiously, morally developed—in its completest and most harmonious development in all these directions; while there is shed over this poetry the charm of that noble serenity which always accompanies true insight. If in the body of Athenians of that time there was, as we have said, the utmost energy of mature manhood, public and private; the most entire freedom, the most unprejudiced and intelligent observation of human affairs—in Sophocles there is the same energy, the same ma-

turity, the same freedom, the same intelligent observation; but all these idealized and glorified by the grace and light shed over them from the noblest poetical feeling. And therefore I have ventured to say of Sophocles, that he "saw life steadily, and saw it whole." Well may we understand how Pericles—how the great statesman whose aim was, it has been said, "to realize in Athens the idea which he had conceived of human greatness," and who partly succeeded in his aim—should have been drawn to the great poet whose works are the noblest reflection of his success.

I assert, therefore, though the detailed proof of the assertion must be reserved for other opportunities, that, if the fifth century in Greece before our era is a significant and modern epoch, the poetry of that epoch—the poetry of Pindar, Æschylus, and Sophocles—is an adequate representation and interpretation of it.

The poetry of Aristophanes is an adequate representation of it also. True, this poetry regards humanity from the comic side; but there is a comic side from which to regard humanity as well as a tragic one; and the distinction of Aristophanes is to have regarded it from the true point of view on the comic side. He too, like Sophocles, regards the human nature of his time in its fullest development; the boldest creations of a riotous imagination are in Aristophanes, as has been justly said, based always upon the foundation of a serious thought: politics, education, social life, literature—all the great modes in which the human life of his day manifested itself—are the subjects of his thoughts, and of his penetrating comment. There is shed, therefore, over his poetry the charm, the vital freshness, which is felt when man and his relations are from any side adequately, and therefore genially, regarded. Here is the true difference between Aristophanes and Menander. There has been preserved an epitome of a comparison by Plutarch between Aristophanes and Menander, in which the grossness of the former, the exquisite truth to life and felicity of observation of the latter, are strongly insisted upon; and the preference of the refined, the learned, the intelligent men of a later period for Menander loudly proclaimed. "What should take a man

of refinement to the theatre," asks Plutarch, "except to see one of Menander's plays? When do you see the theatre filled with cultivated persons, except when Menander is acted? and he is the favorite refreshment," he continues, "to the overstrained mind of the laborious philosopher." And every one knows the famous line of tribute to this poet by an enthusiastic admirer in antiquity:—"O Life and Menander, which of you painted the other?" We remember, too, how a great English statesman is said to have declared that there was no lost work of antiquity which he so ardently desired to recover as a play of Menander. Yet Menander has perished, and Aristophanes has survived. And to what is this to be attributed? To the instinct of self-preservation in humanity. The human race has the strongest, the most invincible tendency to *live*, to *develop* itself. It retains, it clings to what fosters its life, what favors its development, to the literature which exhibits it in its vigor; it rejects, it abandons what does not foster its development, the literature which exhibits it arrested and decayed. Now, between the times of Sophocles and Menander a great check had befallen the development of Greece—the failure of the Athenian expedition to Syracuse, and the consequent termination of the Peloponnesian War in a result unfavorable to Athens. The free expansion of her growth was checked; one of the noblest channels of Athenian life, that of political activity, had begun to narrow and to dry up. That was the true catastrophe of the ancient world; it was then that the oracles of the ancient world should have become silent, and that its gods should have forsaken their temples; for from that date the intellectual and spiritual life of Greece was left without an adequate material basis of political and practical life; and both began inevitably to decay. The opportunity of the ancient world was then lost, never to return; for neither the Macedonian nor the Roman world, which possessed an adequate material basis, possessed, like the Athens of earlier times, an adequate intellect and soul to inform and inspire them; and there was left of the ancient world, when Christianity arrived, of Greece only a head without a body, and of Rome only a body without a soul.

It is Athens after this check, after this diminution of vitality,—it is man with part of his life shorn away, refined and intelligent indeed, but sceptical, frivolous, and dissolute,—which the poetry of Menander represented. The cultivated, the accomplished might applaud the dexterity, the perfection of the representation—might prefer it to the free genial delineation of a more living time with which they were no longer in sympathy. But the instinct of humanity taught it, that in the one poetry there was the seed of life, in the other poetry the seed of death; and it has rescued Aristophanes, while it has left Menander to his fate.

In the flowering period of the life of Greece, therefore, we have a culminating age, one of the flowering periods of the life of the human race: in the poetry of that age we have a literature commensurate with its epoch. It is most perfectly commensurate in the poetry of Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, Aristophanes; these, therefore, will be the supremely interesting objects in this literature; but the stages in literature which led up to this point of perfection, the stages in literature which led downward from it, will be deeply interesting also. A distinguished person,* who has lately been occupying himself with Homer, has remarked that an undue preference is given, in the studies of Oxford, to these poets over Homer. The justification of such a preference, even if we put aside all philological considerations, lies, perhaps, in what I have said. Homer himself is eternally interesting; he is a greater poetical power than even Sophocles or Æschylus; but his age is less interesting than himself. Æschylus and Sophocles represent an age as interesting as themselves; the names, indeed, in their dramas are the names of the old heroic world, from which they were far separated; but these names are taken, because the use of them permits to the poet that free and ideal treatment of his characters which the highest tragedy demands; and into these figures of the old world is poured all the fulness of life and of thought which the new world had accumulated. This new world in its maturity of reason resembles our own; and the advantage over Homer

in their greater significance for *us*, which Æschylus and Sophocles gain by belonging to this new world, more than compensates for their poetical inferiority to him.

Let us now pass to the Roman world. There is no necessity to accumulate proofs that the culminating period of Roman history is to be classed among the leading, the significant, the modern periods of the world. There is universally current, I think, a pretty correct appreciation of the high development of the Rome of Cicero and Augustus; no one doubts that material civilization and the refinements of life were largely diffused in it; no one doubts that cultivation of mind and intelligence were widely diffused in it. Therefore, I will not occupy time by showing that Cicero corresponded with his friends in the style of the most accomplished, the most easy letter-writers of modern times; that Cæsar did not write history like Sir Walter Raleigh. The great period of Rome is, perhaps, on the whole, the greatest, the fullest, the most significant period on record; it is certainly a greater, a fuller period than the age of Pericles. It is an infinitely larger school for the men reared in it; the relations of life are immeasurably multiplied, the events which happen are on an immeasurably grander scale. The facts, the spectacle of this Roman world, then, are immense: let us see how far the literature, the interpretation of the facts, has been adequate.

Let us begin with a great poet, a great philosopher, Lucretius. In the case of Thucydides I called attention to the fact that his habit of mind, his mode of dealing with questions, were modern; that they were those of an enlightened, reflecting man among ourselves. Let me call attention to the exhibition in Lucretius of a modern *feeling* not less remarkable than the modern *thought* in Thucydides. The predominance of thought, of reflection, in modern epochs is not without its penalties; in the unsound, in the overtaken, in the oversensitive, it has produced the most painful, the most lamentable results; it has produced a state of feeling unknown to less enlightened but perhaps healthier epochs—the feeling of depression, the feeling of *ennui*. Depression and *ennui*; these are

* Mr. Gladstone.

the characteristics stamped on how many of the representative works of modern times! they are also the characteristics stamped on the poem of Lucretius. One of the most powerful, the most solemn passages of the work of Lucretius, one of the most powerful, the most solemn passages in the literature of the whole world, is the well-known conclusion of the third book. With masterly touches he exhibits the lassitude, the incurable tedium which pursue men in their amusements; with indignant irony he upbraids them for the cowardice with which they cling to a life which for most is miserable; to a life which contains, for the most fortunate, nothing but the old dull round of the same unsatisfying objects for ever presented. "A man rushes abroad," he says, "because he is sick of being at home; and suddenly comes home again because he finds himself no whit easier abroad. He posts as fast as his horses can take him to his country-seat: when he has got there he hesitates what to do; or he throws himself down moodily to sleep, and seeks forgetfulness in that; or he makes the best of his way back to town again with the same speed as he fled from it. Thus every one flies from himself." What a picture of *ennui*! of the disease of the most modern societies, the most advanced civilizations! "O man," he exclaims again, "the lights of the world, Scipio, Homer, Epicurus, are dead; wilt thou hesitate and fret at dying, whose life is wellnigh dead whilst thou art yet alive; who consumest in sleep the greater part of thy span, and when awake dorest and ceasest not to dream; and carriest about a mind troubled with baseless fear, and canst not find what it is that aileth thee when thou staggerest like a drunken wretch in the press of thy cares, and welterest hither and thither in the unsteady wandering of thy spirit!" And again: "I have nothing more than you have already seen," he makes Nature say to man, "to invent for you amusement; *eadem sunt omnia semper*—all things continue the same for ever."

Yes, Lucretius is modern; but is he adequate? And how can a man adequately interpret the activity of his age when he is not in sympathy with it? Think of the varied, the abundant, the wide

spectacle of the Roman life of his day; think of its fulness of occupation, its energy of effort. From these Lucretius withdraws himself, and bids his disciples to withdraw themselves; he bids them to leave the business of the world, and to apply themselves "*naturam cognoscere rerum*"—to learn the nature of things;" but there is no peace, no cheerfulness for him either in the world from which he comes, or in the solitude to which he goes. With stern effort, with gloomy despair, he seems to rivet his eyes on the elementary reality, the naked framework of the world, because the world in its fulness and movement is too exciting a spectacle for his discomposed brain. He seems to feel the spectacle of it at once terrifying and alluring; and to deliver himself from it he has to keep perpetually repeating his formula of disenchantment and annihilation. In reading him, you understand the tradition which represents him as having been driven mad by a poison administered as a love-charm by his mistress, and as having composed his great work in the intervals of his madness. Lucretius is, therefore, overstrained, gloom-weighted, morbid; and he who is morbid is no adequate interpreter of his age.

I pass to Virgil; to the poetical name which of all poetical names has perhaps had the most prodigious fortune; the name which for Dante, for the Middle Age, represented the perfection of classical antiquity. The perfection of classical antiquity Virgil does not represent; but far be it from me to add my voice to those which have desecrated his genius; nothing that I shall say is, or can ever be, inconsistent with a profound, an almost affectionate veneration for him. But with respect to him, as with respect to Lucretius, I shall freely ask the question, *Is he adequate?* Does he represent the epoch in which he lived, the mighty Roman world of his time, as the great poets of the great epoch of Greek life represented theirs, in all its fulness, in all its significance?

From the very form itself of his great poem, the *Æneid*, one would be led to augur that this was impossible. The epic form, as a form for representing contemporary or nearly contemporary events, has attained, in the poems of Ho-

mer, an unmatched, an immortal success; the epic form as employed by learned poets for the reproduction of the events of a past age has attained a very considerable success. But for *this* purpose, for the poetic treatment of the events of a *past* age, the epic form is a less vital form than the dramatic form. The great poets of the modern period of Greece are accordingly, as we have seen, the *dramatic* poets. The chief of these—Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes—have survived: the distinguished epic poets of the same period—Panyasis, Chærilus, Antimachus—though praised by the Alexandrian critics, have perished in a common destruction with the undistinguished. And what is the reason of this? It is, that the dramatic form exhibits, above all, *the actions of man as strictly determined by his thoughts and feelings*; it exhibits, therefore, what may be always accessible, always intelligible, always interesting. But the epic form takes a wider range; it represents not only the thought and passion of man, that which is universal and eternal, but also the forms of outward life, the fashion of manners, the aspects of nature, that which is local or transient. To exhibit adequately what is local and transient, only a witness, a contemporary, can suffice. In the *reconstruction*, by learning and antiquarian ingenuity, of the local and transient features of a past age, in their representation by one who is not a witness or contemporary, it is impossible to feel the liveliest kind of interest. What, for instance, is the most interesting portion of the *Æneid*,—the portion where Virgil seems to be moving most freely, and therefore to be most animated, most forcible? Precisely that portion which has most a *dramatic* character; the episode of Dido; that portion where locality and manners are nothing—where persons and characters are everything. We might presume beforehand, therefore, that if Virgil, at a time when contemporary epic poetry was no longer possible, had been inspired to present human life in its fullest significance, he would not have selected the epic form. Accordingly, what is, in fact, the character of the poem, the frame of mind of the poet? Has the poem the depth, the complete-

ness of the poems of Æschylus or Sophocles, of those adequate and consummate representations of human life? Has the poet the serious cheerfulness of Sophocles, of a man who has mastered the problem of human life, who knows its gravity, and is therefore serious, but who knows that he comprehends it, and is therefore cheerful? Over the whole of the great poem of Virgil, over the whole *Æneid*, there rests an ineffable melancholy: not a rigid, a moody gloom, like the melancholy of Lucretius; no, a sweet, a touching sadness, but still a sadness; a melancholy which is at once a source of charm in the poem, and a testimony to its incompleteness. Virgil, as Niebuhr has well said, expressed no affected self-disparagement, but the haunting, the irresistible self-dissatisfaction of his heart, when he desired on his death-bed that his poem might be destroyed. A man of the most delicate genius, the most rich learning, but of weak health, of the most sensitive nature, in a great and overwhelming world; conscious, at heart, of his inadequacy for the thorough spiritual mastery of that world and its interpretation in a work of art; conscious of this inadequacy—the one inadequacy, the one weak place in the mighty Roman nature! This suffering, this graceful-minded, this finely-gifted man is the most beautiful, the most attractive figure in literary history; but he is not the adequate interpreter of the great period of Rome.

We come to Horace; and if Lucretius, if Virgil want cheerfulness, Horace wants seriousness. I go back to what I said of Menander: as with Menander so it is with Horace: the men of taste, the men of cultivation, the men of the world are enchanted with him; he has not a prejudice, not an illusion, not a blunder. True! yet the best men in the best ages have never been thoroughly satisfied with Horace. If human life were complete without faith, without enthusiasm, without energy, Horace, like Menander, would be the perfect interpreter of human life: but it is not; to the best, to the most living sense of humanity, it is not; and because it is not, Horace is inadequate. Pedants are tiresome, men of reflection and enthusiasm are unhappy and morbid; therefore Horace is a scorp-

tical man of the world. Men of action are without ideas, men of the world are frivolous and sceptical; therefore Lucretius is plunged in gloom and in stern sorrow. So hard, nay, so impossible for most men is it to develop themselves in their entirety; to rejoice in the variety, the movement of human life with the children of the world; to be serious over the depth, the significance of human life with the wise! Horace warms himself before the transient fire of human animation and human pleasure while he can, and is only serious when he reflects that the fire must soon go out:—

"*Damna tamen celeres reparant coelestia lūæ:
Nos, ubi decidimus—*"

"For nature there is renovation, but for man there is none!"—it is exquisite, but it is not interpretative and fortifying.

In the Roman world, then, we have found a highly modern, a deeply significant, an interesting period—a period more significant and more interesting, because fuller, than the great period of Greece; but we have not a commensurate literature. In Greece we have seen a highly modern, a most significant and interesting period, although on a scale of less magnitude and importance than the great period of Rome; but then, co-existing with the great epoch of Greece there is what is wanting to that of Rome, a commensurate, an interesting literature.

The intellectual history of our race cannot be clearly understood without applying to other ages, nations, and literatures the same method of inquiry which we have been here imperfectly applying to what is called classical antiquity. But enough has at least been said, perhaps, to establish the absolute, the enduring interest of Greek literature, and, above all, of Greek poetry.

Fraser's Magazine.

THE TWO COMETS OF THE YEAR 1868.

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I.—BRORSSEN'S COMET.

TEN years ago, all that astronomers could hope to do with comets was to note their appearance and changes of appearance when viewed with high tele-

scopic powers. There was one instrument, indeed, the polariscope, which afforded doubtful evidence respecting the quality of the light we receive from comets, and thus allowed astronomers to form vague guesses respecting the structure of these mysterious wanderers. But beyond the unsatisfactory indications of this instrument, astronomers had no means whatever of ascertaining the physical nature of comets.

At present, however, an instrument of incomparably higher powers is applicable to the inquiry. The spectroscope has the power of revealing, not only the general character of any substance which is a source of light, but even of exhibiting, in many instances, the elementary constitution of such a substance. The indications of this wonderful instrument of analysis are not affected by the distance or dimensions of the object under examination. So long as the object is luminous the spectroscope will tell us with the utmost certainty whether the light is inherent or reflected; and if the light is inherent—that is, if the object is self-luminous—the spectroscope will tell us with the utmost certainty what terrestrial elements (if any) exist in the constitution of the object. It is with the revelations of the spectroscope respecting Brorsen's comet that we now propose to deal. We must make a few preliminary remarks, however, respecting the various peculiarities of structure which have been presented by comets.

We assume that our readers are familiar with the general appearance presented by comets—at least by those which are visible to the naked eye. It may be necessary to note, however, of the three features commonly recognized in comets—viz., the *nucleus*, *coma*, and *tail*—the coma alone is invariably exhibited. A comet which has neither nucleus nor tail presents simply a round mass of vapor slightly condensed towards the centre. The nucleus, when seen, appears as a bright point within the condensed part of a comet. The tail, as every one knows, is a long train of light issuing from the head.

It was noted in very early times that comets are almost perfectly translucent. This peculiarity has been confirmed by modern and more exact observations. Sir W. Herschel watched the central

passage of a comet over the fainter component of a double star; and he could detect no diminution of the star's brilliancy. Similar observations were made by MM. Olbers and Struve. Sir John Herschel watched the passage of Biela's comet over a small cluster of very faint telescopic stars. The slightest haze would have obliterated the cluster, yet no appreciable effect was produced by the interposition of cometic matter having a thickness (according to Herschel's estimate) of 50,000 miles. And there is another remarkable evidence of tenuity. From recognized optical principles, a star seen through the globular head of a comet should appear displaced from its true position just as any object seen (non-centrally) through a globular decanter full of water seems thrown out of its true place. The astronomer Bessel made an observation on a star which approached within about eight seconds of the nucleus of Halley's comet, and he found that the place of the star was not affected to an appreciable extent.

Whether the nucleus of a comet is solid or not had long been a disputed point among astronomers. With telescopes of moderate power the bright point within the coma presents an appearance of solidity which might readily deceive the observer. But with an increase of power the nucleus assumes a different appearance. Instead of having a well-defined outline it appears to merge into the coma by a somewhat rapid gradation—but not by an abrupt variation—of light. Good observers have reported the extinction of telescopic stars behind the nuclei of comets, but there are peculiar difficulties about an observation of this sort; and it is very difficult to determine whether a star is really concealed from view by the interposition of the nucleus or simply obliterated by the glare of light.

The tail of a comet appears nearly always as an extension from the coma, and a dark interval is usually seen between the head and the tail. But there is an immense variety in the configuration of comets' tails. The comet of 1744 had six tails spread out like a fan. The comet of 1807 had two tails—both turned from the sun. The comet of 1823 had also two tails, but one

was turned almost directly towards the sun. Other comets have had lateral tails.

The processes which seem to be passed through by comets during their approach towards and recession from the sun have proved very perplexing to astronomers and physicists. When first seen a comet usually appears as a light roundish cloud with a point of brighter light near the centre. As it approaches the sun the comet appears to grow considerably brighter on the side turned towards him. An emanation of light seems to proceed towards the sun for a short distance and then to curl backwards and stream out in a contrary direction. Gradually the backward streaming rays extend to a greater distance—the nucleus continuing to throw out matter towards the sun. Thus the tail is formed; and it is often thrown out to a distance of many millions of miles in a few hours.

One of the most singular facts connected with the approach and recess of a comet, is the peculiarity that the comet grows gradually smaller and smaller as it approaches perihelion, and swells out in a corresponding manner as it passes away from the sun. The comet of 1652 was observed by Hevelius to increase so rapidly in dimensions as it passed away from the sun, that between December 20 and January 12 its volume had increased in the proportion of about 13,800 to 1. When it was last visible this comet exceeded the sun in volume. This observation, on which much doubt had been thrown, has been confirmed by the researches of the best modern observers. M. Struve measured Encke's comet as it approached the sun towards the end of the year 1828. He found that between October 28 and December 24 the comet collapsed to about the sixteen-thousandth part of its original volume. Sir John Herschel found in like manner that Halley's comet when passing away from the sun increased in volume upwards of forty-fold in a single week.

The tremendous heat to which many comets are subjected during perihelion passage is an important point for consideration, in attempting to form an opinion of the physical structure of comets. Newton calculated that the comet of 1680 was subjected to a heat 2,000 times

greater than that of red-hot iron. But comets have been known to approach the sun even more closely. Sir John Herschel estimates that the comet of 1843 was subjected to a heat exceeding in the proportion of $24\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 the heat concentrated in the focus of Perkins' great lens. Yet the heat thus concentrated had sufficed to melt agate, rock-crystal, and cornelian.

We cannot wonder that so great an intensity of heat should have produced remarkable effects upon many comets. The great wonder is that any comets should resist the effects of such heat without being dissipated into space.

We learn from Seneca that Ephorus, an ancient Greek author, mentions a comet which divided into two distinct comets. Kepler considered that two comets which were seen together in 1618 had been produced by the division of a single comet. Cysatus noticed that the great comet of 1618 showed obvious signs of a tendency to break up into fragments. This comet when first seen appeared as a circular nebulous cloud. A few weeks later it seemed to be divided into several distinct cloud-like masses. On December 20 "it resembled a multitude of small stars."

We might doubt whether these observations were entitled to credit were it not that, quite recently, Biela's comet has been seen to separate into two distinct comets, each having a nucleus, coma, and tail, and each of which pursued its course independently until distance concealed both from view.

It is clear that nothing but a long series of careful observations can put us in a position to theorize with confidence, respecting the nature of comets, the processes of change which they undergo, and the functions which they subserve in the economy of the solar system. We therefore dwell with particular satisfaction on the fact that every comet which has appeared during the last two years has been subjected to careful observation, and that at length, by means of spectroscopic analysis, we are beginning to get hold of positive facts respecting comets, and have promise of shortly being able to form consistent theories with regard to these singular members of the solar system.

We have had occasion in former pa-

pers to speak of the principles on which spectroscopic analysis depends; but we think it best briefly to restate the most important points. When the light from a luminous object is received upon a prism, there is formed what is called the prismatic spectrum. According to the nature of the source of light this spectrum varies in appearance. If the source of light is an incandescent body the spectrum is a continuous, rainbow-tinted streak. Where the light comes from an incandescent mass surrounded with vapors, the streak of rainbow-colored light is crossed by dark lines whose position indicates the nature of the vapors which the light has traversed. When the light comes from luminous vapors the spectrum consists wholly of bright lines; and these have exactly the same position as the corresponding dark lines which are seen when the same vapors intercept light from an incandescent solid mass. Lastly, when light is reflected from an opaque substance, the spectrum is the same as that which would be presented by the light *before* reflection, unless the opaque substance is surrounded by vapors, in which case the spectrum will be crossed by new dark lines corresponding to the absorptive qualities exerted by those particular vapors.

We see then the wonderful qualities of the new analysis. Applied to the sun and stars it has enabled our physicists and astronomers to pronounce as confidently that certain elements exist in these far distant orbs, as the chemist can pronounce on the constitution of substances submitted to his direct analysis. The questions, or some of them, which have been at issue respecting comets, will undoubtedly yield to the powers of the spectroscope. The great want, at present, is a brilliant comet to work upon. Donati's comet (1859) or the great comet of 1861 would have served this purpose admirably, but the first came in the very year in which the principles of spectroscopic analysis were first discovered; and the powers of the spectroscope were only just beginning to be recognized when the comet of 1861 made its brief visit to our northern skies.

Two small comets have been analyzed with the spectroscope, and each presented similar results. The spectrum in each case consisted of thin bright lines

on a faint continuous streak of light. And from the fact that the bright lines did not extend across the whole breadth of the faint streak of light, it became evident that they formed the spectrum of the nucleus, the faint continuous spectrum belonging to the coma. Hence it resulted that the nucleus of each of these small comets consisted of self-luminous gas, while the coma either consisted of incandescent solid matter or shone by reflecting the light of the sun. The latter is far the more probable hypothesis. In fact, when we consider the extreme tenuity of the substance of a comet, and therefore the certainty that if composed of solid matter such matter must be dispersed in very minute fragments, we shall recognize the extreme improbability that these fragments should be self-luminous through intensity of heat. If the comets had been brighter, we may remark, there would have been no doubt respecting this point, since it would have been possible to compare the continuous streak of light with the solar spectrum, and by the resemblance or dissimilarity of the two spectra, to determine whether the coma really shines by reflecting the sun's light or not.

Brorsen's comet has now been examined with the spectroscope, and with results quite different from those which attended the analysis of the other two. Mr. Huggins, the physicist, who examined the latter, says of Brorsen's comet:

It appears in the telescope as a nearly round nebosity, in which the light increases rapidly towards the centre, where, on some occasions, I detected, I believe, a small stellar nucleus. Generally, this minute nucleus was not to be distinguished in the bright central part of the comet. The spectrum consists for the most part of three bright bands. The length of the bands in the instrument shows that they are not due alone to the stellar nucleus, but are produced by the light of the brighter portions of the coma. I took some pains to learn the precise character of these luminous bands. When the slit was wide they resembled the expanded lines seen in some gases. As the slit was made narrow the two fainter bands appeared to fade out without becoming more defined. I was unable to resolve them into lines. The middle band, which is so much brighter than the others that it may be considered to represent probably three-fourths, or nearly so, of the whole of the light which we receive from the comet,

appears to possess similar characters. In this band, however, I detected occasionally two bright lines which appear to be shorter than the band, and may be due to the nucleus itself. . . . Besides these bright bands there was a very faint continuous spectrum.

Interpreting these observations according to the principles which have been already stated, we deduce the following interesting results.

The nucleus of Brorsen's comet consists of luminous gas. The coma is also gaseous in the neighborhood of the nucleus, but its outer portions are of a different character and shine by reflecting the solar light. This part of the coma may be either liquid or solid. There is nothing opposed to the supposition that it is of the nature of cloud—that is, that it is produced by the condensation of true vapor into minute liquid globules.

Returning to the consideration of the gaseous part of the comet, the question will at once suggest itself what the gases may be which constitute the substance of the nucleus and coma. Here our information is not quite so satisfactory as could be desired.

The brightest band is in the green part of the spectrum, and agrees very nearly with the brightest line in the spectrum of nitrogen. The want of exact agreement is perplexing; and we are scarcely justified in assuming that nitrogen really exists (in any form) in the substance of the comet. The other lines of the spectrum of nitrogen are not present in the spectrum of the comet: but this peculiarity is not so perplexing as the other, for it is well known that certain lines will disappear from the spectra of hydrogen, nitrogen, and other gases, under particular circumstances of illumination, temperature, and so on.

Nor is the circumstance that there are bands of light instead of well-marked lines a peculiarity which need cause perplexity. For under certain circumstances of temperature and pressure, the lines of the spectra of various gases become expanded or diffused until they appear as bands of light.

The two fainter bands are yellow and blue, respectively. They cannot be identified with the lines seen in the spectra of any known terrestrial gases.

Of whatever gases the nucleus is composed, it appears that conditions

wholly different from any with which we are familiar on earth prevail in this, and doubtless in all other comets. The gases which form the nucleus, though self-luminous, are probably not incandescent. Remembering that comets are luminous when situated far out in space beyond the orbit of our own earth, we are prevented from assuming the existence of an intensity of heat (due to solar action) sufficient to account for their inherent light. And if the light of a comet were due to a state of incandescence in the component gases, there would be a rapid consumption of the substance of the comet, and we should be quite unable to account for the fact that Halley's comet has continued to shine, with no appreciable loss of brilliancy, for upwards of three hundred years. We seem forced therefore to surmise that the gases which form the substance of comets owe their light to a species of phosphorescence which is independent of the comet's temperature, or else to some electrical properties the nature of which it would not be easy to divine.

Our perplexity is increased when we see the gases which form the nuclei assuming either the liquid or the solid form in the outer part of the coma. The change from gaseity to liquidity or solidity is an evidence of loss of heat, whereas one would expect the outer part of the coma, which is exposed to the full intensity of the sun's action, to be the most heated portion of a comet's volume.

None of the comets which have been examined have had a tail, so that we are unable as yet to form any certain opinion respecting the nature of this portion of a comet's volume. It seems *almost* certain, however, that the tail shines by reflected light, because in every known instance the tail has appeared as an extension from the outer part of the coma, and may therefore be expected to resemble that portion of the comet in its general characteristics.

One of the comets which has been examined with the spectroscope, though it has not a visible tail, has been shown to have an appendage of a very remarkable character, respecting which, also, we have been able to learn several interesting particulars.

In the year 1866 a telescopic comet was discovered by M. Tempel. This was the first comet examined by Mr. Huggins. Its orbit was carefully calculated by the German astronomer Oppolzer, and found to pass very near the orbit of our own earth. Soon after this, Professor Adams calculated the orbit of the November shooting-stars; and to the surprise of the astronomical world it was found that these minute bodies travel along the very path in space which had been already assigned to Tempel's comet. We need not here discuss the circumstances of this discovery. Let it suffice to state that all astronomers who are competent to form an opinion on the subject are agreed that the November shooting-stars are certainly due to the existence of a long-extended flight of cosmical bodies travelling in the track of Tempel's comet.

Now it appears clear to us that this flight of cosmical bodies may be looked upon as constituting the tail of the comet—an invisible tail in this as in many other instances. But for the accident that the comet's track intersects the earth's path in space, we should have remained forever ignorant of the fact that the comet has any other extent than that which is indicated by its telescopic figure. Now, however, that we know otherwise, we recognize the probability that other comets which have been looked upon as tailless may have invisible tails extending far behind them into space.

But the members of the November shooting-star system have been subjected to spectroscopic analysis. We know that they contain several terrestrial elements; and we recognize the probability that if we could examine one of them before its destruction (in traversing our own atmosphere) we should find a close resemblance in its constitution to that of those *aërolites* or *meteorites* which have reached the surface of the earth.

But here we encounter a new difficulty. One theory respecting the tails of comets has accounted for them by the supposition of a propulsive effect exerted by the solar rays; and another theory has ascribed them to the action of vapors ascending in the solar atmosphere. But if the tails of comets really consist of solid matter very widely dispersed, it must be quite evident that neither of

these causes could suffice to account for the great extension of these appendages. And then the rapid manner in which the tails seem to be formed remains wholly mysterious. And we are also left without any explanation of the rapid change of position exhibited by the tail while the comet is sweeping around the sun at the time of nearest approach to that luminary. Sir John Herschel compared this motion to that of a stick whirled round by the handle—the whole extent of the tail partaking in the movement as if comet and tail formed a rigid mass.

The difficulties here discussed seem in the present state of our knowledge wholly insoluble. In fact, it seems impossible even to conceive of a solution to the last mentioned phenomenon, so long as we look upon the comet's tail as a distinct *unvarying* entity. For instance, if the tail, a hundred millions of miles long, which extended backwards from Halley's comet *before* perihelion passage, consisted of the same matter as the tail, which projected forwards to the same extent a few days later, then certainly there is nothing in our present experience of matter and its relations, which can enable us to deal with so astounding a phenomenon. In fact, if we remember right, Sir John Herschel does not say in so many words, that the tail of Halley's comet was brandished round in the manner described above, but that, although it appeared to move in this manner, it is impossible so to conceive of its motion.

We refrain, however, from speaking further on a point respecting which we have no means of reasoning satisfactorily. Mere guesswork is an altogether unprofitable resource in the discussion of scientific matters.

Now that we have so powerful an instrument of research as the spectro-scope, there really seems hope that even the hitherto inscrutable mysteries presented by comets' tails may one day be interpreted. Each comet which has been subjected to spectroscopic analysis has revealed something new. Observations such as those which have been made on Brorsen's comet, and on the two telescopic comets previously examined by Mr. Huggins, are not merely valuable in themselves, but as affording promise of what may be achieved when some brilliant comet shall be subjected to spectro-

scopic analysis. When we consider that all the comets yet examined have been absolutely invisible to the naked eye on the darkest night, whereas several of the great comets have blazed forth as the most conspicuous objects in the heavens, and have even been visible in the full splendor of the mid-day sun, we see good reason for the hope that far fuller information will be gained respecting the structure of comets so soon as one of the more important members of the family shall have paid us a visit.

Whenever such an event may happen it is not likely to find our spectroscopists unprepared. It is probable that, before long, every important observatory will be supplied with spectroscopes. Already some of the most powerful telescopes in use have been fitted with them. We hear also, that the giant reflector of the Parsonstown Observatory—commonly known as the Rosse telescope—has been armed with a spectroscope especially constructed for the purpose by Mr. Browning, F.R.A.S., the optician. Not only in England, but at the principal continental observatories, spectroscopic work is in progress, and observers are daily becoming more and more familiar with the powers of the new analysis. Stars which are far too small to be viewed by the naked eye have already been examined with the spectroscope. The Padre Secchi at Rome has just published a list of minute red stars thus examined. It is such delicate work as this which will fit observers to deal with the difficulties involved in the spectroscopic analysis of comets.

We shall see when we come to deal with the second comet of the year, that we have yet better reason than the analysis of Brorsen's comet has afforded, for hoping that before long we may have interesting and exact information respecting the structure of these mysterious wanderers. We may even hope to gain some knowledge respecting the purposes which comets subserve in the economy of the solar and sidereal systems.

Dublin University Magazine.

MEMORABILIA OF OLD GAUL

IN an article which appeared in the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE in July

of last year, several interesting phases of life among the Franks and other German tribes were exhibited, together with remarkable circumstances attending their early possession of Batavia and the country between the Rhine and the Meuse. In the present paper it is intended to dwell more on the condition of Gaul while under the dominion of the Romans, and while the emperors, good and bad as they were, used strenuous efforts to save the fine country from being devastated by their fierce ultra-Rhenish neighbors. Having put the Franks in undisputed possession of the country, we shall present some curious usages, bits of history, peculiarities in customs, jurisprudence, &c. prevailing among the governors and governed of France down to comparatively modern times.

CAREER OF CLAUDIUS CIVILIS.

Among the many brave men who made the Romans pay dear for their unjust acquisitions, must be reckoned the able chief Claudius Civilis, a man of mark within the Delta formed by the two arms of the Rhine, and either a Gaul or German by descent. These Batavians suffered less by their contact with the Romans than their neighbors. They assisted them indeed in their wars, but thereby they themselves gained experience in arms, and their masters treated them well, for if they became restive, the Romans would be at a great disadvantage attacking them in their marshes, and crossing broad and sluggish streams to come at them—streams which the Batavian horse had been accustomed to swim across from the age of foalhood. This Claudius Civilis had been arrested, and sent to Rome in the reign of Nero, was set at liberty by Galba, and again suspected by Vitellius. He conceived a great dislike to the Romans, and dreamed of nothing less than rescuing Batavia and Gaul entire from their yoke. He was seconded in his views by Vespasian, who commissioned him to excite disaffection towards the present swinish emperor, whose downfall he was meditating. Commissioners sent by this worthy into Gaul to enlist recruits, conscripts rather, afforded the Batavian chief a good opportunity to excite hatred against the Romans. Anticipating Falstaff's

system, they pressed into the service old men, and generally those who, being in comfortable circumstances, could afford to purchase exemption. They also enlisted handsome striplings, with still worse intentions. These proceedings prepared the way for Civilis's projects. He invited the chief men of the country, and the most restless of the people to a feast in a sacred wood, and when they were heated with food and drink, he easily persuaded them, by representing the weakness and tyranny of their present taskmasters, to take up arms against them. Some Belgian cohorts having returned from Britain, and being quartered at Mayence, he induced them to set up the standard of revolt, and these, united with his own Batavians, attacked the Roman forces encamped on the further bank of the Rhine, and aided by several war-boats. In the heat of battle, a Tongrian cohort deserted to the Batavians, and the very oarsmen of the galleys brought them to the side of the enemy, killing their captains in the confusion. The imperialists were thus cut to pieces by land and water.

Civilis, anxious to excite the Gauls into insurrection, set free all the officers of that nation who had been made prisoners, and sent them home loaded with presents, offering them honorable posts in his army whenever they felt disposed to join him. In the next engagement, he set up in front of his lines all the standards of the cohorts already defeated, and placed the women and children of his people in the rear, to destroy every idea of retreat.

They began the battle with enthusiastic shouts, in which the voices of the women and children joined, and the onset was so furious, and the Romans so weakened by the desertion of a Batavian troop of cavalry, that a complete victory was obtained. From all parts of lower Germany recruits flocked to his standard, and even cohorts on their way to Rome by order of Vitellius, returned at his invitation, defeated forces sent to arrest their defection, and joined him. Still he did not conceal from himself the might of the Roman power, and therefore asserted on all occasions that he was acting in the interests of Vespasian, then contending with Vitellius for possession of the imperial seat.

About 5,000 soldiers, loyal to Vitellius, held out determinedly against all the resources of Civilis in their fortress of Vetera (Netera near Nimeguen, *qu*), defying both his vigorous assaults and the severer encroachments of hunger. Most of the garrison were veterans and engineers, and their machines astonished and damaged the besiegers to no small extent. One peculiar engine of theirs would suddenly swoop down from the walls, seize on a few of the besiegers, hoist them up in the air, and fling them inside the ramparts.

The brave garrison were obliged to surrender at last, and Civilis, feeling more keenly the injury done him by their resistance, than valuing their bravery, put all the officers to death except a few whom he sent as presents to the great priestess Velleda. He would also have sacked Cologne, only for intercession made by the same powerful woman. The Roman forces in Lower Germany and Gaul were thrown into the greatest uncertainty by the rival claims of Vitellius and Vespasian. This disunion strengthened the influence of Civilis, and in a short time he had on his side all the fortresses on this frontier except Mayence and another.

Vespasian having come to power, intimidation was made to Civilis to lay down his arms, as the cause for which he had contended was in the ascendant; but his object being no less than the independence of Gaul and Batavia, he induced Classicus, a Roman commander, to assume the title of Emperor of the Gauls, and everything went on agreeably to his wishes, till Domitian, son of Vespasian, came over the mountains. Then defections succeeded to defections, till the ambitious and stubborn hero, being obliged to yield his ground foot by foot, at last took refuge in the same fortress which had given himself so much trouble. After inflicting on the Roman general Cerealis several severe injuries, he found himself at last obliged to cross the Rhine and take refuge in his own country. His allies, Tutor and Classicus, were not idle. They collected men and money in Germany, and again embarrassed the imperial forces. Cerealis seems to have possessed abilities and determination equal to those of his great foe. Having defeated the allies and scattered

them, he entered the Delta, and ravaged all its possessions except the estates of Civilis alone. By this proceeding he infused into the Batavians a strong suspicion of their chief's disloyalty. Proceeding in this track, Cerealis sowed distrust and fear among the friends and allies of the Batavian chief, who began to think that it was his best course to make a separate peace with the Roman general.

While Cerealis was still loitering in Batavia, the autumn sent down rain in floods, the Rhine overleaped its banks, the marshy lands were all flooded, and Cerealis, unprovided with provisions, and prevented by the high water from perfecting his entrenchments, would have been left at the mercy of the allies. But Civilis, tired of war, and its labors and privations, sent to desire an interview, which the Roman gladly granted. They held their conference from either side of the carried-away arch of a bridge over the Waal, and by speeches which completely disguised their inner thoughts, came to a friendly understanding. Civilis ascribed all the punishment which he had inflicted on the Romans to his deep loyalty to the living emperor, "whom the Gods preserve!" Cerealis did not believe a word of the speech, but being decidedly anxious to get out on the dry land of Germany unmolested, affected to give implicit credit to what he said, and an accommodation ensued. Civilis's friends, Tutor and Classicus, received also an amnesty, and it may be supposed that all three spent the rest of their lives in such comfort as restless energetic spirits can feel, when turned aside from a boisterous but congenial career into an existence marked by unruffled quiet. No more is heard in history of Claudius Civilis, of whom Dutchmen have reason to be proud, but probably are not. What a selection of names for these stern men, in whom martial policy and practice had attained its complete development,—Tutor, Classicus, Civilis, Cerealis, and Vocula! — the last a contemporary Roman commander.

THE TRAGEDY OF SABINUS AND EPONINA.

The same year in which Civilis and Cerealis came to that comfortable understanding, saw the commencement of

a domestic tragedy, one of the most pitiful ever witnessed. Sabinus, a Roman general, sent against the Sequani (S. W. Swiss), did his *devoir* so little to Vespasian's satisfaction that nothing but his head could satisfy for his misconduct. It was in his power to escape into Germany, but he doated on his amiable and affectionate wife, Eponina; and as he could not manage to bring her with him, he chose rather to stay behind, and though under many discomforts, enjoy some moments of her dear society. To two faithful freedmen he revealed his plan, and his neighbors beheld the house in which he had taken refuge all on flames the next evening. The freedmen escaped, of course, and announced that their master had perished in the conflagration, and even his wife was under the impression of his having perished. She gave way to the most violent transports of grief for three days, at the end of which time she was let into the secret of her husband's safety by one of the freedmen. In the neighborhood of the house were two caverns communicating with one another. The entrance, difficult to be discovered, was known but to Sabinus and his trusty servants, and thither under the shadow of night came his joyful wife to afford him comfort by her dear companionship.

After all, Sabinus had as strong a tinge of selfishness about him as the husband of *Alcestis*, one of the finest female characters left us by the Greek dramatists. He did not allow his freedmen to let Eponina know of his being in life till after her three days' anguish, in order to remove all doubts of his death.

He never stirred out of the cavern night or day, and his loving partner gave him as much of her company as a due regard to the keeping of his secret permitted. Seven months after his supposed death she went to Rome, attended by her husband effectually disguised. She there visited friends and relatives, and endeavored to find out whether there would be a chance of safety for Sabinus, if he discovered himself.

Nine years thus passed over their heads; she occasionally paying visits to Rome, and living as a lonely widow in the sight of her neighbors. Two sons were born to the desolate pair, during these nine years. Their birthplace was

the cavern, and never except with the greatest precaution did they enjoy a sight of the cheerful face of the earth or the heavens. To great contrivances and shifts was the poor wife and mother driven, in order that the lives of the creatures so dear to her should not be imperilled. The poor lady's life was no more to be envied than that of a fawn with the voices of the hounds ringing in her ears.

At the end of the period mentioned, the retreat was discovered, and the father and mother and children brought to the presence of the emperor. Eponina prostrating herself before his seat, and pointing to the two children, cried,—"Take pity, O Cæsar, on these poor creatures, who had their birth in a tomb. They came into the world that we might have more suppliants to implore thy mercy for us, and that you might grant us pardon for the sake of those innocents, who have never offended."

The bystanders were much affected, but strange to say, Vespasian, who by nature was not cruel, continued obdurate, and ordered the execution of father and mother. Eponina went to the scaffold with calmness and resolution, saying she preferred the gloom of the grave to the brightness of that sun which shone on such cruelty in power, and that death would relieve her from all that fear and anxiety which she had endured for nine years. Perhaps no tyrant of ancient times ever executed a more unfeeling and uncalled-for piece of cruelty.

Of the demeanor of Antoninus and Marcus Aurelian towards Gaul there is no mention, except the enlargement of a little square town, and the naming of it after the last-mentioned emperor, *Aureliana*, long since modified into Orleans.

THE GREAT DISTINCTION ENJOYED BY THE NARBONENSES.

Among the few references made in the old historians to Gaul during the succeeding emperors, we find the name of Adrian connected with a Basilica at Nismes, built by him in honor of Plotina, wife of Trajan, through whose good offices he had been adopted by that emperor. Its modern name is the *Maison Quarrée* (the square house). The erec-

tion of the stupendous Bridge of Gard is also ascribed to him, as the first letters of his name have remained on it to modern times, as well as a veiled figure supposed to be Isis. Adrian rendered particular devotion to the gods and goddesses of Egypt; so it is probable enough that he erected the aqueduct of three stages of arcades, which conducted the waters of the little river Gard to Nismes.

Long before the days of Adrian, Claudius (that indifferent specimen of a Cæsar), who was a native of Lyons, strenuously exerted himself to have the magnates of his birthplace elevated to the rank of Roman senators. Indeed, that southern portion of Gaul called the *Narbonensis* was always favored by its Roman masters, who exempted it from the tributes exacted from a conquered country. No province of the empire was more distinguished by buildings and public works. Besides the aqueduct just mentioned, there still remain the great amphitheatre of Nismes, another at Beziers cut out of the rock, near *Aigues-mortes* a pharos, or lighthouse; and at Orange, Tarascona, Beziers, Toulouse, and other old cities, are still seen the ruins of triumphal arches, aqueducts, baths, and citadels, exhibiting the care and love which the terrible old masters of the world bestowed on this country of their predilection. On the adornment of Narbonne, that now insignificant old city, they lavished much skill and art and treasure. If any of our readers determines to write a genuine, old-world story, romantic to the last degree, and unvitiated by the dull and sordid cares and acquirements of actual life, let him by all means lay the scene in the neighborhood of one of those old Roman, and now decayed, cities of the *Narbonense*.

During the troubles that ensued among the four contemporary emperors—Julianus, Severus, Niger, and Albinus, A.D. 196, 199, this last dignitary stopped in his journey from Britain to Italy, at Lyons, gained one battle from Severus's general, Lupus, and nearly gained another. He dug a wide and deep trench, and covered its slight flat roof with thin sods, and the left wing of his army, which had advanced so far, taking suddenly to flight, drew the foe precipitately after them. Down went numerous horses and

riders, and among them the emperor so appropriately named Severus. The mishap was, however, repaired by the arrival of Lætus, the lieutenant-general, and the defeated rival obliged to take shelter in the city. There, finding his sanctuary surrounded, he stabbed himself, but missing a vital part, he was dragged before his ruthless enemy, who had his head cut off, and his body quartered, after he had obliged his horse, by dint of spurring, to trample on it repeatedly.

He ordered the wife and children of the dead emperor to be thrown into the Rhone in company with his poor remains, and then ordered the city to be set on fire. Oh, the kindly virtues of some of the fine old Romans—the heroes of our school histories!

Severus then returned into Italy, set off on an expedition against the Parthians, and finally revisited Gaul three years before his death. On this occasion he embellished Narbonne, and got a long bridge erected over the marshes and pools that lay between that city and Beziers. The arches were small, and the work itself was of cut stone. In time another way, that of the *Garde Roland*, was established, and the bridge was allowed to go into ruin, the neighboring folk carrying away the stones for building purposes.

THE GOOD GOVERNMENT OF POSTHUMUS.

The Emperor Valerian, being obliged to proceed into Asia, left his son Gallien on the Rhine to prevent the incursions of the Franks into Gaul. He joined with him Posthumus, a Gaulish chief, in whose wisdom and capacity he placed much confidence. Gallien was not very strict in his morals, and, moreover, he sinned against Roman sentiment by taking to wife Pipa, daughter of the King of the Marcomans. The Gauls were disgusted with the prince's dissolute conduct; the Romans would have paid no attention to that at all—the misalliance was his deadly sin in their eyes. In this state of things Posthumus, who was very popular, having obtained a large booty from the Germans, distributed it himself among the soldiers, not giving that honor to Saloninus, Gallien's son. Albinus, the young gentleman's tutor, made such loud complaints of this piece of neglect that the soldiers secured himself and pupil,

and put them to death, and elected Posthumus as Cæsar in Gaul.

It was only on the Rhenish frontier that the Romans deemed it necessary to provide for defence. Three years before the election of Posthumus a band of Franks, escaping through the cordon of the forts, traversed the whole of France, remained twelve years in Spain, and then made good their way back into their own country with all the booty acquired in their journeys to and fro.

It is scarce possible in our days to conceive the intensity of the diabolic spirit which possessed these German invaders. Crocus, a Vandal chief, being determined to make a name, consulted his mother, a priestess, what steps were the most suitable for the purpose. Her recipe was simply: "Level to the ground every fine building you can, destroy cities, and massacre the inhabitants." In consequence he ravaged and destroyed Mayence, he did the same by Metz, and would have repeated the operation on Treves, but it was too strong. He burned and destroyed as far as Provence, and was wofully disappointed to find the people of Givaudan out of his reach in a fortress on the top of a high hill. He seized on their bishop Privatus, however, and as he could neither induce him to betray his flock nor sacrifice to his (Crocus's) god, he caused him to be beaten to death with clubs.

There was at Clermont at that time a superb temple, the walls of which were thirty feet thick. Large cut stone formed the exterior casing, marble flags the interior. The floor was paved with marble, and the roof was covered with lead. In the old Celtic tongue it was called Vasso (*Uas*, splendid). It was no easy matter to destroy such a building, but Crocus did all that incarnate devilry was capable of. Finally he came to his end while besieging Arles. He was defeated, and overpowered in single combat by a brave Roman named Marius, who, later in time, enjoyed the dignity of the Gallic Cæsar for two days. He was conducted bound and helpless through the various cities which he had ruined, exposed to slow torments, and finally beheaded.

Posthumus enjoyed his dignity for seven or eight years, during which time he kept the Franks within their forests, and otherwise did the duty of a good

ruler. Gallien enraged at the death of his son, came from Illyricum into Gaul, and fought against him several times. Besieging him in Autun, he was severely wounded by an arrow shot from the walls, and forced to raise the siege. He was shortly after obliged to return into Illyricum to repel the incursions of the Northern barbarians.

Posthumus would have now been able to serve his country by his wisdom and great abilities, but Servilius Lollius longed for the title of the Gallic Cæsar, and was supported by a large body of soldiers, whose sole care was to acquire and scatter booty. He was defeated, and obliged to take refuge in Mayence, which Posthumus was on the point of getting into his possession, when he was slain by his mutinous soldiers, because he would not consent to have the city given up to pillage.

Lollius was slain half a year later by his own demoralized partisans. Victorinus, who had been Posthumus's associate, then began to rule, and would have been an excellent governor for the country, but he was incurably licentious, and was slain by one of his captains, whose wife he had attempted to seduce.

The troops, now being at a loss for a leader, selected Marius, a private soldier, the same who had conquered Crocus. He was a smith by trade; and having possessed his uneasy seat for two days, he was stabbed by one of his own workmen, who accompanied the vile action by these words: "Take that! your own hands forged it."

The readers need not dread a connected account of all the transactions which brought the fair land of Gaul under the dominion of the Franks. Such incidents as we select strikingly present the wretched state of the country before and at the period of the transition, and illustrate the spirit of the era, the prevailing disorganization, and the uncomfortable relations in which the Romans, the native Gauls, and the Germans stood towards each other from A.D. 72 to A.D. 325.

THE GOOD RULE OF PROBUS.

Under the reign of Probus (A.D. 275-281) who so well deserved his name, four different tribes of Germans made settlements in Gaul, occupying no fewer than seventy towns and cities. A famine

followed on the devastations made at their entrance. The emperor came to the rescue, visibly aided by heaven, if the old historian Zosimen spoke sooth. He says that where the Roman soldiers were encamped, wheat came down from the sky, as manna to the Israelites in more ancient days. Probus, thus miraculously assisted, conquered the enemy in detail. He first defeated the Lugions, taking their duke and his sons prisoners. His lieutenants overcame the Franks. He himself being in presence of the Vandals and Burgundians on the opposite side of a river, and seeing that they were too strong for him in a general engagement, managed to reduce their numbers by judicious skirmishes till they were obliged to ask for terms, which he readily granted.

Not content with confining the enemy to their own forests and marshes, he built a chain of forts beyond the Rhine, and effectually awed the tameless native hordes. Nine of their princes made submission, and he enriched his people with tributes of corn and cattle, obtained in all directions. He obtained 16,000 of the youth of the tribes, whom he distributed among his forces, and trained to fight for the empire. He drove the Franks beyond the Elbe, and the Allemans beyond the Neckar, and contemplated the establishing of a Roman province in the heart of the country. The cities of Gaul sent to him in gratitude golden crowns, which he forwarded to the senate, requesting them to be placed in the temple of the gods.

This good prince, when his soldiers were not engaged in actual warfare, employed them in cultivating the lands conquered, in draining marshes, and other useful works, attending to the vines among the rest. Domitian out of some whim caused the vines to be rooted up in all the Roman provinces. One of the cares of Probus's soldiers was to replace and cultivate them. They were even tended in Britain, but the wine produced was not in much request. This wise and good emperor was slain in a mutiny of his own soldiers, to whom any exercise but that of fighting was distasteful. With his death were renewed the hopes and the exertions of the northern peoples, who now, like a flood, poured down on the provinces with redoubled fury.

THE REVOLT OF THE WOODMEN.

During the Roman possession of Gaul, we hear of few revolts against their authority. The neighborhood of a common enemy kept them pretty well in accord. But in the joint reign of Diocletian and Maximian, the people, wearied out with the exactions of the magistrates, and other species of petty tyranny, took up arms, and after the manner of their race, fortified their position in the hearts of woods surrounded by deep trenches, or in the centres of marshes inaccessible except by a narrow causeway easily broken up. Their chief place of strength was about two leagues above Paris on the Marne. There, fortified by wooden barriers, within their deep fosses, they bade defiance to Maximian hasting from the east to take possession of the government of Gaul. These Bagaudes (woodmen; Gaelic, *Fiodhach*, woody) as they were called, numbered many Christians.

Maximian, having come as far as Aosta in Piedmont, held a review of his troops, and appointed the celebration of some pagan rites. The Theban Legion, which had been raised in Egypt, and chiefly consisted of Christians, could not in conscience obey. They were accordingly decimated three or four times in succession, and as the survivors still continued firm in their refusal, they were butchered to the last man. They would neither join in idolatrous rites, nor use their arms in contravention to their oaths. Some part of their heroism was due to the exhortations of their tribune Maurice. Their tyrant commander, with rage in his heart at their obstinacy, attacked the Bagaudes, overpowered some, accepted the submission of others, and thus having weakened them, assailed their chief place of strength. This he took after a determined resistance, and put every one that survived the last attack to the sword. The abbey of St. Maur was afterwards built on the site of the fort, and it long bore the name of *Les Fosses*. This event took place in the year 284.

CONSTANTINE'S CHILDE'S PATERNAL REGRET.

About the year 282, Carausius (James MacPherson turned this worthy to account in his "War of Caran") having been intrusted with much naval authority

by the emperors, and having many armed galleys at his bidding among the Batavian isles and on the coasts of Gaul, obtained much booty from the common enemy, but gave up none of it to his imperial masters, or otherwise helped them in their needs. This piece of impudence brought Maximian on his hands, but he laughed him to scorn. He had all the vessels at command, and could keep out of the way, sailing across to Britain, or standing out to sea when his enemies found themselves arrested by the waves as they played with the pebbles on the strand. So the emperor was obliged to dissemble, and as the barbarian tide never ceased encroaching on the empire, Diocletian and he added two more strenuous Cæsars to their firm, viz., Galerius, son of a Dacian shepherd, an honorable and valiant man, and Constantius Chlorus, a Servian nobleman. They proclaimed them Cæsars at Milan, and united them in strict bonds to themselves by giving to Galerius for wife, Valeria, daughter of Diocletian, and to Constantius Chlorus, Maximina Theodora, a step-daughter of Maximian.

As the nice moral sense of the old Romans would be offended by seeing even an emperor enjoying the society of two wives, the newly elect dignitaries were obliged to separate from their then living consorts. Constantius Chlorus's wife, now repudiated, was Helena, mother by him of Constantine the Great, and awarded the title of saint after her death. Her birthplace has been made a subject of literary controversy. Britain claims her, so does Servia, so does Gaul, and perhaps with justice. Her son, after being invested with the purple, forbade his descendants to contract marriage with individuals of any province except Gaul. Moreover, when she had the power, she raised many basilicas in this country, among other marks of her partiality for it.

In the distribution of dominion, Spain, Gaul, and Britain were intrusted to Constantius Chlorus.

This energetic commander hastened with such speed to Boulogne (then called Gesoriac, from *gens*, old Celtic for harbor), that the sight of his forces brought the first news of his movements

to the garrison, who were in Carausius's interests. In order that this unscrupulous "old man of the sea" might not bring the garrison aid by water, Constantius made a complete dyke at the entrance of the harbor with trees, stones, and fascines. He then went on vigorously with the siege, using alternately threats and good words to the men within, the last in case of surrender. They yielded, and the emperor strictly kept his word with them, and the good old chroniclers assert, that immediately after the capitulation, the stones, trees, and fascines separated, and left the harbor free.

Some time after, having encountered Carausius in Britain, he experienced a repulse, and found it expedient to patch up a peace with him, and leave him in possession of the isle. The pirate had the glory of the Roman Empire at heart after all. He protected the natives, and kept the troublesome dwellers in Caledonia within their own domains. After an enjoyment of power for five or six years he was assassinated by Alectus, one of his most trusted intimates.

Meantime the Franks were disturbed by Constantius in isles formed by the Rhine and the Scheldt, driven out, and assailed in their marshes. The active chief, after thinning their fighting men to a low number, transplanted their women and youths to the present Hainault and Treves, and employed them in tilling the land which their people were so prone to ravage.

Maximian soon after came to take charge of the passes of the Rhine. Constantius passed into Britain, and defeated and slew the traitor Alectus. All the Franks taken prisoner were well treated and turned to good account by being sent to cultivate the ravaged lands of Gaul. This was a chief feature in Constantius's management of humbled foes.

The empire now enjoyed peace under the able rule of the four Cæsars, but the Christians were severely persecuted by Diocletian and Maximian. The first-named emperor astonished the world, A.D. 304, by laying down his authority in Nicomedia. Maximian imitated his example at Milan, but probably with the intent of reviving office at some propitious moment. Diocletian spent

the remainder of his life in Dalmatia, at a country house near Spalatro. What an article might be made from his table-talk, had there been a Bishop of Belley or a James Boswell among his household! Perhaps he considered the tortures to which the Christians had been subjected during his rule among the most praiseworthy acts of his administration, as they had been inflicted to honor the immortal gods of the Roman Empire.

In the new division Constantius, though allowed a larger portion of the empire, contented himself with Spain, Gaul, and Britain. The Christians were not disturbed in his jurisdiction. In fact, knowing that they never rose in rebellion against their masters, nor slew them by treachery, he attached them to his person by even-handed justice, and favors when deserved. He screened the people from the local tyranny of magistrates and tax-collectors, and exacted as light imposts as could be, taking the exigencies of good government into account. While he was yet only Cæsar, Diocletian sent ambassadors to him, who, among other business, expostulated with him on the small amount of specie in his treasury, reminding him of the mighty influence of a large store of money in government affairs. Constantius expressed his gratitude for the emperor's kindly interest, but said he was not badly off in that respect. If they visited him within a couple of days, he would give them a pleasing proof of the good condition of his money-chests. They did so, and expressed their surprise and delight at the mass of treasure which lay before them. A few trusty officers having paid visits to the people of property within reach, had borrowed the money and jewels, and after the departure of the ambassadors these were again restored to their owners, the good Cæsar knowing where to look for pressing sums, whenever he came to want.

This excellent emperor and good man was called to Britain to save the degenerate natives from some new visitation on the parts of the Picts and Scots. Having satisfactorily finished his business, he was as far as York on his return, and there he was taken ill, and died on the 24th of July, A.D. 304.

THE GREAT, BUT SCARCELY GOOD, CONSTANTINE.

Constantine, his son, having made his escape from his dangerous condition of hostage with Galerius, had joined him at Boulogne just as he was embarking for Britain. So he was providentially present during his father's illness, appointed his successor, and proclaimed *Imperator* by the army. Returning to the Rhenish border, he struck terror into the hearts of the Germans by his activity and the cruel mode in which he treated two Gaulish chiefs who had rebelled during his father's absence in Britain. He had them dragged in triumph through the frontier cities, and finally flung to the wild beasts in the arena at Treves. During the lives of this great but rather obdurate man and his valiant son Crispus, the frontiers were well defended, and Gaul left in peace. It does not come within our scope to follow the fortunes of himself and the late emperors, Diocletian and Maximian, and the wicked sons of the latter—Maxentius and Galerius, all of whom, Constantine excepted, came to violent deaths. Maximian being weak and ambitious enough to don the purple again, sent trusty messengers to Diocletian to join him. The answer was—"Tell my old colleague to come and see the beautiful lettuces which I rear." Galerius died of a loathsome disease. He probably deserved it, but many would think Diocletian's freedom from ambition in his latter years deserved a kindlier fate than death by poison. Constantine having invited him to a festival, he begged to be excused, and fearing, whether right or wrong, that no kindness was intended him, he swallowed a deadly potion long prepared for such a conjuncture. Constantine, after all, was scarcely a well-developed Christian, and his domestic happiness was not to be envied. He put his brave son Crispus to death on a false accusation of the youth's step-mother, and discovering his innocence too late, had the wicked woman stifled in an oven, and her dead body exposed on a hill to birds and beasts of prey.

After all the fierce attacks and defences on the part of the Franks and Burgundians and the Romans, the irrepressible Germans got possession of the

country by degrees, and in a quasi-peaceable manner, and the Franks were not the weakest warriors that fought on the dreadful day at Chalons, under the brave Aetius against the terrible Scourge of God, Attila.

Troublous and disastrous were the times and events of which we have been treating, and uncountable and unspeakable the crimes committed. But the horrors and evils were in some degree counterbalanced by the patriotism, the utter unselfishness, the exalted heroism, and the ability of the brave leaders who from time to time arose to defend their hearths and altars from the rush of unfeeling barbarians, that like a violent flood spread over the different portions of the empire. Cold and selfish must be the heart that contemplating the position of the noble Aetius with his mingled forces, waiting the shock of the countless battalions of savage Huns on the field of Chalons, would not beat with anxiety for his success, or glow at the sight of his victory, the retreat of the savage troops, and the rescue of Gaul from their direful ravages.

In the July article references were given to the early and some of the comparatively modern historians of France. Among these Mezeray dwelt at considerable length on the state of Gaul previous to the reign of Clovis (or Chlodowig), and we have made considerable use of his history. No modern writer can be compared to Augustin Thierry for ability in disentangling the truth out of the remains of the somewhat credulous writers of the early Christian times, and of those properly belonging to the middle ages.

Blackwood.

IN LIFE AND IN DEATH: A PAGE OF
FAMILY HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.

A LONG, old-fashioned, magnificent room growing dim and shadowy in the twilight; a room fit to be haunted, lined with shelves full of hundreds of old books; a room that seemed really to be haunted, as the white busts gleamed out spectrally through the growing darkness. Far-stretching, silent, and soli-

tary: so large, that the one living figure in it was almost lost and swallowed up in space; so dreary in its vastness, that it was wonderful any living creature could endure to stay there.

Four great windows, side by side, looked out on a terrace, where a fountain played, and cold white nymphs stood as if turned to stone while they danced. The terrace was solitary, like the room that opened on it; only at one of the windows, leaning against the frame, and keeping a steady watch through the glass, was a man. The light was so dim even there that his figure was but just plainly discernible; but it could be seen that he was not old—not, perhaps, quite young, but under middle age—slender, pale, worn. His profile against the window looked almost too delicate for a man; and his hand was painfully thin. That was all that could be seen—even that only now and then when he held up his watch to catch the light on its face.

Suddenly a soft, almost stealthy, foot came along the gravel. A woman wrapped in a large cloak, with the hood drawn over her head, came on to the terrace; the library-window swung open and she stepped in.

"It is really you, Helen, at length!"

"Am I late? I could not come sooner."

"Not very late—but you come so seldom now. I suppose I am impatient."

She let him take off her cloak, and stood quite passive while he looked at her for a moment and then bent down and kissed her. She was in a very simple evening toilette; a little woman, but finely and fully proportioned; old enough and beautiful enough to have suited a much richer style of dress than the plain white she wore; and with a kind of steady calm about her, even while she met her lover.

"Close the window, please," she said, in her composed musical voice; "I want to have a long talk with you, Philip."

He obeyed gladly. "I have scarcely seen you for a week," he answered, "and I have good news to-night."

"You see me three times every day—is not that enough?"

"If you call that seeing. Are there to be no more lessons, Helen?"

"I am afraid not. I did not make

much progress last winter. My aunt noticed it."

His face glowed. "Last winter? No. But it was not altogether my fault. How often did you miss coming?"

"Several times, certainly. And, Philip, you know my reason."

"Lord Daintry was here, and you were often occupied."

"Other people as well as Lord Daintry were here, and I did not wish our secret to be discovered. You would certainly have ruined yourself if I had not been cautious for both."

"Perhaps you are right. But, Helen, it is hard to see so little of you as I do now."

She was silent for a moment. She had sat down in a great carved arm-chair that stood near the window, and he, standing opposite to her, leaned against the projecting side of the recess, and kept his eyes constantly on her face.

"Listen!" she said, looking up at him with a faint color flickering over her calm features. "Don't you think that this constant dissimulation has lasted long enough? Don't you think this secret-keeping ought to be put an end to?"

"Do you consent, then?" he cried eagerly. "Will you risk all at last and let me speak?"

"Hush! hush! You misunderstand—"

"For three years," he went on, quickly, "we have been living a lie; better the truth with any penalties it may bring, than to go on like this!"

"Yes, I am glad you think so."

"My darling, I began to fear I cannot tell what. Only to-night, as I waited, I thought you had tired of me; and now you will give yourself to me openly?"

He knelt at her feet—he took one of her hands and covered it with kisses.

"Stay," she answered. "Don't deceive yourself, or let me deceive you—that, at least, I have never done."

Something in her voice sounded as if she were trembling, and forcing herself to stand on the defensive against an accusation. She laid her other hand over his two with a kind of reluctant caress.

"I mean simply," she said, "that our engagement ought to be broken off."

The clasp of his fingers relaxed. He fell back a little, as if he had been struck,

then grasped her hand more firmly than before.

"You are jesting?" he asked. He dared not assert that it was so—Helen Fortescue seldom jested; but he asked it in an agony.

"No," she answered. "You are hurting me. I am quite in earnest."

He got up, turned away from her, and went into the darkness of the room, staggering and catching at the tables and chairs as he went. She sat still by the window, with the pale light falling upon her golden hair, while she considered what she should say next to him.

He went all the length of the room, and came back to his former place opposite her, deadly pale, but ready to listen.

"I do not know," she began again, "why I have not said this before. I have thought it for some time. We were very foolish three years ago, both of us; but we are not children now—not boy and girl, that we should not be able to give up our romance. My aunt's health is giving way, and, as you know, her income dies with her; when she is dead my uncle will have to live less expensively—he will think, first of all, of ridding himself of useless encumbrances. In fact, my home here, such as it is, is every day in great danger. I ought to think of the future."

"Have you not thought? and I for you? Helen, you have been faithful to me so long, don't, don't change now. For heaven's sake be patient a little!"

"Is it a question of patience?"

"Yes, only that. To-day, this very day, I have had an engagement offered me."

She raised her head a little with a quick inquiring movement. She had loved him once, in her fashion; perhaps did still. She had been used to think that, with his foot on the first step of the ladder of success, he would certainly reach the top. If he had that first step now, she might still be true to him. But it struck her that there was a singular hesitation in his manner.

"It is a good thing," he went on, "almost un hoped-for fortune; and yet has its dark side. I should have to leave you for a year."

"Well?" she said, impatiently, as if that were a light thing.

"And it comes from a quarter I don't like."

"Can you afford to have preferences? I cannot."

"No, truly. But this is from Mr. Stuart, Lord Daintry's brother. He wants a private secretary, and will take me. It is in itself a much better thing than this, and will lead to something more."

"And yet you do not like it? Why not, Philip?"

"I think you know. You will say it is foolish; but except for the sake of making sure of you, I would not take it. With your promise, and for your sake, I will."

"And that very promise would deprive you of it. No, Philip, you must take it—the first chance of prosperity which has come to you; but you must take it without me."

"Never. Why, but for you, should I care for it? I have all the necessities of life here—and you."

He came to her side and laid his hand softly on her hair, which still gleamed golden through the half darkness; but she leaned back in her chair, moving her head from under his touch.

"I have something to tell you also," she said, "and you will not like to hear it. This morning I had a letter which is of importance to both of us."

She paused a moment, shook off all hesitation, and went on quickly:

"Lord Daintry wishes me to marry him. He is rich, and I am tired of poverty; he is anxious to give me a home and I am certain soon to want one. Ought I to refuse him?"

"You have accepted him? Your word to me is nothing, Helen?" He spoke brokenly and harshly.

"Not yet. I must answer his letter to-morrow."

Suddenly he fell, half kneeling, before her, grasping her hands again passionately.

"You cannot do it!" he cried. "You are mine, and I will not give you up. I could not live and lose you."

"Hush, pray hush, dear Philip!" she answered, soothing him as if he were an intractable child. "You see that I have come to consult you. I have done nothing, said nothing, yet that you need complain of."

"You come to consult me?" he repeated, bitterly. "Do you come to ask me whether I will give you up to this man who is rich, and can make you a Countess?"

"Honestly, yes."

"And you said you loved me!"

"I did—I do. But you know what I am, and what our prospects, both of us, are. I don't think I could bear to live in a small house, to have everything about me poor and miserable and straitened. It has been bad enough here as a dependant. It grows worse and worse as I grow older. I am weary of my life. Release me, Philip. Let us each seek something better for ourselves than this hopeless waiting."

"I too am weary of my life."

He got up and stood facing her; while she also, startled by something in his tone, rose, and waited with her hand upon the arm of her chair.

"Helen," he went on, "there has been one inequality between us always. You have, where you choose, an iron will. I am naturally weak, easily persuaded. You have made up your mind to break your word to me, and to marry this Earl. You will do it. But for once I am as resolute as you. Here, in this very place where three years ago you promised solemnly in the sight of heaven to be my wife—here, where you have over and over again repeated your promise, I tell you I never will release you from it. Go, marry whom you will—get all the good you can from your bargain; but, married or single, rich or poor, living or dying, you are mine!"

He had raised his hand with a threatening gesture. His words sounded like a curse. For all her steady nerves, she shuddered.

"Philip! hear reason—let me speak," she cried.

"No more. If I have been blind, it has been wilfully. Now I see. But you are bound, now and for ever, in life and in death."

He broke from her; and rushing away through the window, past the white nymphs, was lost instantly in the darkness.

CHAPTER II.

The little church at Gaysborough stood within the park. It was older than

the present Hall—small, quaint, and very peaceful in its aspect. The Hall had seen many changes—had had its days of splendor and of utter ruin—of renewal and of gradual decay, following the varying fortunes of its lords; but the church, through its centuries of existence, had lost little and gained much. It had been draped with black for many a funeral; it had been decked with flowers for many a bridal; hidden away in its old registers lay the chronicle of each generation from Sir Hugh Gaysborough, in the time of Henry VIII., to Edward, last of the race, who had been obliged to marry a rich woman lest the scanty remains of his father's lands should slip from him even while he lived. And to-day there was to be another wedding from the Hall.

The morning had been fair and lovely—village children were out early gathering flowers and weaving garlands, according to their custom, to strew the bride's path; but at ten o'clock all changed. A heavy black cloud rose up from the horizon, and passed before the sun; a strong, fierce wind seemed to follow it, and, shrieking round the church, swept the flowers from the path, and tore down the arch above the gateway. It fell with a crash upon the roof of the carriage, which that moment passed, carrying Helen Fortescue to her marriage. The startled horses plunged, and could hardly be drawn up at the church-door; but the bride stepped out, calm as ever, though her face was deadly pale, and its delicate lines drawn into unnatural hardness. Her uncle, a feeble querulous old man, followed her trembling, and as they passed into the aisle the storm burst. Sheets of rain fell like a deluge, vivid flashes of lightning shone, and quick, terrific peals of thunder rattled over the building. The party gathered round the altar, but there was a minute's pause while the clergyman waited for a lull in the storm before he commenced the service.

The lull came—heavy, deathlike, ominous. The darkness seemed to increase, but through the silence the clergyman's voice was heard, low and unsteady at first, but rising fuller and clearer each moment, till he came to the words, "If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let

him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace."

Then, at that instant, a peal of thunder, louder than before, shook the building; crash after crash it came, and in the midst of it a voice cried, "There is cause. Before God I forbid this marriage." But the thunder and the voice ceased, and the speaker was invisible. The frightened guests looked at each other, and then into the dim corners and recesses of the church, but there was no one but themselves, and the old sexton cowering and trembling behind a monument. The bride caught at the altar-rail, but neither cried out nor fainted; the bridegroom glanced round haughtily, hiding his dismay under a show of pride. The vicar, stepping back, called aloud to the unknown to come forward, but none answered. A second and a third time he called, but in vain. Then they began to say that it must have been fancy—that the thunder had sounded like a voice—and that the marriage should go on.

So it went on. "I require and charge you both, as you will answer at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you know any impediment why ye may not be lawfully joined together——"

A strong shudder seized the bride, and shook the cloudy folds of her veil; but she repressed it, making no sign of hesitation. Then, in the pause after that solemn adjuration, there came another mysterious response, audible through all the church; an inarticulate sound, that was neither sigh nor groan, but more full of despair than ever was either. And still there was no one visible. It might have been some strange effect of the wind, which still swept in stormy gusts round the building, rattling the windows and whistling through crevices in the stonework. But, whatever it might be, it was not repeated. The marriage went on; and Helen, Countess of Daintry, turned from the altar to receive the congratulations of her friends.

"But oh, my dear," said one old lady to her grand-daughter, as they drove home to the Hall, "it is an ill-omened wedding. She tried hard for him, and she has got him; and I believe in my heart that she is a woman who would get

what she wanted if she had to step over the body of her best friend to reach it. But it is a strange wedding!"

"Grandmamma, don't say such horrid things! She is excessively handsome, and clever, and charming. I don't wonder he fell in love with her."

"Charming!" and the old lady laughed scornfully. "Yes, they say poor Philip Conway found that out long ago—as well as others."

"Philip Conway? Her uncle's secretary? Why, grandmamma, you would not let me be civil to him."

"You? that's a different thing. He's her cousin a few times removed, and quite as good as she is. However, it's not my affair—nor yours. Ugh! what rain!"

The bridal party reached the Hall while the storm was still at its height. They sat down to breakfast; and the depression and sense of awe which had been inspired by the tempest, and by the interruption of the service, passed gradually away. Speeches were made and toasts drunk, and the bride looked calm and lovely, and—except that she appeared perhaps a shade *too* calm—was perfect in her part. But she stayed not one unnecessary moment. Her silent will broke up the party, and she found herself for the last time in her own simple solitary chamber. Her dress was changed, and she was ready for her journey, but at the very last she desired to be left alone. Then she locked the door, and listened intently for a moment. She took a key from a hiding-place in the back of her wardrobe and unlocked the only drawer which was not empty. Even in that there was not much—a small packet of letters and notes, a small likeness done in water-colors, a book of verses. She took them out, lifting them with strange tenderness, and carried them to the hearth. That morning she had said she was chilly, and asked for a fire—it still burned brightly. She moved the coals, making a hollow in the hottest place, then quietly put the whole pile of things she held down into it. Then she clasped her two hands together, almost wringing them, and with a long, sobbing sigh, watched the fire gradually devour them.

But when she turned away and opened the door, and met her uncle coming up

to fetch her, she went forward smiling to take his arm, without a cloud on her face. The old man was trembling and infirm, and they went slowly along the gallery till they drew near the staircase, when there were voices heard speaking loud and angrily below. All at once they ceased, and Philip Conway, dripping with rain, splashed with mud, torn, dishevelled, panting, rushed up the stairs in great strides. Face to face with the uncle and niece he stood a moment, laboring to speak—then suddenly his figure swayed, and he fell heavily forward at their feet.

One shriek burst from the new-made Countess. Her husband, standing below waiting for her coming, heard it, and came to her. Others, servants and guests, came too. They lifted aside the body and let her pass. "He has fainted," she said, in her soft steady voice; and behind her they said, "He is dead!"

The carriage stood at the door. Why should she delay her going because Philip Conway had fainted, or died, in her sight? The Earl and Countess were well upon their way when the surgeon said those few words to Mr. Gaysborough, "Quite dead. Disease of the heart."

CHAPTER III.

Ten years since Helen Fortescue, poor and handsome, was changed into Helen, Countess of Daintry, rich and powerful. Ten years since Philip Conway was lifted, dead, out of the bride's path. Nearly ten years since Gaysborough passed into the hands of strangers, and the story of that ill-omened wedding-day began to fade among the other traditions of the "old family."

But in a distant county Lady Daintry shone as a star and reigned as a queen. No one had yet begun to say that the star was paling, the queen losing her inherent right or power of ruling. The Earl was her first subject—no more. Over him, and over the rest of the world, she maintained her ascendancy by two forces, distinct but allied—her beauty and her will. As for her beauty, it had not waned by so much as a shade. It had shone out, after her brilliant marriage, in the most wonderful perfection—a beauty not only above perfection,

but above criticism—imperial, absolute. She might have been a beggar-maid or a king's daughter—people soon ceased to trouble themselves with her antecedents; she made her beauty serve for family, fortune, and training. Thus she gained her throne; having gained it, her will kept it.

And now that she had been so long a successful woman, one class of persons alone spoke evil of her. To her maids she was no divinity. There were enough of them; for she seldom kept one about her more than a few months, and they all went away in the same mind. "She has an awful temper," they said, "and seems as if she never could be quiet for a minute. All the money in England would not pay one to face her, as she looks sometimes."

One other strange thing was known about her. She had consulted—no one knew on what subject—a certain clairvoyant, or dealer in supernatural mysteries, and had, moreover, been observed to change color when the subject was named, and to shudder involuntarily when disbelief in it was asserted in her presence. That she herself did believe in things not dreamed of in philosophy, was the consequent opinion of her friends—but it was a matter on which she refused to speak.

It was the Earl's pleasure as well as hers that their house in Blankshire should be a hospitable one. They spent most of the year there, and they were never alone. No matter how unpromising the season, they had always a party, and almost always it was both large and gay. There were perpetual morning and evening amusements, a continual ebb and flow of dinner-guests, and everything to make a dinner invitation worth accepting.

Perhaps this was the aspect of the case which presented itself most vividly to the masculine minds of the neighborhood. A fine house, a pleasant host, a beautiful hostess, a faultless dinner, and wines not to be equalled in the county,—every man could appreciate these; every man accordingly prized the Countess's invitations.

One of these invitations was the subject of a little discussion one evening. It had been sent to Ralph Murchison, a young squire of the neighborhood, and

he, going to his letter-case to find something else, had just pulled it out and tossed it to his friend and guest Captain Conway.

"It includes you," he said, "all right. I was over there playing croquet yesterday, and took an opportunity of telling the Countess I expected you. Before I came away she begged me to bring you with me to-morrow, which I promised. So you are booked."

"I don't believe there's a soul I know there," Conway answered, twisting the note round his fingers.

"More shame for you, then. There's the jolliest people in England always there, and it's the jolliest house to meet them at."

"Lady Dainty can't be very young," Conway said, irreverently, after a little pause, and through a cloud of smoke.

Ralph went off into a fit of laughter. "By Jove! it is easy enough to see that you have never seen her! The bare idea of talking of a woman like that not being very young!"

"Well, upon my word, I don't see the joke."

"Why, man, she is scarcely a woman at all—she is a goddess! Do you suppose that because when we were small boys in Lower Fourth at Eaton she was turning the heads of all London, therefore she can't turn any how? If you do, you are considerably mistaken. By Jove, there is not another woman in England to compare to her!"

"I'll tell you my opinion to-morrow night."

"Oh, I know it beforehand. You can't help yourself. But, do you know, I had a kind of half idea that she and you must be related?"

"Had you? So we are—distantly."

"Explain it, old fellow. I only wish I could make her out a cousin of mine."

Conway knocked the ashes off his cigar, stretched himself comfortably back in his chair, blew a whiff or two lazily, and then answered, in a provokingly deliberate manner between the puffs, "Her great-grandmother and my grandmother were sisters."

"Is that humbug?"

"No; truth."

"You seem to be pretty well up in the relationship, after all?"

"Yes, I am. Don't you know that I was brought up by a maiden aunt?"

"And she made you learn your genealogy?"

"Not exactly. I remember that particular relationship for a particular reason."

"What was that?"

"Can't you let a fellow smoke in peace?"

"Not if peace means silence; I had enough of that before you came. Go on."

"I remember it because I found various allusions to it in some papers which belonged to Philip, my elder brother."

"Never knew you had a brother."

"Perhaps not. He died ten years ago; about that time you were speaking of when we were in Lower Fourth."

"He must have been a great deal older than you."

"Fourteen or fifteen years. He was my half-brother, and I scarcely ever saw him. He was my guardian, however, the little time he lived, and a good one too."

"Did he know Lady Dainty?"

"Helen Fortescue she was then. He could not very well help knowing her, for they lived in the same house."

"How was that?"

"Philip was secretary to old Gaysborough of Gaysborough, who was a distant relation of ours, and who had married an aunt of your friend's. She, I suppose, was an orphan—at any rate she lived with her aunt, and married from there."

"Well?"

"Well, that's all. Poor Philip died there—died suddenly of heart disease, and what few papers and so on he left went to my aunt's, where on her death I found them. There were notes and memoranda, and Miss Fortescue was sometimes mentioned."

"I shall introduce you as a cousin."

"As you please; but I think it would be as well not."

Their talk rambled off after that to other subjects, and never came back to the relationship between the beautiful Countess and the young soldier until the two friends were driving to that dinner-party which they had discussed over their cigars.

"Well, Charlie," Murchison then said, "will you go in for cousinship or not?"

"Not—at any rate not at present; so please keep quiet on the subject."

"As you like. Here we are."

They were all but late. So near it, indeed, that Conway had but one momentary glimpse of Lady Dainty as she received them before dinner was announced. He found himself, however, at no great distance from her at table, and Murchison smiled to himself as he saw his friend's eyes turn instantly towards her.

"Ah," he thought, slyly, "he'll be glad enough by and by to claim kindred."

But as dinner progressed, Conway still looked at the Countess. He said nothing to the lady beside him—he put away the dishes that were offered him—he did nothing but stare fixedly at his hostess. Again and again his introducer glanced across the table at him; with surprise and displeasure he noticed this extraordinary behavior, and tried to attract his attention. No efforts were of the least use. Conway, when spoken to, either answered shortly or not at all—when merely looked at, remained evidently unconscious of the look. One after another the people who sat near seemed to become aware of something singular in his demeanor: the Countess alone paid no heed to it. Perhaps she was too much accustomed to admiration to be discomposed by the regard of a stranger—and yet the one now fixed on her might have been embarrassing from the very fact that it was *not* admiring. What *did* it express? Fear? surprise? incredulity? horror? All these, perhaps—nothing less strange and misplaced.

"What the deuce does the fellow mean?" Murchison thought to himself, uneasily. "Has he gone mad all at once? or what is it? Everybody is beginning to notice him. Won't I give him a blowing up when I get hold of him!"

But as the long ceremony of dinner progressed, Ralph grew more and more uncomfortable. He saw that the influence of his friend's silence and strange behavior was making itself felt—it seemed at last even to reach the Countess. She still talked with her usual grace to those beside her; but she grew slightly paler, and once looked for a moment

steadily at Conway. Murchison, watching anxiously, was struck by the fact that, while her eyes evidently rested for that moment on the young soldier's face, his did not change or falter as if he met her glance, but rather seemed to look over or beyond her. She continued her conversation and he his gaze.

At last, when dinner seemed to have lasted twice the ordinary time, Lady Daintry rose. The moment the ladies had passed out, and the door was shut, Conway turned to the gentleman next him, and in a voice full of horror asked, "Did you see it?"

"See what?" the other returned, and Ralph leaned across the table to listen.

"The figure that stood behind the Countess—a tall man, who mimicked everything she did."

The stranger drew a little further away; he evidently thought his neighbor was mad; and Ralph, coming round, took the empty place.

"Did you see it?"

"I saw you behaving as if you were out of your senses. What on earth did it all mean?"

"I don't know—except this. As we sat down to table there came a—a thing—and stood behind Lady Daintry's chair. It seemed to come with her into the room. It stood there the whole time, now on one side and now on the other. Whatever she did, it did; and it followed her away just now."

He shuddered, and Murchison shuddered too. There could be no doubt that he believed he had seen this—thing.

"But what was it like?"

"Like the shadow of a man—if it was like anything. A shadow having substance, if you can understand that."

"I daresay it *was* a shadow."

"Look at the place where it stood. The light is full, bright, equally diffused. No shadow could be there."

"Imagination, then."

"As you will; only never ask me to sit in the room with it again."

Murchison paused for a moment. He tried to persuade himself that Conway was practising a foolish hoax—that he had had too much wine—even that this might be the first illusion of a coming fever. But none of these theories would

stand. Conway was of a cool, *insouciant* temper, not the least given to practical jokes; he had not swallowed a single glass of wine; and he had not the faintest sign of physical illness about him. What he did show were strong, unmistakable symptoms of horror, and of perfect good faith.

Yet it might have been some fantastic effect of light and shade; and if so, it would certainly *not* reappear in the drawing-room.

"Come," he said, "let us go and join the ladies. If it was a shadow it will stay here."

"It is no use. And, to tell the truth, I shall be glad to get out of the house. Make some excuse for me—there's a good fellow."

"And let you go away with the idea that you have seen a ghost? I thought you had more pluck."

"Look here, Ralph, it is no use talking in that way. I say nothing about ghosts, I only say that I have seen—and I don't know why you should not have seen too—what I described to you. If I saw it again ever so often it would make no difference to me, except that it is uncanny—more than that, horrible—to see it standing there mocking everything she does." He shuddered. "And I suppose you don't entertain any idea of trying to lay the ghost, as you call it. I doubt whether the Countess would thank you."

"The Countess? Do you imagine she has any consciousness of it?"

"How can I tell? All I know, you know."

"Very well, then, come into the drawing-room and try to find out something more."

He was obstinate, being fairly divided now between belief and unbelief; and Conway was obliged to yield. There were about a dozen ladies, young and old, in the room when they entered. Lady Daintry was sitting on a sofa talking to a dowager in black velvet and diamonds. They were a curious contrast—one old, wrinkled, and shrivelled, gorgeous in black and scarlet and flashing light; the other in the very perfection of beauty, in a rich quaint dress of pure white. But behind them, standing so that the Countess's golden hair seemed to touch its breast, stood the

dark shadow. Conway told Ralph by a look that it was there.

They separated immediately, and Conway found himself near the lady he had taken in to dinner. She was the only person with whom he had the slightest link of acquaintance, and she, after his neglect, was not disposed to be very gracious. He turned his back upon that sofa, and applied himself to being civil to her.

But it was a task beyond his powers. He felt himself drawn back irresistibly to look at the Countess. Other men had now come in, and she had left her seat; but wherever she went the shadow followed her, moving as she moved, and keeping always so near that it seemed as if she had but to put out her hand and touch it. Seeing this, Conway soon ceased to be able to see anything else. He found a quiet corner and pretended to look at some photographs, but his eyes continually followed the spectre.

Once Murchison came to him.

"Well," he said, "is it there still?"

"It stands in the corner, between her and the piano. There, that girl who is going to play almost touched it!"

As Ralph strained his eyes, following the direction of Conway, he became aware that Lady Daintry was watching them both. She moved abruptly from the place where she stood, and cast a rapid, almost imperceptible, glance backward over her shoulder. He fancied he saw her lip quiver and her color change. Next moment, however, she deliberately crossed the room, and coming up to Conway, spoke to him.

It was only some question or remark about those photographs which he had *not* looked at; but while she spoke, and he answered, a curious scrutiny was going on. *His* looks, instead of resting on her face, went past her to the thing standing close behind; *hers* seemed to express suspicion, distrust, uncertainty. Her words were very sweet and gracious, her voice soft and unconstrained; but Murchison said to himself, "Does she know of it? Does she fear anything? Is it real after all?" Then he became aware that the Countess had asked a question to which Conway gave no answer. She stood waiting, the expression of her face deepening into an indescribable mixture of pride and ter-

ror, as he, bending a little forward, was wholly absorbed in the discovery, as it seemed, of some new revelation. Murchison made a step forward. The Countess turned suddenly away, pale as ashes, and Conway drew a deep breath of relief and turned to his friend.

"Ralph," he said, "I *must* go. Heaven knows why I should be the only person to know her secret, but I can't stay here longer and keep it. Are you ready?"

"What was the matter just now?"

"What could possess her to come and talk to me? I told you there seemed to be a dark mist about its head. Well, while she spoke, it leaned over her shoulder, and the mist seemed to open. I could see its face almost distinctly."

"What was it like?"

"A corpse! The features set and pinched and white—that was all I could make out."

"She suspects something. Come, we had better go."

They moved slowly towards the door, Murchison stopping here and there to speak to an acquaintance as he passed. But at the last moment he again turned to Conway.

"Look once more," he said; and as he spoke he felt himself shudder, for the horror of the vision had begun to infect him. "Take one last deliberate look at her, and don't carry away any fancies."

Conway obeyed. He glanced round the room in search of the Countess. She was quite at the further end, and had her hand on the handle of a door, as if going out; but at the moment when the two friends paused, looking at her, some one spoke to her, and she turned from the door to reply. Murchison just perceived this, and then, trying in Conway's face to discover what *he* saw, took alarm at the awful pallor which crept over it, and drew him quickly out into the hall.

"For heaven's sake, what was it?"

For a moment Conway seemed unable to answer. His lips were white and stiff, his hands trembled, and he grasped his friend's arm to support himself.

"The mist was almost gone from about it," he said at last. "It is a corpse, long dead, decaying, livid, phosphorescent—I don't know what to say—it glim-

mers—it has shreds of a shroud hanging about it. Oh, it is horrible! horrible!"

He trembled convulsively. Murchison's own nerves thrilled.

"Come into the dining-room a minute," he said; "there are two or three men there yet, and then we'll be off."

They went in. It was still early, and the host sat patiently waiting the ending of a political argument. Three or four of the guests were absorbed in it; they formed a little group at one end of the table. The rest of the room was empty. The two young men, after exchanging a word or two with the Earl, sat down apart, and Murchison asked,

"You saw it more clearly, then?"

"Yes, quite clearly. Don't ask about it now. I'll answer all your questions after."

"Better do it now. It is either fancy, or else the most awful visitation that ever mortal was subject to."

"Fancy! I tell you it is no fancy. You saw her take her hand off the handle of the door when that girl spoke to her? Well, the—the thing put its horrible hand on the handle as if to open the door, and its other arm was round her—not close, not absolutely holding her, but making as if it would open the door and draw her into the next room. But the horror was, that it loosed the handle, and raised its arm, as I looked, and looked at me and beckoned!"

Their talk was suddenly interrupted. A shriek, ringing through the house, broke it off. Doors opened and shut in all directions; and the whole party, rushing into the hall, found servants hurrying wildly about, and the Countess's French maid screaming and exclaiming,

"My lady! my lady! She is dying—she is dead—she is poisoned! Malheureuse que je suis!"

Struggling on with the crowd, the two friends reached the door of a small drawing-room opening from the larger one. In a low chair, near the fire, sat the Countess, her eyes closed, her face white and rigid. A coffee-cup had fallen from her hand, and lay broken on the floor—a stream of the dark liquid marked her rich white dress. Beside her, on a table, was a small case, and the room was full of a subtle deadly odor.

As the bolder or more intimate visi-

tors gathered round, following the Earl, Conway laid his hand on Murchison's shoulder.

"There it is!" he said, "close beside her, bending down. It puts its arms round her."

The rigid figure, so still in the midst of the terrified excitement, suddenly moved. The Countess opened her eyes. She turned her head slowly, as if looking for some one close at her side.

"At last, Philip!" she said, distinctly, and died.

Fraser's Magazine.

MILMAN'S "ANNALS OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL."*

Nor a year has elapsed since we noticed Dean Stanley's *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, the publication of which gave the first general intimation that the chief of the other metropolitan chapter was also engaged upon the history of his own cathedral edifice. Now we have the fulfilment of that promised work: we receive it with admiration and thankfulness; but our complete satisfaction is sadly marred by the knowledge that it remains as the last, and as to its publication, the posthumous, production of the pen to which English literature owes so much. There was indeed hardly a department of letters to which the late Dean of St. Paul's was not a weighty and valuable contributor, and his literary life was long and prolific. His earliest introduction to fame was as a poet and as a dramatist. But this was the blossom only, and the mere recreation of a great mind. As an historian he has left works which need neither mention nor praise; his articles in periodical literature did much to maintain a high and healthy tone in the highest range of criticism, and his conversation and personal intercourse, to those who were privileged to enjoy it, showed a type of the best kind of the learned ecclesiastic, who, bating no jot of reverence for the great establishment which he loved and in which he held a foremost place, could yet exercise his own

* *Annals of St. Paul's Cathedral*. By Henry Hart Milman, D.D., late Dean of St. Paul's.

intellectual powers with freedom, and extend a kindly toleration to the doubts and difficulties of others. In his *History of the Jews*, he led the way to a better appreciation of the true historical import of the Mosaic records, while his finely trained mind, his sympathy with remote ages, and his well-disciplined imagination, saved him from anything resembling the rash and crude treatment of the same subject, which has within the last few years caused to some so much indignation and to others so much regret. The *History of Latin Christianity* is a model of what such a performance should be. It is learned, eloquent, and trustworthy; nor did Dean Milman consider it beneath the dignity of an historian to render what he wrote interesting as well as useful to his reader or occasional consultant. But we have already in a recent number spoken of Dean Milman generally. We must now confine ourselves to the work immediately before us.

The present volume shows no falling off, nor is it deficient in any of the qualities which distinguished the previous works of its author. The same wise and sober spirit breathes through its pages; there is the same exhibition of learning; the same conscientious labor in the verification of facts; the same delicate sense of humor; the same sterling good style, rising when occasion demands to eloquence; and the same power of communicating fascination to the subject as it proceeds, depending, as we conceive, upon the possession, in a high degree, of that imaginative faculty without which no historical narrative, however stirring or important may be the times of which it treats, can fail to be dull. This is the torch of genius without whose light nothing can be well seen, and under whose magic rays the darkest and dreariest tracts, through which the historian's way may lead him, can be made to glow with interest.

This language may seem inappropriate in speaking of a book which professes to be the history of a building; but that history is so contrived as to bring the reader into contact with almost all the most important events in Church and State which occurred from the foundation of the great metropolitan cathedral, down to modern days. And especially in dealing with the mutual relations of

Church and State, which have occupied, still do occupy, and are likely for long to occupy so important a place in English constitutional history, the late Dean has left a legacy of wise remarks to posterity, as rich in thought as the many gifts of the same kind made by him in his lifetime.

The early history of St. Paul's is involved in even more obscurity than that of Westminster Abbey. The elevation of the spot upon which the old cathedral stood must have led to its being one of the first occupied sites in the infant and growing city of London. But whether the Druids on it celebrated their rites, or whether Diana there had a temple in the days of the Romans, seems to be matter of mere speculation and doubt. Certain only it is that Wren, in digging the foundations of the present building, came, nearest the surface, upon remains of Saxon burials. Below these were British graves, containing ivory and wooden pins, and still deeper were Roman urns intermixed, urns which, like those described by Sir Thomas Browne, had lain quietly beneath "the drums and trappings of three conquests." The greater accuracy of modern archæology might not, perhaps, confirm the conclusions adopted at the time upon these discoveries, but it is clear that the place from very early times was one consecrated as a cemetery for the dead, if not as a temple of worship for the living; and St. Paul's, like the fabric of the English constitution, rests its foundations upon a mixed basis of British, Roman, and Saxon origin.

When tradition or more reliable history begins to shed any light on the subject, it is, as might be expected, for some time dim and uncertain. Mellitus, however, the companion of St. Augustine, may be safely believed to have fixed his episcopal see in London, and probably seated his church on the site of a previously existing temple. But for thirty years after this there was no bishop in London; then appear the uncertain forms of two succeeding bishops, and fourth after Mellitus comes St. Erkenwald, once famous, and still so designated by Dean Milman, but whose name will be unfamiliar to the great majority of modern readers. Yet, in his lifetime, he worked miracles, and he

died literally in the odor of sanctity, for the room in his sister's convent at Barking, in Essex, which was the scene of his death, was filled with indescribable fragrance. There was a contest for the valuable possession of the saint's body between the monks of Chertsey, of which he was abbot, and the canons of St. Paul's:

The population of London poured forth; they seized the bier, and were bearing it off in triumph to the city. The monks of Chertsey and the nuns of Barking followed in tears, protesting against the unholy violence, and appealing to heaven in favor of their undoubted claims to the inestimable treasure. A terrible tempest came on. The River Lea was swollen to a great height, and arrested the procession. There was neither boat nor bridge. The canons, the monks, the priests, and the nuns all saw the manifest hand of God in the flood. Each party pleaded its cause with the utmost eloquence. But a pious man addressed the contending disputants, exhorting them to peace, and to leave the debate to the divine decision. The clergy began to intone their litany. The Lea, like the Jordan of old, shrank within its banks. The cavalcade crossed to Stratford. In that pleasant place the sun burst out in all its brightness, and the remains of the bishop passed on in triumph to the Cathedral. From that time the altar of St. Erkenwald was held in the most profound and increasing honor; venerated by citizens, kings, even foreign kings, heaped with lavish oblations. The productiveness of the shrine may account for the richness and vitality of the legend. The legend, no doubt, fostered the unfailing opulence of the shrine.

After St. Erkenwald comes a long and dreary period, unenlightened by any name of interest, except that of Dunstan, who is said to have held the see of London together with the archbishopric of Canterbury. None of the Anglo-Saxon saints were bishops or deans of St. Paul's. Nevertheless the revenues of the cathedral continued to increase, and many of the estates now or lately in the possession of the see of London, or of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, may be traced back to grants of the period.

In 1075 the first full convocation of the English clergy was held in St. Paul's under the presidency of Lanfranc. Twelve years afterwards the then existing structure was destroyed in a great fire of the city, and no details seem to have been preserved of the first ca-

thedral, which then ceased to exist. It fell to the lot of Bishop Mauritius, chaplain and chancellor to William the Conqueror, to design the reinstatement of the metropolitan cathedral in a manner worthy of its importance. William of Malmesbury enlarges upon its grandeur. Such was the magnificence of its beauty, that it may be accounted among the most famous buildings. So vast the extent of the crypt, such the capaciousness of the upper structure, that it could contain the utmost conceivable multitude of worshippers.

What Bishop Maurice began, was continued by his successor Richard de Belmeis; and each, during an episcopacy of twenty years, seems to have contributed largely to the cost of the new fabric. To these succeeded a foreigner known as Gilbert the Universal, a man of extensive learning, but who followed not the munificent example of his predecessors, and who, instead of lavishing wealth upon the building of his cathedral, saved it for himself, or rather for the crown. For, after his death, the contents of his treasury were seized, and his boots full of silver and gold were carried to the Exchequer.

Passing on to the reign of Henry II., we find a scene taking place in the cathedral which closely connects it with one of the most striking passages of English history. Gilbert Foliot, the antagonist of Becket, was Bishop of London, and Becket was Archbishop of Canterbury, and the primate's sentence of excommunication against Foliot was publicly read at the high altar of his own church. Readers of Dean Milman's *Latin Christianity* will have become acquainted with this prelate, who, in a passage cited in the present work, is described as a learned and active churchman, as imperious and conscientious as Becket himself. He was accused by Becket of the crime of aspiring to the primacy, and with equal ambition might well resent Becket's elevation, and no doubt spoke from the bitterness of his heart when he uttered the taunt that "the king has wrought a miracle; he has turned a layman and a soldier into an archbishop." During Becket's exile, the administration of the estates and diocese of Canterbury fell to Foliot, and in the king's confidence he was absolute

primate. One may conceive how much Becket must have loved him, and with what satisfaction he must have employed against his rival the then terrible weapon of excommunication. Foliot appealed to the Pope Alexander, and the issue of the sentence remained in suspense for two or three years. The Bishop of London had one strong hold upon the Pope. Through his hands passed the papal income derived from England, and he maintained that, without the king's permission, it could not legally be transmitted to Rome, and so the matter smouldered on until the universal horror at Becket's violent end produced a feeling against his known enemies to which they had to yield. Foliot was formally absolved from his excommunication, but had solemnly to purge himself of concern in the assassination of the primate, and it was in a sermon preached by him that Henry disavowed any implication in the crime.

To Foliot succeeded Richard Fitzneal (contemporary with Richard Cœur de Lion), cited by Dean Milman as the first man of letters who sat upon the throne of London. It was he who wrote the ancient Dialogue on the Exchequer, which contains so much curious and valuable lore, and which may still be considered as an authority on the subjects of which it treats.

We cannot, however, pretend to trace the successive bishops of London, as described in the late Dean's attractive pages. A few only of the more prominent passages in the annals of the cathedral can be glanced at. It was in St. Paul's that Stephen Langton presided over a convention of the prelates, abbots, deans, priors, and barons of England, at which it was resolved to make a stand for the liberties of the country, not long afterwards secured by the Great Charter at Runnymede. Here, too, the assembled bishops, in the presence of the Cardinal Legate Otho, protested against the usurpations of the papal authority, as they had in the previous reign protested against the growing encroachments of the Crown.

To this date belongs an amusing enough passage, too well told to be given otherwise than in its own words:

During the legation of Cardinal Otho and

the episcopate of Roger the Black, a procession set forth, not to St. Paul's, but from St. Paul's, that of the heads and scholars of the University of Oxford. The Legate had humbled the Church, he would now seize the opportunity of bringing the University under his feet. It was a strange history, characteristic as strange. The Cardinal Legate had taken up his residence in the Abbey of Osney. He was supplied with provisions by the scholars of Oxford. Certain of these desired to pay their respectful homage to the Legate. The insolent porters shut the door in their faces. The indignant scholars burst in. Just at that moment a poor Irish priest stood soliciting alms. The clerk of the kitchen, instead of alms, threw a bucket of scalding water in his face. The hot blood of a Welsh scholar boiled up. The scholars were armed. The Welshman shot the clerk of the kitchen dead. The clerk was the kinsman, it was said the brother, of the Legate, whose office was (a singular office for a brother) to taste the meat before the Cardinal. We have had the Irishman and the Welshman, we have here the Italian. A fierce fray began; the three nations, Irish, Welsh, and English, fell on the Italians. The Legate with difficulty made his escape to Abingdon. Thirty of the ringleaders of the riot were seized by the authorities and committed to Abingdon jail. But the wrath of the Legate was not appeased. He pronounced his interdict against the University, and excommunicated all the guilty scholars. From Abingdon Otho removed to Durham House in London. The Lord Mayor was commanded by the King to watch over him as the "apple of his eye." He summoned the bishops to complain of the affront. The University cowered under the interdict. Probably by the invitation of the Bishop, they assembled at St. Paul's, and set forth in sad and solemn array along the streets to the Strand, to throw themselves at the Legate's feet. Many bishops, who had been educated at Oxford, joined the procession. They walked, says old Fuller, not a short Italian, but a long "English mile, on foot, bareheaded, without their cloaks;" the bishops in humble attire. The Legate was appeased, and removed the interdict.

Although the papal force afterwards triumphed over the remonstrances of the English clergy, and although St. Paul's itself witnessed the promulgation of the constitutions of Ottobuoni, which from Rome ruled the ecclesiastical law of England down to the Reformation, yet we cannot fail to recognize the enormous value of such a strongly organized body as the then national Church in resisting arbitrary power, and in giving stability in disturbed times to the grow-

ing institutions of the country. The importance of the work done in this way by the Church over all Europe during what are commonly known as the Dark Ages, was fully seen and appreciated by Comte, a writer not likely to be prejudiced in favor of any religious society not of his own devising; and modern Liberals would do well if they remembered these services, instead of blindly denouncing all antiquity, as is sometimes unfortunately found to be the case. But this work, invaluable as it was for the time, was only for the time; it was a light in the darkness, and afforded some useful protection during the night, but it was not the brightness of dawn. Many generations of bishops were to fill the see of London, before in their cathedral the earliest vindicator of true religious freedom was to make his first public appearance. It was in 1377 that Wycliffe was summoned to answer for his opinions in St. Paul's. He came, supported by John of Gaunt and the Lord Percy, the Earl Marshal. Their exertions to make a way for Wycliffe through the immense crowd assembled, and to procure a seat for him while under examination, in opposition to the bishop, complicated the affair by enlisting the sympathies of the populace for the bishop, as the privileges of the city were supposed to be insulted by the Earl Marshal's attempt to exercise authority within the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor. A tumult ensued and spread through London. John of Gaunt's palace at the Savoy was attacked, and a clergyman, mistaken for the Earl Marshal, was murdered.

Side by side with the ecclesiastical proceeds the civil history of the country, and we next have to note how the body of poor Richard II., after the foul deed of Pontefract, was brought to London, and exposed for three days in the Cathedral of St. Paul's, afterwards to find its final resting-place among the tombs of the kings of England in the Abbey of Westminster. This funeral was a solemn mockery of a sacred place; and now, too, we begin to hear of the continued desecration of the interior of the church by its use as a place of common resort for trading and all kinds of worldly purposes. Braybroke, the bishop of the time, inveighed against the unseemly practice. "In our cathedral, not only

men, women also, not on common days alone, but especially on festivals, expose their wares, as it were in a public market, buy and sell without reverence for the holy place."

All through the wars of the Roses, the same bishop, Thomas Kemp, enjoyed a long episcopate of thirty-nine years, and although he played no active part, the cathedral is always in some manner connected with the events of the period. It was in St. Paul's that Richard, Duke of York, took his oath of fealty to King Henry VI. In St. Paul's, after the great battle of St. Alban's, a solemn festival of reconciliation was celebrated in the cathedral, when, according to one of the stanzas of a ballad of the time, quoted by Dean Milman:

At Paul's in London, with great renown,
On Lady day, in Lent, this peace was wrought;
The King, the Queen, with Lords many a one,
To worship that Virgin as they ought,
Went in procession and spared right nought,
In sight of all the commonalty,
In token that love was in heart and thought.
Rejoice, England! in concord and unity.

The love and the unity were of short duration. Three years afterwards the poor king was again at St. Paul's, after the battles of Blackheath and Northampton, with a diminished following, and again to go through the form of receiving oaths of allegiance and fidelity—but also to assent to the succession of the victorious House of York. After Towton field Edward IV. came to St. Paul's to receive the homage he had won; and finally to St. Paul's was brought the dead body of Henry VI., to be moved to Chertsey, and to find its last repose at Windsor.

With the approach of the Reformation, and with Colet as Dean of St. Paul's, the subject of his latest and most distinguished literary successor's work assumes a fresh interest. The circumstances of Colet's life and training, and his friendship with Erasmus, exercised a powerful influence on the course of ecclesiastical events in England. He was the only surviving son of a wealthy London merchant, who was twice Lord Mayor. This infused in him a strong lay element, and gave him ample private means, while Oxford and subsequent travel on the continent supplied an education of the highest culture. From foreign

travel Colet returned to Oxford, and there delivered lectures on the writings of St. Paul, standing out in the most remarkable manner from the predominant tone of thinking of the time. He gave also certain lectures on the Book of Genesis, for the discovery of which we are indebted to Mr. Bradshaw, the learned librarian of the University of Cambridge, and to which public attention was first called in Mr. Siebohm's *Oxford Reformers*. It is indeed noteworthy that this early expression of liberal thought should have proceeded from one who was afterwards to occupy the Deanery, from whose more recent tenant so much valuable work of the same kind has been received in our own time. Thus does the late Dean of St. Paul's describe his predecessor's services in this field :

If on St. Paul, Colet rigidly adhered, not to the letter (he was far beyond the notion of plenary verbal inspiration) but to the sense of the apostle, we find him in a far more free spirit treating the first chapter of Genesis as a noble poem, designed by its author Moses, to impress upon a rude and barbarous people the great truths of the creation of the world by one omnific God. The description of the successive acts of creation is followed out with singular ingenuity; and these and the periods of time have in his view a profound religious scope, but in themselves are only pious fictions to commend the great internal truths. I have space for only two passages. "The day and night were but ingenious figments, not real divisions of time; the resting on the Sabbath Day was partly and chiefly that he might lead the people on to the imitation of God, whom, after the manner of a poet, he had mentioned as working on six days, and resting the seventh, so that they also might devote every seventh day to rest, and to the contemplation of God and of his worship." According to the theory of Colet [strange that the Dean of St. Paul's in the nineteenth century should find the views which he has long held so nearly anticipated by the Dean of the sixteenth], "Moses, after the manner of a good and pious poet, as Origen against Celsus calls him, was willing to invent some figure not altogether worthy of God if only it might be profitable and useful to man; which race of men is so dear to God, that God himself emptied himself of his glory, taking the form of a servant, that he might accommodate himself to the poor heart of man. So all things of God, when given to men, must needs lose something of their sublimity, and be put in a form more palpable and more within the grasp of man. Accordingly, the high knowledge of Moses about God and di-

vine things and the creation of the world, when it came to be submitted to the vulgar apprehension, savored altogether of the humble and the rustic, so that he had to speak, not according to his own comprehension, but according to the comprehension of the multitude. Thus accommodating himself to their comprehension, Moses endeavored by this most honest and poetic figure, at once to feed them and lead them on to the worship of God.

In 1503 Colet was made Dean of St. Paul's, and devoted himself to working a complete change in the system of religious instruction in use. He preached regularly, and preached straight from the Scriptures themselves. His maxim was, "Keep to the Bible and the Apostles' Creed, and let divines, if they like, dispute about the rest." Colet's immense wealth was bestowed on objects of public advantage, of which his famous school, for which Lilly wrote his *Latin Grammar*, and Erasmus composed some elementary works, is a conspicuous example. It is matter of congratulation to the public for whose benefit the foundation of St. Paul's School was intended, that the large estates left by Colet to the Mercers' Company for its support, are still sufficient to render it possible to maintain the full roll of scholars—one hundred and fifty-three, according to the number of the miraculous draught of fishes—originally determined by him.

The revenues of the old cathedral would seem to have been enormous, and the number of separate chantries founded to pray specially for individual persons deceased is amazing. Besides there were strong iron boxes to receive casual oblations, the yield of which was considerable. The proceeds of one under the great northern cross, in the month of May, 1344, amounted to 50*l.* besides broken money, which at this rate would amount to 600*l.* a year, equivalent to 9,000*l.* of present money. The catalogue of reliques preserved in old St. Paul's is naturally a long one, and contains some articles of high importance. Of the actual fabric of the church of Norman and Plantagenet times, we are driven to learn from the accounts drawn up before the great fire which destroyed it. At first the expense of building was borne by the bishops, who gradually withdrew from a close connection with the cathedral; but dur-

ing the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, St. Paul's in London, like St. Peter's at Rome, was continued and supported by the extensive issue of indulgences. In 1315, the fabric was declared complete. There was a lofty spire with a ball and cross at the top. An octagonal chapter-house stood in a fine cloister on the south side of the church. The famous Paul's Cross was at the north-east corner of the main building, and from an early period was the scene of preachings from a regular pulpit provided for the purpose.

Paul's Cross was the pulpit not only of the cathedral; it might almost be said, as preaching became more popular, and began more and more to rule the public mind, to have become that of the Church of England. The most distinguished ecclesiastics, especially from the universities, were summoned to preach before the Court (for the Court sometimes attended) and the city of London. Nobles vied with each other in giving hospitalities to those strangers. The mayor and aldermen (this was at a later period) were required to provide "sweet and convenient lodgings for them, with fire, candles, and all other necessities." Excepting the king and his retinue, who had a covered gallery, the congregation, even the mayor and aldermen, stood in the open air. . . . Paul's Cross was not only the great scene for the display of eloquence by distinguished preachers; it was that of many public acts, some relating to ecclesiastical affairs, some of mingled cast, some simply political. Here papal bulls were promulgated; here excommunications were thundered out; here sinners of high position did penance; here heretics knelt and read their recantations, or, if obstinate, were marched off to Smithfield. Paul's Cross was never darkened by the smoke of human sacrifice. Here miserable men and women suspected of witchcraft, confessed their wicked dealings; here, as we shall see hereafter, great impostures were exposed, and strange frauds unveiled in the face of day.

Fresh characters now appear, and fresh scenes are now enacted on what may be, without profaneness, termed the stage of St. Paul's. Among them we have in succession the marriage of Prince Arthur and Katharine—the Pope's condemnation of Luther, published with great state by Cardinal Wolsey—the solemn burning of the English Bible; and then, under altered management, the exposure at Paul's Cross of the wretched nun of Kent—the preaching from the same spot of the royal supremacy—and Latimer denouncing the vices of the clergy, and the

errors of Rome—and so the curtain drops on the reign of Henry VIII.

With Edward VI. the work of the Reformation began in good earnest. The images were pulled down in the cathedral, the Litany was chanted, and the Epistle and Gospel were read in English. St. Paul's was not connected with any establishment of monks. Its revenues, therefore, had not suffered in the suppression of the monasteries; but now the obits and chantries were taken away—there were to be no more prayers for the dead—and the estates left for their support were seized by the crown. The accumulated treasure of plate, jewels, vestments, church furniture and decorations, was swept away. Still may be seen in the Spanish cathedrals of Valencia and Saragossa a small portion of the spoil of Romish paraphernalia from old St. Paul's. A very modest equipment only was suffered to remain for the necessary use of the reformed services. The rest was dissipated; and the archaeologist, curiously enthusiastic in ecclesiastic wares, can only sigh over the dispersion of a collection which would have constituted in itself a mediæval court grander than any Great Exhibition has seen, and which would now fetch fabulous prices in Wardour Street, Soho. Nor was the actual fabric spared in the blind violence of revolutionary zeal. To build old Somerset House, the Protector pulled down the cloisters and carried off the materials to the Strand. Processions in the streets were forbidden; the "sacrament of the altar was pulled down;" and Bonner, for preaching from Paul's Cross the doctrine of Transubstantiation, was sent to the Tower, and deprived of the bishopric of London.

Ridley succeeded Bonner, and before he would enter the choir he ordered the lights, still left burning on the altar, to be extinguished; and before long the table took the place of the altar. And here occurs a fine passage, which we must extract:

On Allhallows day began the book of the new service at St. Paul's, that beautiful liturgy which had gradually grown into its present form, and was now, if not absolutely, nearly complete. That liturgy has ever since, for above three centuries—with one brief and immediate interruption, another at a later period—been read in all our churches: that liturgy,

with some few imperfections, (and what human composition is without imperfections?) the best model of pure, fervent, simple devotion, the distillation, as it were, and concentration of all the orisons which have been uttered in the name of Christ, since the first days of the Gospel: that liturgy which is the great example of pure vernacular English, familiar, yet always unvulgar, of which but few words and phrases have become obsolete; which has an indwelling music which enthralls and never palls upon the ear, with the full living expression of every great Christian truth, yet rarely hardening into stern dogmatism; satisfying every need, and awakening and answering every Christian emotion—entering into the heart, and, as it were, welling forth again from the heart; the full and general voice of the congregation, yet the peculiar utterance of each single worshipper. From this time our Church ceased to speak in a language "not understood" of the people, our English fully asserting its powers of expressing in its own words the most profound and awful verities of our religion, the most ardent aspirations of the soul to communion with the unseen.

Under Mary the Romish services were, of course, as far as possible, reinstated, and from Paul's Cross sounded the denunciations of the Reformers. The Queen's husband was received in the cathedral, and heard mass sung by a Spaniard. There was also a stately reception of Cardinal Pole, as the papal legate; but St. Paul's had to bear a more dreadful part in the temporary reaction by contributing a Bishop of London, and a canon, to the roll of Protestant martyrs. These were Ridley and John Rogers, the protomartyr, who, after the death of Tyndale, had the chief superintendence of the English edition of the Bible printed at Antwerp. Processions were revived, and the burnings in Smithfield went on, and there was a grand celebration in St. Paul's of Philip's victory at St. Quentin.

On the accession of Elizabeth one sermon, of no especial note, was preached at Paul's Cross, and then for months it was enforced, by authority, to a prudent silence, that no occasion might be given of stirring disputes. No change was made in the service, except that the Gospel and Epistle were read in English. Soon, however, the restorations of the last reign were finally abolished, and the reformed church in London and elsewhere gradually asserted its hold upon the people. The

times, however, were still full of danger and doubt:

Of all difficult positions on record in history, few could more severely try Christian wisdom, Christian temper, Christian honesty, Christian piety, than that of Elizabeth's bishops, especially the more prominent Parker, the primate, and Grindal, the Bishop of London. These bishops, in truth, were the real founders of the Church of England. The reforming bishops of Henry VIII.'s days, even those of Edward VI., were inquirers, searchers for truth, rather than men of fixed and determinate opinions; Cranmer especially, whose whole religious life was a gradual development, on whom new truths dawned successively, and whose creed was therefore in a continual state of change, not undashed with doubt and with seeming contradiction. Elizabeth's bishops were steadfastly, on reasoning conviction, determined against the old religion, and on certain points were resolute, fixed, and fully in unison in their new creed.

The recollection of past persecution had to be suppressed, and its examples not followed; the hope of a Protestant England rested on the single life of an unmarried queen. The queen herself was not yet fully weaned from Rome; if so disposed, it was doubtful whether she could stand alone against the Catholic powers of the Continent; and yet, without the queen, the bishops were powerless:

If, then, they bowed in subjection before their despotic and imperious mistress—in the despotism of Elizabeth was their only safety, the only safety of their faith; none, too, could know better than they did how large a part of the nation were either stubbornly adverse to what they held to be irrefragable truth, or lung but loosely to the new opinions—can it be wondered that they crouched too humbly, perhaps too deferentially, under the queen's protecting ægis? However doubtful some of the religious notions of Elizabeth, there was one article of her faith which she embraced with stern fervor, to which she adhered with unshaken fidelity—her own supremacy. This was her palladium, and it was theirs. Wisely in their own day did they submit to this supremacy of the crown—wisely, in my judgment, as regards the life of the Anglican Church. This supremacy, however it may have been overstretched by Elizabeth herself—abused, or attempted to be abused, by later sovereigns—has been the one great guarantee for the freedom of the English Church. It has saved us from sacerdotalism in both

its forms. From Episcopal Hildebrandism, which, through the school of Andrews and Laud, brought the whole edifice to prostrate ruin—from Presbyterian Hildebrandism, which ruled the sister kingdom with a rod of iron; and however congenial to, however fostering some of the best points of the Scottish character, made her religious annals, if glorious for resistance to foreign tyranny, a dark domestic tyranny, a sad superstition, which refused all light, and was, in fact, a debasing priestly tyranny. *In England the royal supremacy settled down into the supremacy of law—law administered by ermine, not by lawn, by dispassionate judges, by a national court of justice, not by a synod of bishops and a clamorous convocation.*

The last sentence above quoted contains a most felicitous expression of the working of the doctrine of royal supremacy, and of the vast advantages enjoyed by the Church of England, if only rightly understood, in acknowledging no other earthly headship or paramount authority but that of the crown. We believe this to be the very cornerstone of its stability; and that if this be disturbed, the whole edifice will indeed be in danger of falling.

In 1561 a flash of lightning fired the wooden steeple of the cathedral, and great damage was done to the whole fabric. By both parties in the Church the calamity was deemed as a divine judgment. Pilkington, the puritanizing Bishop of Durham, so interpreted it in his sermon preached the following Sunday at Paul's Cross, and in the following week Dean Howell continued in the same sense. One Morwen, sometime chaplain to Bonner, replied in a pamphlet, and Pilkington rejoined in a tone of great scurrility, usually calling his assailant "the scavenger." Such was the reason, and such were the amenities, of religious controversy in those days. Civiller we may have become in manner, but the polemics of the nineteenth are, perhaps, not more in accordance with reason than those of the sixteenth century. The body of the church was speedily repaired, but the steeple remained in ruins, and was in fact never re-rected.

Meantime the desecration of the building, notwithstanding proclamations to the contrary, continued to increase. The Elizabethan literature teems with passages which

show to what base uses the nave and aisles of the cathedral were abandoned as lounging-places for the idle and hungry—for knaves, thieves, ruffians, or women, and a mart for business of all kinds, even the lowest and most coarse. The walls were covered with advertisements, not always the most decent: it was the unrebuked trysting-place of both sexes, the place where villainies and robberies were plotted—where everything was bought, sold, hired. Shakspeare makes Falstaff buy Bardolph in Paul's. Servants bought and hired there were proverbially no better than Bardolph. Dekker, in his *Gull's Hornbook*, gives a comical detail of the gulls and knaves which swarmed in all corners. Parasites who wanted a dinner haunted what popular fame had transmuted into the tomb of the good Duke Humphrey. There was a noble monument of the Beauchamps at the foot of the second column, at the north-east end of the nave. This was changed into the tomb of the old duke (who was buried at St. Alban's), and hence the common proverb, "To dine with Duke Humphrey." At length before the close of the century and of Elizabeth's reign, Ben Jonson actually lays the scene in the third act of his *Every Man out of his Humor* in the middle aisle of St. Paul's.

After the fire, the first convocation of the clergy under Elizabeth met in St. Paul's, to be, however, adjourned to Westminster, as has since been the invariable practice. We are not surprised that the wise dean does not regret that his beloved cathedral should not be the scene of the "sterile debates of Convocation." He points out how it has lost all its real dignity and importance, that it remains without authority, and it is not difficult to gather the amount of respect in which the late head of one of the metropolitan chapters was accustomed to hold the recent proceedings of a body of which he could not avoid being a member.

The reign of James I. saw the incumbency of Dr. Donne as Dean of St. Paul's, on whose life and connection with the cathedral Dean Milman fondly dwells. "He is the only dean, till a very late successor, who was guilty of poetry."

The reign of Charles I. brings us to the bishopric of Laud, whose character is admirably drawn, and to the restoration of the cathedral by Inigo Jones. The ancient parts of the fabric were repaired as best might be, and a beautiful, but utterly incongruous,

Italian portico was added to the west front. Kent, the architect, described it as known to him in the plans and drawings of its designer as "a noble portico," and says, "I have seen nothing in this country so nobly proportioned and so simply splendid as this portico." It was also called by Wren "an absolute piece in itself." The ill-assorted union of Corinthian columns with the Gothic architecture of the rest of the building must, however, have destroyed all harmony of effect to modern educated eyes. But no such criticism appears to have been made at the time. The Church had been restored at a vast expense, and the result seems to have been accepted with universal praise and admiration. From the composite work in the fabric of the Church as renovated by Jones, Dean Milman draws a well-turned comparison with the then bishop's ecclesiastical views:

On the whole, the cathedral, restored under the auspices of Laud, might seem to bear a singular similitude to the religion which Laud would establish in the Church of England, retaining as much as would stand of the old mediæval building, but putting a new face upon it. It was altogether an inharmonious and confused notion of conflicting elements, a compromise between the old and the new, with services timidly approaching Catholicism (though Laud's more obnoxious innovations do not seem to have been introduced into St. Paul's), but rejecting their vital and obsolete doctrines, and with an episcopal popedom at Lambeth, not at Rome.

The glories of the restored fabric were not for long. Under the puritanical sway of the Commonwealth it fell on dark and evil days. If it would have paid to destroy it, destroyed it would have been. As it was, 17,000*l.* remaining out of the subscription for the repairs was otherwise appropriated, and the scaffolding round the tower was assigned to cover the arrears of pay due to Colonel Jephson's regiment. A strange story is mentioned that Cromwell had determined to sell the building to the Jews, a project not wilder than that of disposing in the same manner of Ireland, which is seriously advocated by Harrington in his *Oceana*. Paul's Cross was pulled down as a remnant of Popish times.

With the Restoration came renewed care for the cathedral, and it was found,

notwithstanding the restorations of Inigo Jones, to be altogether in a state of great insecurity. Wren was called in to report on what should be done. He condemned much of the old fabric for bad design and bad workmanship, and at this early stage proposed, instead of a spire, "a rotunda bearing a cupola, and then ending in a lantern," to cover the centre of the church, which was to be rendered more spacious, as "a very proper place for a large auditory," and thus, as it were, foreseeing the large congregations at the modern Sunday evening services under the dome.

While people, however, were discussing what should be done with old St. Paul's, the great fire of 1666 stopped the debates in a very complete manner. The plans and estimates for Wren's proposed alterations were, it seems, ordered on the 27th August; the fire broke out on the 2d September, and nothing was left to be considered except total re-edification. For old St. Paul's and its monumental contents there might be some regrets, but it was not a specimen of the finest sort of an English cathedral, nor were its tombs numerous or distinguished. John of Gaunt was the only royalty interred there, and lay with no king or prince to bear him company. Sir Nicolas Bacon was there, with another chancellor, Sir Christopher Hatton, and Walsingham, and Lilly the grammarian, and Linaere the physician; but the only name of great fame was that of Sir Philip Sidney.

To the stranger entering London from any side, or crossing any of its bridges, or standing on the deck of one of the many steam-driven boats which pass to and fro on its river highway, the fabric which Wren's genius raised on the site of the older cathedral is always the object of the most admiring regards. Seen from the distant terrace of Sydenham, under a clear sky, or looming vast through near surrounding fog, it is ever beautiful and grand. It is, perhaps, the only public building in the metropolis of which the Londoner can be thoroughly proud, and which can take facile precedence of those of any other capital.

The building was undertaken as a national work. In 1673, letters-patent under the great seal were issued for the

erection of a new cathedral, according to the design of "Dr. Christopher Wren, Surveyor General of our Works and Buildings." It was addressed to the Lord Mayor, the Archbishops, the Lord Chancellor, to the Bishop of London and other Bishops, and to all the great Officers of State, to the Judges, and to the Dean and Residentiaries of St. Paul's, who were appointed Commissioners to carry out the work. The cost was to be partly defrayed by private subscriptions, but was chiefly met by a duty on coals granted to the City of London for the purpose—an equitable tax enough—though, as the Dean quaintly remarks, "the coal had its revenge on the public buildings, especially on St. Paul's, by the damage which it did and still does by its smoke."

The occasion was signal; an era in the history of metropolitan architecture. It is well that Wren was on the spot ready to meet it; but not so well that he was prevented from giving full play to all the resources of his transcendent powers, either in the rebuilding of St. Paul's, or in the general improvement of the city after its destruction by the great fire—an opportunity lost and never to recur again.

Of the fabric as actually completed, Mr. Fergusson writes: "It will hardly be disputed that the exterior of St. Paul's surpasses in beauty of design all the other examples of the same class that have yet been carried out; and whether seen from a distance or near, it is—externally at least—one of the grandest and most beautiful churches of Europe." Internally it is not what Wren designed it to be; for as has been the fortune of other great men—and as was especially the case of Michael Angelo in his grand work of St. Peter's—he was thwarted by the jealousy and intrigues of inferiors, and had to submit to their stupid and ignorant interference.

Wren had never seen St. Peter's, but as has been already mentioned, the idea of surmounting St. Paul's with a magnificent cupola had occurred to him when first consulted on the matter. His original design was in the form of a Greek cross, and the model prepared for it is now deposited in the South Kensington Museum; but there is no cause for regret that it was afterwards altered to a

Latin cross; and, as far as the exterior is concerned, the design finally employed by Wren must be considered finer than that shown in the model.

In thirty-five years the new building was completed, and this during the episcopacy of one Bishop of London, and at a cost of 736,000*l*.

Wren, in his later years, was not permitted to indulge without molestation in the greatest triumph of his skill. Unreasonable complaints were made of the slow progress of his work, which was alleged to have been delayed for his private advantage. The heavy iron railing round St. Paul's was erected by the commissioners against the protestations of the architect. It has no beauty of its own, and serves to conceal much of the lower part of the building. The decoration of the interior of the cupola was taken out of his hands (he wanted mosaic) and, against his wishes, entrusted to Sir James Thornhill, whose work only tends to destroy all effect of space and elevation; and does not harmonize with the architectural lines of the structure. The stone balustrade also along the top of the church was forced upon Wren, who declared emphatically against it, but was compelled to submit. Finally, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, when still in full vigor, he was dismissed from office.

To this period belong the names of three Deans of St. Paul's, which still sound familiar, although their works are now little read. Tillotson, Stillingfleet, and Sherlock occupied some space in their own day, and are by no means forgotten; and to Tillotson Dean Milman offers a tribute of the highest praise "as almost the father of true religious toleration." He adds:

The fame of Tillotson as a divine and as a writer of English prose has been long on the wane, yet in both Tillotson made an epoch. For a long period religion in England had been a conflict of passions. The passion of Puritanism had triumphed, but its triumph had led to anarchy; the High Church passion then was in the ascendant, and in its vengeance was striving to trample out the undying embers of Puritanism, and both these old antagonists were vying with each other in mortal strife with the passion of invading Romanism. Worse than all, there was a passion dominant in the court of Charles II. for the most reckless profligacy, which, long pre-

valent in practice, had now begun to form itself into a theory hostile to all religion. Tillotson seated himself, unimpassioned and with perfect self-possession, in the midst of all this fray. He did not absolutely decline all controversy (one, indeed, was inevitable). Distinct, unhesitating, unwavering in his repudiation of all Roman tenets, Tillotson maintained even towards Rome a calm, grave, argumentative tone, unusual in those times. Tillotson had the ambition of establishing in the weary, worn-out, distracted, perplexed mind and heart of England a Christianity of calm reason, of plain, practical English good sense. It was a pious, a noble attempt, and met with only partial success; success perhaps greater after his death than during his lifetime. Success he must undoubtedly have met with, for in his day no preacher was so popular as Tillotson; but beyond the sphere of his immediate influence, the court, which now assumed a character of dignified decency in Queen Mary, might seem to display the high ideal of Tillotson's Christianity. The Dutch Calvinism of William, who was fully occupied in war and state affairs, was quiescent and unobtrusive. The High Church passions, if tamed and quelled to a certain extent, did not repress altogether their sullen animosity. To some, Tillotson—profoundly religious, unimpeachable as to his belief in all the great truths of Christianity, but looking to the fruits rather than the dogmas of the gospel—guilty of candor, of hearing both sides of a question, and dwelling, if not exclusively at least chiefly, on the Christian life—the sober, unexcited, Christian life—was Arian, Socinian, Deist, Atheist.

In the middle of the last century, a very great name in English theology was connected with the Deanery of St. Paul's when for sixteen years it was occupied by Butler, to whom his recent successor gives palmary commendation, as one of whom that place may well be proud, as well as the Church and philosophic literature of England. A list of bishops in the latter half of this century, otherwise of no especial distinction, closes with Lowth and Porteous, the latter dwelling in the personal memory of Dean Milman, from his youthful recollections of a voice of singular beauty of tone, and classed by him with the voices of Mrs. Jordan, Mdlle. Mars, and William Wilberforce.

Returning, in conclusion, to the fabric itself and its present contents, the remainder of the "Annals" must be very briefly noticed. St. Paul's has received, within the last three generations, many of our illustrious dead. Sir Joshua Rey-

nolds was the first of a long line of artists. Nelson and Wellington sleep there with many other gallant sailors and soldiers of England. Dr. Johnson is there, but only in effigy. The statue of Howard the philanthropist was the first erected within the cathedral. It cannot, however, be said in general that the sculptures erected by Parliament in honor of distinguished public servants, or by the admiration of private friends, are worthy of the building in which they are placed; and we may turn with more satisfaction to the efforts recently made and still in progress to render the arrangements and ornaments of the interior more congruous with its glorious architecture and sacred objects.

We would call particular attention to the statement drawn up by Mr. Penrose, the present surveyor to the fabric, explaining the general scheme for the decoration and completion of the interior, and contained in the appendix to the present volume. All will sympathize with what is being done to make the cathedral what it should be, and some may perhaps be induced to give substantial help to the good work.

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.

THERE must be a singular charm about insoluble problems, since there are never wanting persons who are willing to attack them. We doubt not that at this moment there are persons who are devoting their energies to Squaring the Circle, in the full belief that important advantages would accrue to science—and possibly a considerable pecuniary profit to themselves—if they could succeed in solving it. Quite recently, applications have been made to the Paris Academy of Sciences, to ascertain what was the amount which that body was authorized to pay over to any one who should square the circle. So seriously, indeed, was the secretary annoyed by applications of this sort, that it was found necessary to announce in the daily journals that the Academy was not only unauthorized to pay any sum at all, but that it had determined never to give the least attention to those who fancied they had mastered the famous problem.

It is a singular circumstance, that people have even attacked the problem without knowing exactly what its nature is. One ingenious workman, to whom the difficulty had been propounded, actually set to work to invent an arrangement for measuring the circumference of the circle; and was perfectly satisfied that he had thus solved a problem which had mastered all the mathematicians of ancient and modern times. That we may not fall into a similar error, let us clearly understand what it is that is required for the solution of the problem of "squaring the circle."

To begin with, we must note that the term "squaring the circle" is rather a misnomer; because the true problem to be solved is the determination of the length of a circle's circumference when the diameter is known. Of course, the solution of this problem, or, as it is termed, the *rectification* of the circle, involves the solution of the other, or the *quadrature* of the circle. But it is well to keep the simpler issue before us.

Many have supposed that there exists some exact relation between the circumference and the diameter of the circle, and that the problem to be solved is the determination of this relation. Suppose, for example, that the approximate relation discovered by Archimedes (who found, that if a circle's diameter is represented by *seven*, the circumference may be almost exactly represented by *twenty-two*) were strictly correct, and that Archimedes had proved it to be so: then, according to this view, he would have solved the great problem; and it is to determine a relation of some such sort that many persons have set themselves. Now, undoubtedly, if any relation of this sort could be established, the problem would be solved; but, as a matter of fact, no such relation exists, and the solution of the problem does not require that there should be any relation of the sort. For example, we do not look on the determination of the diagonal of a square (whose side is known) as an insoluble, or as otherwise than a very simple problem. Yet, in this case, no exact relation exists. We cannot possibly express both the side and the diagonal of a square in whole numbers, no matter what unit of measurement we adopt: or, to put the matter in another way, we cannot pos-

sibly divide both the side and the diagonal into equal parts (which shall be the same along each), no matter how small we take the parts. If we divide the side into 1,000 parts, there will be 1,414 such parts, and *a piece over*, in the diagonal; if we divide the side into 10,000 parts, there will be 14,142, and still a little piece over, in the diagonal; and so on for ever. Similarly, the mere fact that no exact relation exists between the diameter and the circumference of the circle, is no bar whatever to the solution of the great problem.

Before leaving this part of the subject, however, we may mention a relation which is very easily remembered, and is very nearly exact—much more so, at any rate, than that of Archimedes. Write down the numbers 113355, that is, the first three odd numbers each repeated twice over. Then separate the six numbers into two sets of three, thus: 113)355, and proceed with the division thus indicated. The result, 3.1415929, expresses the circumference of a circle whose diameter is 1, correctly to the sixth decimal place, the true relation being 3.14159265

Again, many people imagine that mathematicians are still in a state of uncertainty as to the relation which exists between the circumference and the diameter of a circle. If this were so, scientific societies might well hold out a reward to any one who could enlighten them; for the determination of this relation (with satisfactory exactitude) may be held to lie at the foundation of the whole of our modern system of mathematics. We need hardly say that no doubt whatever rests on the matter. A hundred different methods are known to mathematicians by which the circumference may be calculated from the diameter with any required degree of exactness. Here is a simple one, for example: Take any number of the fractions formed by putting *one* as a numerator over the successive odd numbers. Add together the alternate ones, beginning with the first, which, of course, is unity. Add together the remainder. Subtract the second sum from the first. The remainder will express the circumference (the diameter being taken as unity) to any required degree of exactness. We have merely to take enough fractions. The

process would, of course, be a very laborious one, if great exactness were required, and, as a matter of fact, mathematicians have made use of much more convenient ones in determining the required relation; but the method is strictly exact.

The largest circle we have much to do with in scientific questions, is the earth's equator. As a matter of curiosity, we may inquire what the circumference of the earth's orbit is; but as we are far from being sure of the exact length of the radius of that orbit (that is, of the earth's distance from the sun), it is clear that we do not need a very exact relation between the circumference and the diameter in dealing with that enormous circle. Confining ourselves, therefore, to the circle of the earth's equator, let us see what exactness we seem to require. We will suppose for a moment that it is possible to measure round the earth's equator without losing count of a single yard, and that we want to gather from our estimate what the diameter of this great circle may be. This seems, indeed, the only use to which, in this case, we can put our knowledge of the relation we are dealing with. We have then a circle some twenty-five thousand miles round, and each mile contains one thousand seven hundred and sixty yards; or, in all, there are some forty-four million yards in the circumference, and therefore (roughly) some fourteen million yards in the diameter of this great circle. Hence, if our relation is correct within a fourteen-millionth part of the diameter, or a forty-four-millionth part of the circumference, we are safe from any error exceeding a yard. All we want, then, is that the number expressing the circumference (the diameter being unity) should be true to the eighth decimal place, as quoted above.

But, as we have said, mathematicians have not been content with a computation of this sort. They have calculated the number not to the *eighth*, but to the *four hundred and fortieth* decimal place. Now, if we remember that each new decimal makes the result ten times more exact, we shall begin to see what a waste of time there has been in this tremendous calculation. We all remember the story of the horse which had twenty-four nails in its shoes, and was valued at the

sum obtained by adding together a farthing for the first nail, a halfpenny for the next, a penny for the next, and so on; doubling twenty-four times. The result was counted by thousands of pounds. Even the old miser who paid at a similar rate for a grave eighteen feet deep (doubling for each foot), killed himself when he heard the total. But now consider the effect of multiplying by ten, four hundred and forty-eight times. A fraction, with that enormous number for denominator, and unity for numerator, expresses the minuteness of the error which would result if the "long value" of the circumference were made use of. Let an illustration present the meaning of this:

It has been estimated that light, which could eight times circle the earth in a second, takes fifty thousand years in flying to us from the faintest stars seen in Lord Rosse's giant reflector. Suppose we knew the exact length of the tremendous line which extends from the earth to such a star, and wanted, for some inconceivable purpose, to know the length of the circumference of a circle of which that line was the radius. The value deduced from the above-mentioned calculation of the relation between the circumference and the diameter would differ from the truth by a length which would be imperceptible under the most powerful microscope ever yet constructed. Nay, the radius we have conceived, enormous as it is, might be increased a million-fold, or a million times a million-fold, with the same result. And the area of the circle formed with this increased radius would be determinable with so much accuracy, that the error, if presented in the form of a minute square, would be utterly imperceptible under a microscope a million times more powerful than the best ever yet constructed by man.

Not only has the length of the circumference been calculated once in this unnecessarily exact manner, but a second calculator has gone over the work independently. The two results, identical figure for figure, are presented in *The Lady's and Gentleman's Diary* for 1854, page 70; and for 1855, page 86.

It will be asked, then, what *is* the problem about which so great a work has been made? The problem is, in fact,

utterly insignificant; its only interest lies in the fact that it is insoluble—a property which it shares along with many other problems, as the trisection of an angle, the duplication of a cube, and so on.

The problem is simply this: *Having given the diameter of a circle, to determine, by a geometrical construction, in which only straight lines and circles shall be made use of, the side of a square equal in area to the circle.* As we have said, the problem is solved, if, by a construction of the kind described, we can determine the length of the circumference, because, then the rectangle under half this length and the radius is equal in area to the circle, and it is a simple problem to describe a square equal to a given rectangle.

To illustrate the kind of construction required, we give an approximate solution which is remarkably simple, and, so far as we know, not generally known. In the given circle draw two diameters, AOB, COD, at right angles to each other, and join CA, BD: then the two diameters, together with the two lines CA and BD, are very nearly equal to the circumference of the circle. The difference is so small, that, in a circle two feet in diameter, it would be less than the two-hundredth part of an inch. If this construction were exact, the great problem would have been solved.

One point, however, must be noted; the circle is of all curved lines the easiest to draw by mechanical means. But there are others which can be so drawn. And, if such curves as these be admitted as available, the problem of the quadrature of the circle can be readily solved. There is a curve, for instance, invented by Dinostratus which can readily be described mechanically, and has been called the quadratrix of Dinostratus, because it has the property of thus solving the problem we are dealing with.

As such curves can be described with quite as much accuracy as the circle—for, be it remembered, an absolutely perfect circle has never yet been drawn—we see that it is only the limitations which geometers have themselves invented that give this problem its difficulty. It has, as we have said, no value; and no mathematician would ever think of wasting a moment over it—for this reason, simply, that it has long since been

demonstrated to be insoluble by simple geometrical methods. So that, when a man says he has squared the circle (and many will say so, if one will only give them a hearing), he shows that either he wholly misunderstands the nature of the problem, or that his ignorance of mathematics has led him to mistake a faulty for a true solution.

HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XVI.

DARTMOOR.

THE well-weighed decision of Miss Stanbury respecting the Stanbury-Trevelyan arrangement at Nuncombe Putney had been communicated to Dorothy as the two walked home at night across the Close from Mrs. MacHugh's house, and it was accepted by Dorothy as being wise and proper. It amounted to this: If Mrs. Trevelyan should behave herself with propriety in her retirement at the Clock House, no further blame in the matter should be attributed to Mrs. Stanbury for receiving her—at any rate in Dorothy's hearing. The existing scheme, whether wise or foolish, should be regarded as an accepted scheme. But if Mrs. Trevelyan should be indiscreet—if, for instance, Colonel Osborne should show himself at Nuncombe Putney—then, for the sake of the family, Miss Stanbury would speak out, and would speak out very loudly. All this Dorothy understood, and she could perceive that her aunt had strong suspicion that there would be indiscretion.

"I never knew one like her," said Miss Stanbury, "who when she'd got away from one man, didn't want to have another dangling after her."

A week had hardly passed after the party at Mrs. MacHugh's, and Mrs. Trevelyan had hardly been three weeks at Nuncombe Putney, before the tidings which Miss Stanbury almost expected reached her ears.

"The Colonel's been at the Clock House, ma'am," said Martha.

Now, it was quite understood in the Close by this time that "the Colonel" meant Colonel Osborne.

"No!"

"I'm told he has, though, ma'am, for sure and certain."

"Who says so?"

"Giles Hickbody was down at Lessboro', and see'd him hisself—a portly, middle-aged man—not one of your young scampish-like lovers."

"That's the man."

"Oh, yes. He went over to Nuncombe Putney, as sure as anything,—hired Mrs. Clegg's chaise and pair, and asked for Mrs. Trevelyan's house as open as anything. When Giles asked in the yard, they told him as how that was the married lady's young man."

"I'd like to be at his tail—so I would—with a mop-handle," said Miss Stanbury, whose hatred for those sins by which the comfort and respectability of the world are destroyed, was not only sincere, but intense. "Well, and what then?"

"He came back and slept at Mrs. Clegg's that night—at least, that was what he said he should do."

Miss Stanbury, however, was not so precipitate or uncharitable as to act strongly upon information such as this. Before she even said a word to Dorothy, she made further inquiry. She made very minute inquiry, writing even to her very old and intimate friend Mrs. Ellison, of Lessboro'—writing to that lady a most cautious and guarded letter. At last it became a fact proved to her mind that Colonel Osborne had been at the Clock House, had been received there, and had remained there for hours—had been allowed access to Mrs. Trevelyan, and had slept the night at the inn at Lessboro'. The thing was so terrible to Miss Stanbury's mind, that even false hair, Dr. Colenso, and penny newspapers did not account for it.

"I shall begin to believe that the Evil One has been allowed to come among us in person because of our sins," she said to Martha; and she meant it.

In the meantime, Mrs. Trevelyan, as may be remembered, had hired Mrs. Crocket's open carriage, and the three young women, Mrs. Trevelyan, Nora, and Priscilla, made a little excursion to Princetown, somewhat after the fashion of a picnic. At Princetown, in the middle of Dartmoor, about nine miles from Nuncombe Putney, is the prison establishment at which are kept convicts undergoing penal servitude. It is regarded

by all the country round with great interest, chiefly because the prisoners now and again escape, and then there comes a period of interesting excitement until the escaped felon shall have been again taken. How can you tell where he may be, or whether it may not suit him to find his rest in your own cupboard, or under your own bed? And then, as escape without notice will of course be the felon's object, to attain that he will probably cut your throat, and the throat of everybody belonging to you. All which considerations give an interest to Princetown, and excite in the hearts of the Devonians of these parts a strong affection for the Dartmoor prison. Of those who visit Princetown comparatively few effect an entrance within the walls of the gaol. They look at the gloomy place with a mysterious interest, feeling something akin to envy for the prisoners who have enjoyed the privilege of solving the mysteries of prison life, and who know how men feel when they have their hair cut short, and are free from moral responsibility for their own conduct, and are moved about in gangs, and treated like wild beasts.

But the journey to Princetown, from whatever side it is approached, has the charm of wild and beautiful scenery. The spot itself is ugly enough; but you can not go thither without breathing the sweetest, freshest air, and encountering that delightful sense of romance which moorland scenery always produces. The idea of our three friends was to see the Moor rather than the prison, to learn something of the country around, and to enjoy the excitement of eating a sandwich sitting on a hillock, in exchange for the ordinary comforts of a good dinner with chairs and tables. A bottle of sherry and water and a paper of sandwiches contained their whole banquet; for ladies, though they like good things at picnics, and, indeed, at other times, almost as well as men like them, very seldom prepare dainties for themselves alone. Men are wiser and more thoughtful, and are careful to have the good things, even if they are to be enjoyed without companionship.

Mrs. Crocket's boy, though he was only about three feet high, was a miracle of skill and discretion. He used the machine, as the patent drag is called, in

going down the hills with the utmost care. He never forced the beast beyond a walk if there was the slightest rise in the ground; and as there was always a rise, the journey was slow. But the three ladies enjoyed it thoroughly, and Mrs. Trevelyan was in better spirits than she herself had thought to be possible for her in her present condition. Most of us have recognized the fact that a dram of spirits will create,—that a so-called nip of brandy will create hilarity, or, at least, alacrity, and that a glass of sherry will often “pick up” and set in order the prostrate animal and mental faculties of the drinker. But we are not sufficiently alive to the fact that copious draughts of fresh air—of air fresh and unaccustomed—will have precisely the same effect. We do know that now and again it is very essential to “change the air;” but we generally consider that to do that with any chance of advantage, it is necessary to go far afield; and we think also that such change of the air is only needful when sickness of the body has come upon us, or when it threatens to come. We are seldom aware that we may imbibe long potations of pleasure and healthy excitement without perhaps going out of our own county; that such potations are within a day’s journey of most of us; and that they are to be had for half-a-crown a head, all expenses told. Mrs. Trevelyan probably did not know that the cloud was lifted off her mind, and the load of her sorrow made light to her, by the special vigor of the air of the Moor; but she did know that she was enjoying herself, and that the world was pleasanter to her than it had been for months past.

When they had sat upon their hillocks, and eaten their sandwiches,—regretting that the basket of provisions had not been bigger,—and had drunk their sherry and water out of the little horn mug which Mrs. Crocket had lent them, Nora started off across the moorland alone. The horse had been left to be fed in Princetown, and they had walked back to a bush under which they had rashly left their basket of provender concealed. It happened, however, that on that day there was no escaped felon about to watch what they had done, and the food and the drink had been found secure. Nora had gone off, and as her

sister and Priscilla sat leaning against their hillocks with their backs to the road, she could be seen standing now on one little eminence and now on another, thinking, doubtless, as she stood on the one how good it would be to be Lady Peterborough, and, as she stood on the other, how much better to be Mrs. Hugh Stanbury. Only, before she could be Mrs. Hugh Stanbury it would be necessary that Mr. Hugh Stanbury should share her opinion, and necessary also that he should be able to maintain a wife. “I should never do to be a very poor man’s wife,” she said to herself; and remembered as she said it, that in reference to the prospect of her being Lady Peterborough, the man who was to be Lord Peterborough was at any rate ready to make her his wife, and on that side there were none of those difficulties about house, and money, and position which stood in the way of the Hugh Stanbury side of the question. She was not, she thought, fit to be the wife of a very poor man; but she conceived of herself that she would do very well as a future Lady Peterborough in the drawing-rooms of Monkham. She was so far vain as to fancy that she could look, and speak, and move, and have her being after the fashion which is approved for the Lady Peterboroughs of the world. It was not clear to her that Nature had not expressly intended her to be a Lady Peterborough; whereas, as far as she could see, Nature had not intended her to be a Mrs. Hugh Stanbury with a precarious income of perhaps ten guineas a week when journalism was doing well. So she moved on to another little eminence to think of it there. It was clear to her that if she should accept Mr. Glascock she would sell herself, and not give herself away; and she had told herself scores of times before this, that a young woman should give herself away, and not sell herself; should either give herself away, or keep herself to herself as circumstances might go. She had been quite sure that she would never sell herself. But this was a lesson which she had taught herself when she was very young, before she had come to understand the world and its hard necessities. Nothing, she now told herself, could be worse than to hang like a mill-stone round the neck of a poor man.

It might be a very good thing to give herself away for love,—but it would not be a good thing to be the means of ruining the man she loved, even if that man were willing to be so ruined. And then she thought that she could also love that other man a little,—could love him sufficiently for comfortable domestic purposes. And it would undoubtedly be very pleasant to have all the troubles of her life settled for her. If she were Mrs. Glascock, known to the world as the future Lady Peterborough, would it not be within her power to bring her sister and her sister's husband again together? The tribute of the Monkham's authority and influence to her sister's side of the question would be most salutary. She tried to make herself believe that in this way she would be doing a good deed. Upon the whole, she thought that if Mr. Glascock should give her another chance she would accept him. And he had distinctly promised that he would give her another chance. It might be that this unfortunate quarrel in the Trevelyan family would deter him. People do not wish to ally themselves with family quarrels. But if the chance came in her way she would accept it. She had made up her mind to that, when she turned round from off the last knoll on which she had stood, to return to her sister and Priscilla Stanbury.

They two had sat still under the shade of a thorn bush, looking at Nora as she was wandering about, and talking together more freely than they had ever done before on the circumstances that had brought them together. "How pretty she looks!" Priscilla had said, as Nora was standing with her figure clearly marked by the light.

"Yes; she is very pretty, and has been much admired. This terrible affair of mine is a cruel blow to her."

"You mean that it is bad for her to come and live here—without society."

"Not exactly that—though of course it would be better for her to go out. And I don't know how a girl is ever to get settled in the world unless she goes out. But it is always an injury to be connected in any way with a woman who is separated from her husband. It must be bad for you."

"It won't hurt me," said Priscilla. "Nothing of that kind can hurt me."

"I mean that people say such ill-natured things."

"I stand alone, and can take care of myself," said Priscilla. "I defy the evil tongues of all the world to hurt me. My personal cares are limited to an old gown and bread and cheese. I like a pair of gloves to go to church with, but that is only the remnant of a prejudice. The world has so very little to give me, that I am pretty nearly sure that it will take nothing away."

"And you are contented?"

"Well, no; I can't say that I am contented. I hardly think that anybody ought to be contented. Should my mother die and Dorothy remain with my aunt, or get married, I should be utterly alone in the world. Providence, or whatever you call it, has made me a lady after a fashion, so that I can't live with the ploughmen's wives, and at the same time has so used me in other respects, that I can't live with anybody else."

"Why should not you get married, as well as Dorothy?"

"Who would have me? And if I had a husband I should want a good one—a man with a head on his shoulders, and a heart. Even if I were young and good-looking, or rich, I doubt whether I could please myself. As it is I am as likely to be taken bodily to heaven, as to become any man's wife."

"I suppose most women think so of themselves at some time, and yet they are married."

"I am not fit to marry. I am often cross, and I like my own way, and I have a distaste for men. I never in my life saw a man whom I wished even to make my intimate friend. I should think any man an idiot who began to make soft speeches to me, and I should tell him so."

"Ah! you might find it different when he went on with it."

"But I think," said Priscilla, "that when a woman is married there is nothing to which she should not submit on behalf of her husband."

"You mean that for me."

"Of course I mean it for you. How should I not be thinking of you, living as you are under the same roof with us? And I am thinking of Louey." Louey was the baby. "What are you

to do when after a year or two his father shall send for him to have him under his own care?"

"Nothing shall separate me from my child," said Mrs. Trevelyan eagerly.

"That is easily said; but I suppose the power of doing as he pleased would be with him."

"Why should it be with him? I do not at all know that it would be with him. I have not left his house. It is he that has turned me out."

"There can, I think, be very little doubt what you should do," said Priscilla, after a pause, during which she had got up from her seat under the thorn bush.

"What should I do?" asked Mrs. Trevelyan.

"Go back to him."

"I will to-morrow if he will write and ask me. Nay; how could I help myself? I am his creature, and must go or come as he bids me. I am here only because he has sent me."

"You should write and ask him to take you."

"Ask him to forgive me because he has ill-treated me?"

"Never mind about that," said Priscilla, standing over her companion, who was still lying under the bush. "All that is twopenny-halfpenny pride, which should be thrown to the winds. The more right you have been hitherto the better you can afford to go on being right. What is it that we all live upon but self-esteem? When we want praise it is only because praise enables us to think well of ourselves. Every one to himself, is the centre and pivot of all the world."

"It's a very poor world that goes round upon my pivot," said Mrs. Trevelyan.

"I don't know how this quarrel came up," exclaimed Priscilla, "and I don't care to know. But it seems a trumpety quarrel,—as to who should beg each other's pardon first, and all that kind of thing. Sheer and simple nonsense! Ask him to let it all be forgotten. I suppose he loves you?"

"How can I know? He did once."

"And you love him?"

"Yes. I love him certainly."

"I don't see how you can have a

doubt. Here is Jack with the carriage, and if we don't mind he'll pass us by without seeing us."

Then Mrs. Trevelyan got up, and when they had succeeded in diverting Jack's attention for a moment from the horse, they called to Nora, who was still moving about from one knoll to another, and who showed no desire to abandon the contemplations in which she had been engaged.

It had been mid-day before they left home in the morning, and they were due to be at home in time for tea,—which is an epoch in the day generally allowed to be more elastic than some others. When Mrs. Stanbury lived in the cottage her hour for tea had been six; this had been stretched to half-past seven when she received Mrs. Trevelyan at the Clock House; and it was half-past eight before Jack landed them at their door. It was manifest to them all as they entered the house that there was an air of mystery in the face of the girl who had opened the door for them. She did not speak, however, till they were all within the passage. Then she uttered a few words very solemnly. "There be a gentleman come," she said.

"A gentleman!" said Mrs. Trevelyan, thinking in the first moment of her husband, and in the second of Colonel Osborne.

"He be for you, miss," said the girl, bobbing her head at Nora.

Upon hearing this Nora sank speechless into the chair which stood in the passage.

CHAPTER XVII.

A GENTLEMAN COMES TO NUNCOMBE PUTNEY.

It soon became known to them all as they remained clustered in the hall that Mr. Glascock was in the house. Mrs. Stanbury came out to them, and informed them that he had been at Nuncombe Putney for the last five hours, and that he had asked for Mrs. Trevelyan when he called. It became evident as the affairs of the evening went on, that Mrs. Stanbury had for a few minutes been thrown into a terrible state of amazement, thinking that "the Colonel" had appeared. The strange gentleman, however, having obtained

admittance, explained who he was, saying that he was very desirous of seeing Mrs. Trevelyan—and Miss Rowley. It may be presumed that a glimmer of light did make its way into Mrs. Stanbury's mind on the subject; but up to the moment at which the three travellers arrived, she had been in doubt on the subject. Mr. Glascock had declared that he would take a walk, and in the course of the afternoon had expressed high approval of Mrs. Crocket's culinary skill. When Mrs. Crocket heard that she had entertained the son of a lord, she was very loud in her praise of the manner in which he had eaten two mutton chops and called for a third. He had thought it no disgrace to apply himself to the second half of an apple pie, and had professed himself to be an ardent admirer of Devonshire cream. "It's them counter-skippers as turns up their little noses at the victuals as is set before them," said Mrs. Crocket.

After his dinner Mr. Glascock had returned to the Clock House, and had been sitting there for an hour with Mrs. Stanbury, not much to her delight or to his, when the carriage was driven up to the door.

"He is to go back to Lessboro' to-night," said Mrs. Stanbury in a whisper.

"Of course you must see him before he goes?" said Mrs. Trevelyan to her sister. There had, as was natural, been very much said between the two sisters about Mr. Glascock. Nora had abstained from asserting in any decided way that she disliked the man, and had always absolutely refused to allow Hugh Stanbury's name to be mixed up with the question. Whatever might be her own thoughts about Hugh Stanbury she had kept them even from her sister. When her sister had told her that she had refused Mr. Glascock because of Hugh, she had shown herself to be indignant, and had since that said one or two fine things as to her capacity to refuse a brilliant offer simply because the man who made it was indifferent to her. Mrs. Trevelyan had learned from her that her suitor had declared his intention to persevere; and here was perseverance with a vengeance! "Of course you must see him—at once," said Mrs. Trevelyan. Nora for a few seconds had remained silent,

and then had run up to her room. Her sister followed her instantly.

"What is the meaning of it all?" said Priscilla to her mother.

"I suppose he is in love with Miss Rowley," said Mrs. Stanbury.

"But who is he?"

Then Mrs. Stanbury told all that she knew. She had seen from his card that he was an Honorable Mr. Glascock. She had collected from what he had said that he was an old friend of the two ladies. Her conviction was strong in Mr. Glascock's favor—thinking, as she expressed herself, that everything was right and proper—but she could hardly explain why she thought so.

"I do wish that they had never come," said Priscilla, who could not rid herself of an idea that there must be danger in having to do with women who had men running after them.

"Of course I'll see him," said Nora to her sister. "I have not refused to see him. Why do you scold me?"

"I have not scolded you, Nora; but I do want you to think how immensely important this is."

"Of course it is important."

"And so much the more so because of my misfortunes! Think how good he must be, how strong must be his attachment, when he comes down here after you in this way."

"But I have to think of my own feelings."

"You know you like him. You have told me so. And only fancy what mamma will feel! Such a position! And the man so excellent! Everybody says that he hasn't a fault in any way."

"I hate people without faults."

"O Nora, Nora, that is foolish! There, there; you must go down. Pray—pray do not let any absurd fancy stand in your way, and destroy everything. It will never come again, Nora. And, only think; it is all now your own, if you will only whisper one word."

"Ah!—one word—and that a falsehood!"

"No—no. Say you will try to love him, and that will be enough. And you do love him?"

"Do I?"

"Yes, you do. It is only the opposition of your nature that makes you fight against him. Will you go now?"

"Let me be for two minutes by myself," said Nora, "and then I'll come down. Tell him that I'm coming." Mrs. Trevelyan stooped over her, kissed her, and then left her.

Nora, as soon as she was alone, stood upright in the middle of the room and held her hands up to her forehead. She had been far from thinking, when she was considering the matter easily among the hillocks, that the necessity for an absolute decision would come upon her so instantaneously. She had told herself only this morning that it would be wise to accept the man, if he should ever ask a second time; and he had come already. He had been waiting for her in the village while she had been thinking whether he would ever come across her path again. She thought that it would have been easier for her now to have gone down with a "yes" in her mouth, if her sister had not pressed her so hard to say that "yes." The very pressure from her sister seemed to imply that such pressure ought to be resisted. Why should there have been pressure, unless there were reasons against her marrying him? And yet, if she chose to take him, who would have a right to complain of her? Hugh Stanbury had never spoken to her a word that would justify her in even supposing that he would consider himself to be ill-used. All others of her friends would certainly rejoice, would applaud her, pat her on the back, cover her with caresses, and tell her that she had been born under a happy star. And she did like the man. Nay, she thought she loved him. She withdrew her hands from her brow, assured herself that her lot in life was cast, and with hurrying fingers attempted to smooth her hair and to arrange her ribbons before the glass. She would go to the encounter boldly and accept him honestly. It was her duty to do so. What might she not do for her brothers and sisters as the wife of Lord Peterborough of Monkham? She saw that that arrangement before the glass could be of no service, and she stepped quickly to the door. If he did not like her as she was, he need not ask her. Her mind was made up, and she would do it. But as she went down the stairs to the room in which she knew that he was waiting for her, there came over her a cold feeling of self-accusation

—almost of disgrace. "I do not care," she said. "I know that I'm right." She opened the door quickly, that there might be no further doubt, and found that she was alone with him.

"Miss Rowley," he said, "I am afraid you will think that I am persecuting you."

"I have no right to think that," she answered.

"I'll tell you why I have come. My dear father, who has always been my best friend, is very ill. He is at Naples, and I must go to him. He is very old, you know,—over eighty; and will never live to come back to England. From what I hear, I think it probable that I may remain with him till everything is over."

"I did not know that he was so old as that."

"They say that he can hardly live above a month or two. He will never see my wife—if I can have a wife; but I should like to tell him, if it were possible,—that—that—"

"I understand you, Mr. Glascock."

"I told you that I should come to you again, and as I may possibly linger at Naples all the winter, I could not go without seeing you. Miss Rowley, may I hope that you can love me?"

She did not answer him a word, but stood looking away from him with her hands clasped together. Had he asked her whether she would be his wife, it is possible that the answer which she had prepared would have been spoken. But he had put the question in another form. Did she love him? If she could only bring herself to say that she could love him, she might be lady of Monkham before the next summer had come round.

"Nora," he said, "do you think that you can love me?"

"No," she said, and there was something almost of fierceness in the tone of her voice as she answered him.

"And must that be your final answer to me?"

"Mr. Glascock, what can I say?" she replied. "I will tell you the honest truth—I will tell you everything. I came into this room determined to accept you. But you are so good, and so kind, and so upright, that I cannot tell you a falsehood. I do not love you. I

ought not to take what you offer me. If I did, it would be because you are rich, and a lord; and not because I love you. I love some one else. There—pray, pray do not tell of me; but I do.” Then she flung away from him and hid her face in a corner of the sofa out of the light.

Her lover stood silent, not knowing how to go on with the conversation, not knowing how to bring it to an end. After what she had now said to him it was impossible that he should press her further. It was almost impossible that he should wish to do so. When a lady is frank enough to declare that her heart is not her own to give, a man can hardly wish to make further prayer for the gift. “It so,” he said, “of course I have nothing to hope.”

She was sobbing, and could not answer him. She was half-repentant, partly proud of what she had done,—half-repentant in that she had lost what had seemed to her to be so good, and full of remorse in that she so unnecessarily told her secret.

“Perhaps,” said he, “I ought to assure you that what you have told me shall never be repeated by my lips.”

She thanked him for this by a motion of her head and hand, not by words,—and then he was gone. How he managed to bid adieu to Mrs. Stanbury and her sister, or whether he saw them as he left the house, she never knew. In her corner of the sofa, weeping in the dark, partly proud and partly repentant, she remained till her sister came to her. “Emily,” she said, jumping up, “say nothing about it; not a word. It is of no use. The thing is done and over, and let it altogether be forgotten.”

“It is done and over, certainly,” said Mrs. Trevelyan.

“Exactly; and I suppose a girl may do what she likes with herself in that way. If I choose to decline to take anything that is pleasant, and nice, and comfortable, nobody has a right to scold me. And I won’t be scolded.”

“But, my child, who is scolding you?”

“You mean to scold me. But it is of no use. The man has gone, and there is an end of it. Nothing that you can say or I can think will bring him back again. I don’t want anybody to tell me

that it would be better to be Lady Peterborough, with everything that the world has to give, than to live here without a soul to speak to, and to have to go back to those horrible islands next year. You can’t think that I am very comfortable.”

“But what did you say to him, Nora?”

“What did I say to him? What could I say to him? Why didn’t he ask me to be his wife without saying anything about love? He asked me if I loved him. Of course I don’t love him. I would have said I did, but it stuck in my throat. I am willing enough, I believe, to sell myself to the devil, but I don’t how to do it. Never mind. It’s done, and now I’ll go to bed.”

She did go to bed, and Mrs. Trevelyan explained to the two ladies as much as was necessary of what had occurred. When Mrs. Stanbury came to understand that the gentlemen who had been closeted with her would, probably, in a few months be a lord himself, that he was a very rich man, a member of Parliament, and one of those who are decidedly born with gold spoons in their mouths, and understood also that Nora Rowley had refused him, she was lost in amazement. Mr. Glascock was about forty years of age, and appeared to Nora Rowley, who was nearly twenty years his junior, to be almost an old man. But to Mrs. Stanbury, who was over sixty, Mr. Glascock seemed to be quite in the flower of his age. The bald place at the top of his head simply showed that he had passed his boyhood, and the gray hairs at the back of his whiskers were no more than outward signs of manly discretion. She could not understand why any girl should refuse such an offer, unless the man were himself bad in morals or in temper. But Mrs. Trevelyan had told her while Nora and Mr. Glascock were closeted together, that he was believed by them all to be good and gentle. Nevertheless she felt a considerable increase of respect for a young lady who had refused the eldest son of a lord. Priscilla, when she heard what had occurred, expressed to her mother a moderate approval. According to her views a girl would much more often be right to refuse an offer of marriage than to accept it, let him who

made the offer be who he might. And the fact of the man having been sent away with a refusal somewhat softened Priscilla's anger at his coming there at all.

"I suppose he is a goose," said she to her mother, "and I hope there won't be any more of this kind running after them while they are with us."

Nora, when she was alone, wept till her heart was almost broken. It was done, and the man was gone, and the thing was over. She had quite sufficient knowledge of the world to realize perfectly the difference between such a position as that which had been offered to her, and the position which in all probability she would now be called upon to fill. She had had her chance, and Fortune had placed great things at her disposal. It must be said of her also that the great things which Fortune had offered to her were treasures very valuable in her eyes. Whether it be right and wise to covet or to despise wealth and rank, there was no doubt but that she coveted them. She had been instructed to believe in them, and she did believe in them. In some mysterious manner of which she herself knew nothing, taught by some preceptor the nobility of whose lessons she had not recognized, though she had accepted them, she had learned other things also,—to revere truth and love, and to be ambitious as regarded herself of conferring the gift of her whole heart upon some one whom she could worship as a hero. She had spoken the simple truth when she had told her sister that she had been willing to sell herself to the devil, but that she had failed in her attempt to execute the contract. But now as she lay weeping on her bed, tearing herself with remorse, picturing to herself in the most vivid colors all that she had thrown away, telling herself of all that she might have done and all she might have been, had she not allowed the insane folly of a moment to get the better of her, she received little or no comfort from the reflection that she had been true to her better instincts. She had told the man that she had refused him because she loved Hugh Stanbury; at least, as far as she could remember what had passed, she had so told him. And how mean it was of her to allow

herself to be actuated by an insane passion for a man who had never spoken to her of love, and how silly of her afterwards to confess it! Of what service could such a passion be to her life? Even were it returned, she could not marry such a one as Hugh Stanbury. She knew enough of herself to be quite sure that were he to ask her to do so tomorrow, she would refuse him. Better go and be scorched, and bored to death, and buried at the Mandarins, than attempt to regulate a poor household which, as soon as she made one of its number, would be on the sure road to ruin!

For a moment there came upon her, not a thought, hardly an idea—something of a waking dream that she would write to Mr. Glascock and withdraw all that she had said. Were she to do so he would probably despise her, and tell her that he despised her—but there might be a chance. It was possible that such a declaration would bring him back to her; and did it not bring him back to her she would only be where she was, a poor lost, shipwrecked creature, who had flung herself upon the rocks and thrown away her only chance of a prosperous voyage across the ocean of life; her only chance, for she was not like other girls, who at any rate remain on the scene of action, and may refit their spars and still win their way. For there were to be no more seasons in London, no more living in Curzon Street, no renewed power of entering the ball-rooms and crowded staircases in which high-born wealthy lovers can be conquered. A great prospect had been given to her, and she had flung it aside! That letter of retraction was, however, quite out of the question. The reader must not suppose that she had ever thought that she could write it. She thought of nothing but of coming misery and remorse. In her wretchedness she fancied that she had absolutely disclosed to the man who loved her the name of him whom she had been mad enough to say that she loved. But what did it matter? Let it be as it might, she was destroyed.

The next morning she came down to breakfast pale as a ghost; and they who saw her knew at once that she had done that which had made her a wretched woman.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE STANBURY CORRESPONDENCE.

HALF an hour after the proper time, when the others had finished their tea and bread and butter, Nora Rowley came down among them pale as a ghost. Her sister had gone to her while she was dressing, but she had declared that she would prefer to be alone. She would be down directly, she had said, and had completed her toilet without even the assistance of her maid. She drank her cup of tea and pretended to eat her toast; and then sat herself down, very wretchedly, to think of it all again. It had been all within her grasp—all of which she had ever dreamed! And now it was gone! Each of her three companions strove from time to time to draw her into conversation, but she seemed to be resolute in her refusal. At first, till her utter prostration had become a fact plainly recognized by them all, she made some little attempt at an answer when a direct question was asked of her; but after a while she only shook her head, and was silent, giving way to absolute despair.

Late in the evening she went out into the garden, and Priscilla followed her. It was now the end of July, and the summer was in its glory. The ladies, during the day, would remain in the drawing-room with the windows open and the blinds down, and would sit in the evening reading and working, or perhaps pretending to read and work, under the shade of a cedar which stood upon the lawn. No retirement could possibly be more secluded than was that of the garden of the Clock House. No stranger could see into it, or hear sounds from out of it. Though it was not extensive, it was so well furnished with those charming garden shrubs which, in congenial soils, become large trees, that one party of wanderers might seem to be lost from another amidst its walls. On this evening Mrs. Stanbury and Mrs. Trevelyan had gone out as usual, but Priscilla had remained with Nora Rowley. After a while Nora also got up and went through the window all alone. Priscilla, having waited for a few minutes, followed her, and caught her in a long green walk that led round the bottom of the orchard.

"What makes you so wretched?" she said.

"Why do you say I am wretched?"

"Because it's so visible. How is one to go on living with you all day and not notice it?"

"I wish you wouldn't notice it. I don't think it kind of you to notice it. If I wanted to talk of it, I would say so."

"It is better generally to speak of a trouble than to keep it to one's self," said Priscilla.

"All the same, I would prefer not to speak of mine," said Nora.

Then they parted, one going one way and one the other, and Priscilla was certainly angry at the reception which had been given to the sympathy which she had proffered. The next day passed almost without a word spoken between the two. Mrs. Stanbury had not ventured as yet to mention to her guest the subject of the rejected lover, and had not even said much on the subject to Mrs. Trevelyan. Between the two sisters there had been, of course, some discussion on the matter. It was impossible that it should be allowed to pass without it; but such discussions always resulted in an assertion on the part of Nora that she would not be scolded. Mrs. Trevelyan was very tender with her, and made no attempt to scold her—tried, at last, simply to console her; but Nora was so continually at work scolding herself, that every word spoken to her on the subject of Mr. Glascock's visit seemed to her to carry with it a rebuke.

But on the second day she herself accosted Priscilla Stanbury. "Come into the garden," she said, when they two were for a moment alone together; "I want to speak to you." Priscilla, without answering, folded up her work and put on her hat. "Come down to the green walk," said Nora. "I was savage to you last night, and I want to beg your pardon."

"You were savage," said Priscilla, smiling, "and you shall have my pardon. Who would not pardon you any offence, if you asked it?"

"I am so miserable!" she said.

"But why?"

"I don't know. I can't tell. And it is of no use talking about it now, for it

is all over. But I ought not to have been cross to you, and I am very sorry."

"That does not signify a straw; only so far, that when I have been cross, and have begged a person's pardon,—which I don't do as often as I ought,—I always feel that it begets kindness. If I could help you in your trouble I would."

"You can't fetch him back again."

"You mean Mr. Glascock. Shall I go and try?"

Nora smiled and shook her head. "I wonder what he would say if you asked him! But if he came, I should do the same thing."

"I do not in the least know what you have done, my dear. I only see that you mope about, and are more down in the mouth than any one ought to be, unless some great trouble has come."

"A great trouble has come."

"I suppose you have had your choice, —either to accept your lover or to reject him."

"No; I have not had my choice."

"It seems to me that no one has dictated to you; or, at least, that you have obeyed no dictation."

"Of course, I can't explain it to you. It is impossible that I should."

"If you mean that you regret what you have done because you have been false to the man, I can sympathize with you. No one has ever a right to be false, and if you are repenting a falsehood, I will willingly help you to eat your ashes and to wear your sackcloth. But if you are repenting a truth—"

"I am."

"Then you must eat your ashes by yourself, for me; and I do not think that you will ever be able to digest them."

"I do not want anybody to help me," said Nora proudly.

"Nobody can help you, if I understand the matter rightly. You have got to get the better of your own covetousness and evil desires, and you are in the fair way to get the better of them if you have already refused to be this man's wife because you could not bring yourself to commit the sin of marrying him when you did not love him. I suppose that is about the truth of it; and indeed, indeed, I do sympathize with you. If you have done that, though it is no more than the plainest duty, I will

love you for it. One finds so few people that will do any duty that taxes their self-indulgence."

"But he did not ask me to marry him."

"Then I do not understand anything about it."

"He asked me to love him."

"But he meant you to be his wife?"

"Oh, yes; he meant that, of course."

"And what did you say?" asked Priscilla.

"That I didn't love him," replied Nora.

"And that was the truth?"

"Yes; it was the truth."

"And what do you regret?—that you didn't tell him a lie?"

"No; not that," said Nora slowly.

"What then? You cannot regret that you have not basely deceived a man who has treated you with a loving generosity?" They walked on silent for a few yards, and then Priscilla repeated her question. "You cannot mean that you are sorry that you did not persuade yourself to do evil?"

"I don't want to go back to the islands, and to lose myself there, and to be nobody,—that is what I mean. And I might have been so much! Could one step from the very highest rung of the ladder to the very lowest, and not feel it?"

"But you have gone up the ladder,—if you only knew it," said Priscilla. "There was a choice given to you between the foulest mire of the clay of the world, and the sunlight of the very God. You have chosen the sunlight, and you are crying after the clay! I cannot pity you; but I can esteem you, and love you, and believe in you. And I do. You'll get yourself right at last, and there's my hand on it, if you'll take it." Nora took the hand that was offered to her, held it in her own for some seconds, and then walked back to the house and up to her own room in silence.

The post used to come into Nuncombe Putney at about eight in the morning, carried thither by a wooden-legged man who rode a donkey. There is a general understanding that the wooden-legged men in country parishes should be employed as postmen, owing to the great steadiness of demeanor which a

wooden leg is generally found to produce. It may be that such men are slower in their operations than would be biped postmen; but as all private employers of labor demand laborers with two legs, it is well that the lame and halt should find a refuge in the less exacting service of the government. The one-legged man who rode his donkey into Nuncombe Putney would reach his post-office not above half an hour after his proper time; but he was very slow in stumping round the village, and seldom reached the Clock House much before ten. On a certain morning two or three days after the conversation just recorded it was past ten when he brought two letters to the door, one for Mrs. Trevelyan, and one for Mrs. Stanbury. The ladies had finished their breakfast, and were seated together at an open window. As was usual, the letters were given into Priscilla's hands, and the newspaper which accompanied them into those of Mrs. Trevelyan, its undoubted owner. When her letter was handed to her, she looked at the address closely and then walked away with it into her own room.

"I think it's from Louis," said Nora, as soon as the door was closed. "If so, he is telling her to come back."

"Mamma, this is for you," said Priscilla. "It is from Aunt Stanbury. I know her handwriting."

"From your aunt? What can she be writing about? There is something wrong with Dorothy." Mrs. Stanbury held the letter, but did not open it. "You had better read it, my dear. If she is ill, pray let her come home."

But the letter spoke of nothing amiss as regarded Dorothy, and did not indeed even mention Dorothy's name. Luckily Priscilla read the letter in silence, for it was an angry letter. "What is it, Priscilla? Why don't you tell me? Is it anything wrong?" said Mrs. Stanbury.

"Nothing is wrong, mamma—except that my aunt is a silly woman."

"Goodness me! what is it?"

"It is a family matter," said Nora, smiling, "and I will go."

"What can it be?" demanded Mrs. Stanbury again as soon as Nora had left the room.

"You shall hear what it can be. I

will read it you," said Priscilla. "It seems to me that of all the women that ever lived, my Aunt Stanbury is the most prejudiced, the most unjust, and the most given to evil thinking of her neighbors. This is what she has thought fit to write to you, mamma." Then Priscilla read her aunt's letter, which was as follows:—

"The Close, Exeter, July 31, 186—.

"DEAR SISTER STANBURY,

"I am informed that the lady who is living with you because she could not continue to live under the same roof with her lawful husband, has received a visit at your house from a gentleman who was named as her lover before she left her own. I am given to understand that it was because of this gentleman's visits to her in London, and because she would not give up seeing him, that her husband would not live with her any longer."

"But the man has never been here at all," said Mrs. Stanbury, in dismay.

"Of course he has not been here. But let me go on."

"I have got nothing to do with your visitors," continued the letter, "and I should not interfere but for the credit of the family. There ought to be somebody to explain to you that much of the abominable disgrace of the whole proceeding will rest upon you, if you permit such goings on in your house. I suppose it is your house. At any rate you are regarded as the mistress of the establishment, and it is for you to tell the lady that she must go elsewhere. I do hope that you have done so, or at least that you will do so now. It is intolerable that the widow of my brother—a clergyman—should harbor a lady who is separated from her husband and who receives visits from a gentleman who is reputed to be her lover. I wonder much that your eldest daughter should countenance such a proceeding.

"Yours truly,

"JEMIMA STANBURY."

Mrs. Stanbury, when the letter had been read to her, held up both her hands in despair. "Dear, dear," she exclaimed. "Oh, dear!"

"She had such pleasure in writing it," said Priscilla, "that one ought hardly to begrudge it her." The blackest spot in the character of Priscilla Stanbury was her hatred for her aunt in Exeter.

She knew that her aunt had high qualities, and yet she hated her aunt. She was well aware that her aunt was regarded as a shining light by very many good people in the country, and yet she hated her aunt. She could not but acknowledge that her aunt had been generous to her brother, and was now very generous to her sister, and yet she hated her aunt. It was now a triumph to her that her aunt had fallen into so terrible a quagmire, and she was by no means disposed to let the sinning old woman easily out of it.

"It is as pretty a specimen," she said, "as I ever knew of malice and eaves-dropping combined."

"Don't use such hard words, my dear."

"Look at her words to us," said Priscilla. "What business has she to talk to you about the credit of the family and abominable disgrace? You have held your head up in poverty, while she has been rolling in money."

"She has been very good to Hugh,—and now to Dorothy."

"If I were Dorothy I would have none of her goodness. She likes some one to trample on,—some one of the name to patronize. She shan't trample on you and me, mamma."

Then there was a discussion as to what should be done; or rather a discourse in which Priscilla explained what she thought fit to do. Nothing, she decided, should be said to Mrs. Trevelyan on the subject; but an answer should be sent to Aunt Stanbury. Priscilla herself would write this answer, and herself would sign it. There was some difference of opinion on this point, as Mrs. Stanbury thought that if she might be allowed to put her name to it, even though Priscilla should write it, the wording of it would be made, in some degree, mild,—to suit her own character. But her daughter was imperative, and she gave way.

"It shall be mild enough in words," said Priscilla, "and very short."

Then she wrote her letter as follows:—

*Nuncombe Patney, August 1, 186--.

"DEAR AUNT STANBURY,

"You have found a mare's nest. The gentleman you speak of has never been here at all, and the people who bring

you news have probably hoaxed you. I don't think that mamma has ever disgraced the family, and you can have no reason for thinking that she ever will. You should, at any rate, be sure of what you are saying before you make such cruel accusations,

"Yours truly,

"PRISCILLA STANBURY.

"P.S.—Another gentleman did call here,—not to see Mrs. Trevelyan; but I suppose mamma's house need not be closed against all visitors."

Poor Dorothy had passed evil hours from the moment in which her aunt had so far certified herself as to Colonel Osborne's visit to Nuncombe as to make her feel it to be incumbent on her to interfere. After much consideration Miss Stanbury had told her niece the dreadful news, and had told also what she intended to do. Dorothy, who was in truth horrified at the iniquity of the fact which was related, and who never dreamed of doubting the truth of her aunt's information, hardly knew how to interpose. "I am sure mamma won't let there be anything wrong," she had said.

"And you don't call this wrong?" said Miss Stanbury, in a tone of indignation.

"But perhaps mamma will tell them to go."

"I hope she will. I hope she has. But he was allowed to be there for hours. And now three days have passed and there is no sign of anything being done. He came and went and may come again when he pleases." Still Dorothy pleaded. "I shall do my duty," said Miss Stanbury.

"I am quite sure mamma will do nothing wrong," said Dorothy. But the letter was written and sent, and the answer to the letter reached the house in the Close in due time.

When Miss Stanbury had read and re-read the very short reply which her niece had written, she became at first pale with dismay, and then red with renewed vigor and obstinacy. She had made herself, as she thought, quite certain of her facts before she had acted on her information. There was some equivocation, some most unworthy deceit in Priscilla's letter. Or could it be possible that she herself had been mistaken?

Another gentleman had been there,—not, however, with the object of seeing Mrs. Trevelyan! So said Priscilla. But she had made herself sure that the man in question was a man from London, a middle-aged man from London, who had specially asked for Mrs. Trevelyan, and who had at once been known to Mrs. Clegg, at the Lessboro' inn, to be Mrs. Trevelyan's lover. Miss Stanbury was very unhappy, and at last sent for Giles Hickbody. Giles Hickbody had never pretended to know the name. He had seen the man and had described him, "Quite a swell, ma'am; and a Lon'oner, and one as'd be up to anything; but not a young 'un; no, not just a young 'un, zartainly." He was cross-examined again now, and said that all he knew about the man's name was that there was a handle to it. This was ended by Miss Stanbury sending him down to Leesboro' to learn the very name of the gentleman, and by his coming back with that of the Honorable George Glascock written on a piece of paper. "They says now as he was arter the young 'ooman," said Giles Hickbody. Then was the confusion of Miss Stanbury complete.

It was late when Giles returned from Lessboro', and nothing could be done that night. It was too late to write a letter for the next morning's post. Miss Stanbury, who was as proud of her own discrimination as she was just and true, felt that a day of humiliation had indeed come for her. She hated Priscilla almost as vigorously as Priscilla hated her. To Priscilla she would not write to own her fault; but it was incumbent on her to confess it to Mrs. Stanbury. It was incumbent on her also to confess it to Dorothy. All that night she did not sleep, and the next morning she went about abashed, wretched, hardly mistress of her own maids. She must confess it also to Martha, and Martha would be very stern to her. Martha had pooh-poohed the whole story of the lover, seeming to think that there could be no reasonable objection to a lover past fifty.

"Dorothy," she said at last, about noon, "I have been over-hasty about your mother and this man. I am sorry for it, and must—beg—everybody's—pardon."

"I knew mamma would do nothing wrong," said Dorothy.

"To do wrong is human, and she, I suppose, is not more free than others; but in this matter I was misinformed. I shall write and beg her pardon; and now I beg your pardon."

"Not mine, Aunt Stanbury."

"Yes, yours and your mother's, and the lady's also,—for against her has the fault been most grievous. I shall write to your mother and express my contrition." She put off the evil hour of writing as long as she could, but before dinner the painful letter had been written, and carried by herself to the post. It was as follows:—

"The Close, August 3, 186—

"DEAR SISTER STANBURY,

"I have now learned that the information was false on which my former letter was based. I am heartily sorry for any annoyance I may have given you. I can only inform you that my intentions were good and upright. Nevertheless, I humbly beg your pardon.

"Yours truly,

"JEMIMA STANBURY."

Mrs. Stanbury, when she received this, was inclined to let the matter drop. That her sister-in-law should express such abject contrition was to her such a lowering of the great ones of the earth, that the apology conveyed more pain than pleasure. She could not hinder herself from sympathizing with all that her sister-in-law had felt when she had found herself called upon to humiliate herself. But it was no so with Priscilla. Mrs. Stanbury did not observe that her daughter's name was scrupulously avoided in the apology; but Priscilla observed it. She would not let the matter drop, without an attempt at the last word. She therefore wrote back again as follows:—

"Nuncombe Patney, August 4, 186—

"DEAR AUNT STANBURY,

"I am glad you have satisfied yourself about the gentleman who has so much disquieted you. I do not know that the whole affair would be worth a moment's consideration, were it not that mamma and I, living as we do so secluded a life, are peculiarly apt to feel any attack upon our good name,

which is pretty nearly all that is left to us. If ever there were women who should be free from attack, at any rate from those of their own family, we are such women. We never interfere with you, or with anybody; and I think you might abstain from harassing us by accusations.

"Pray do not write to mamma in such a strain again, unless you are quite sure of your ground.

"Yours truly,

"PRISCILLA STANBURY."

"Impudent vixen!" said Miss Stanbury to Martha, when she had read the letter. "Ill-conditioned, impudent vixen!"

"She was provoked, miss," said Martha.

"Well, yes, yes,—and I suppose it is right that you should tell me of it. I dare say it is part of what I ought to bear for being an old fool, and too cautious about my own flesh and blood. I will bear it. There. I was wrong, and I will say that I have been justly punished. There,—there!"

How very much would Miss Stanbury's tone have been changed had she known that at that very moment Colonel Osborne was eating his breakfast at Mrs. Crocket's inn, in Nuncombe Putney!

(To be continued.)

London Society.

LUCK IN FAMILIES.

WHAT a blessed thing it is to be born in a state of luck! The ancient Romans, towards whom I early imbibed a well-sustained feeling of aversion, reckoned good luck among the highest qualifications of a general. To be considered lucky by the world is the highest stroke of luck that can befall a man; for to be considered lucky in commercial circles is tantamount to the possession of vast credit; and through credit there have been vast operations effected, infinite scratchings on mercantile paper, and the construction of splendid fortunes. The history of successful commerce is the history of the marvels of credit, as such a house as Jones, Loyd & Co., can testify. As I go to and fro on the earth I hear of divers slices of luck, and I wonder when a slice, thick and juicy,

of that description of viand, will ever come to my watering mouth.

For one really does hear of extraordinary things which set the most unselfish and carefully balanced mind into an envious attitude of wishing to "get something." The only kind of an El Dorado that suggests itself to me is to take shares in a mine—a Peruvian mine if you like—but instead of stumbling upon golden ore or caves lighted up with precious stones, I have a presentiment that the first dividend would be paid out of capital; that we should fall to one per cent.; and that the shareholders would be placed under most unpleasant contributory towards making good all sorts of defalcations. Whereas there is a man in the west of England—the story is well known there—who took a thousand shares in a mine, and never had to pay more than a pound apiece for them; and on those shares he lived sumptuously, and out of the income of those shares he bought an estate for a hundred thousand pounds, and, finally, he sold those shares for half a million of money. There is a man in Berkshire who has got a park with a walled frontage of seven miles, and he tells of a beautiful little operation which made a nice little addition to his fortune. He was in Australia when the first discoveries of gold were made. The miners brought in their nuggets, and took them to the local banks. The bankers were a little nervous about the business, uncertain about the quality of the gold, and waiting to see its character established. This man had a taste for natural sciences, and knew something about metallurgy. He tried each test, solid and fluid, satisfied himself of the quality of the gold, and then, with all the money he had, or could borrow, he bought as much gold as might be, and showed a profit of a hundred thousand pounds in the course of a day or two. It is to be observed here that what we call luck is resolvable very often into what is really observation and knowledge, and a happy tact in applying them when a sudden opportunity arises. The late Joseph Hume was a happy instance of this. He went to India, and while he was still a young man he accumulated a considerable fortune. He saw that hardly any about him knew the native languages,

so he applied himself to the hard work of mastering them, and turned the knowledge to most profitable account. On one occasion, when all the gunpowder had failed the British army, he succeeded in scraping together a large amount of the necessary materials, and manufactured it for our troops. When he returned to England he canvassed with so much ability and earnestness for a seat in the East India Directorate, that he might carry out his scheme of reform, that though he failed to get the vote of a certain large proprietor of stock, he won his daughter's heart, and made a prosperous marriage. Ah! marriage is, after all, the luckiest bit of luck when it is all it should be. When Henry Baring, the late Lord Ashburton, travelled in America—not merely *diletante* travelling, but like Lord Milton in our days, piercing into untravelled wilds, meeting only a stray, enthusiastic naturalist like Audubon—he made his marriage with Miss Bingham, and so consolidated the American business of the great house of Baring. In an international point of view this was a happy marriage, for in after years it gave him a peculiar facility for concluding the great Ashburton treaty. We have just seen with universal satisfaction a great lady added to the peerage of Great Britain. Mr. Disraeli dedicated one of his works to the “severest of critics, but a perfect wife;” and at the Edinburgh banquet he told the guests how much he owed to his matchless wife. It is no secret how much of his fortunes he owed to her help, and how greatly he benefited by her sympathy and wisdom. The husband whom she so helped in his youthful struggles for fortune has in return made her a peeress, and we all wish happiness and long life to the Viscountess Beaconsfield. So lucky has Mr. Disraeli been in his wife, that it is hardly worth while alluding to the minor and subordinate circumstance that an old lady, a stranger, some years ago left him a legacy of thirty or forty thousand pounds, through admiration of his public character.

Yet it is hard to know when a man is lucky or when unlucky. If a man is going to lose a fortune in gambling, he generally has some strokes of luck at the commencement. If poor Lord Hastings had not made those lucky hits

when he first went on the turf, perhaps he would not have verified the family motto in a new, sad sense, and “scattered his arrows” so freely. What a world of meaning there is in the *Sparsimus tela* motto of the extinct house of Hastings! Oh, hollow glades and bowery loveliness of Castle Donington! what weird, sad whispers will next seem to sound for me when I may revisit those old ancestral haunts! There is a very distinguished nobleman who first tried his luck at sea before he became what men at sea call a land-shark. When young Thesiger gave up the trade of midshipman, I dare say some kind friends pronounced him a failure; but no one would say that of Lord Chancellor Chelmsford. There was another man who became a British peer through circumstances full of luck for the country, but which he doubtless always considered of direst unluck himself. A quiet, happy country gentleman was Mr. Graham, with abundant means and healthful tastes, a handsome estate and a handsome wife. There is a tale of his prowess related about his wife. They were at Edinburgh, and were going to a great ball, when, to her infinite annoyance, she found that she had left her jewel-case behind her. The distance was sixty or seventy miles, and it was not many hours before the ball was to come off. Graham took a fleet horse, and at the top of his speed rode away homewards in search of the jewel-case. He did his ride of a hundred and fifty miles in marvellously short time, and the ornaments were in time for the ball. When the wife, for whose comfort and pleasure he had so chivalrously acted, died, Mr. Graham was inconsolable. To alleviate his deep-seated melancholy he joined the army as a volunteer. Then commenced his splendid career as a soldier, in which he proved himself one of the most efficient and gallant of Wellington's lieutenants, and fought his way to pension and peerage. Such was the turning point in the history of the late Lord Lynedoch.

It has always struck me that the career of the late Baron Ward, who, from a stable-boy, became Prime Minister of Parma, was a remarkable instance of the union of luck and desert. I

abridge an account of him by one who knew him well.

"I cannot tell the exact year in which Ward entered the Duke of Lucca's service—it must have been between 1825 and 1830. He was for some years in the ducal stables, when his cleverness and good conduct attracted the favorable notice of his master. And as he was very fond of the English, he wished to attach Ward more closely to his immediate service; and notwithstanding his equestrian skill, he decided upon removing him from his stables, and making him his under valet de chambre. Ward owed this promotion entirely to his high character, integrity, and scrupulous English cleanliness. . . . Ward's rise in the service of the Duke of Lucca was extremely gradual, and was the result, not of capricious favor, but of the most well-grounded appreciation of his long-tried worth and his rare intelligence. . . . His extraordinary good sense and practical ability became gradually more and more apparent. The Duke soon began to see that his advice was good in matters far beyond the departments of his stable and of his wardrobe. He accordingly consulted him in many perplexed and difficult cases as they happened to occur; and he invariably found such benefit from the advice of his new counsellor, that he began to regard him as almost infallible. . . . The zeal and address which Ward displayed in the arrangement of some affair procured for him an unbounded influence with his master, who, soon after this, strongly urged him to accept of a portfolio, and to assume the public position of a Minister of State. This proposition Ward refused point blank. . . . The groom was elevated to the post of personal attendant, then of intendant of his stables and household, then of comptroller of his privy purse, then of Minister of State, and, in fact, Prime Minister, with baronial titles and manifold knightly decorations. Such was the elevation to which Ward had ascended at the present epoch of his history. He was the trusted adviser of his master in the knottiest questions of foreign politics, the arbiter of the most difficult points of international policy with other states, and the highest authority in all home affairs. He was one of those men of action who speed-

ily distinguish themselves wherever the game of life is to be played; quick to discern the character of those around him, and prompt to avail himself of their knowledge. Little hampered by the conventionalities which impose trammels on men born in an elevated station, and refined by elegant breeding, he generally attained his object by a *coup de main* before others had arranged their plans to oppose him. To these qualities, so instrumental to his success, he added a most rugged, unyielding honesty, and a loyal, single-hearted attachment to the person of his prince. Strong in his own conscious rectitude, and in the confiding regard of his sovereign, Ward stood alone and fearless against all the wiles and machinations of his formidable rivals, who, although armed against counter-wiles and counter-machinations, were quite unprepared against straightforward honesty. . . . One day about this time, when he entered the Duke's room, he found him occupied with a pencil and paper. 'Ward,' said his Royal Highness, 'I am drawing a coat of arms for you. As a mark of the esteem in which you are held by the Duchess as well as myself, you shall have armorial bearings compounded of her arms and my own. I will give you the silver cross of Savoy with the golden fleur de lis of France in dexter chief.' With many expressions of gratitude for the honor which was about to be conferred upon him, he asked permission to add something emblematical of his native country; and as he had heard that coats of arms sometimes had supporters, he would like to have the cross of Savoy and the lily of Bourbon supported by English John Bulls. 'So be it,' said the Duke. 'You shall have two bulls regardant for your supporters;' and thus the arms of Baron Ward may be found in 'Burke's Peerage' among those of Englishmen who have obtained foreign titles:—On a field gules, a cross argent, in the dexter chief, a shield azure, surmounted by a royal crown, and charged with a fleur de lys or; supporters, two bulls regardant proper. . . . In the beginning of the year 1854, Charles III., Duke of Parma, was suddenly removed from this world by a mysterious and violent death. One of the first acts of the Duchess, his widow,

forced by its popularity among the subjects of her infant son, was to depose Baron Ward from his ministry, and send him into banishment. . . . Ward was removed from the evil to come, and was called to exchange this world for a better before the last fatal outburst of ruin upon the family to whom he had devoted the active energies of his virtuous and useful life. After he was so suddenly and so harshly sacrificed by the course of events, and a vain attempt to conciliate popular favor, he entirely retired from public affairs. . . . Prince Metternich truly characterized him when, after the revolution of 1848, he visited that illustrious minister in his retirement at Brighton, by greeting him as a 'heaven-born diplomatist.' . . . He undertook a large farming establishment in the neighborhood of Vienna, and spent his last few years in the enjoyment of domestic happiness with his wife and children. . . . In 1858 Baron Ward died at the age of forty-nine; and he has left us a memorable example how integrity, talent, and courage can raise a man from the lowest position to ride on the high places of the earth, and to be an honor to his native country."

The annals of our courts of law are peculiarly affluent in giving instances of luck in families. But here, as elsewhere, what is good luck in one direction, is sure to turn up as bad luck in another. The representatives of the Duke of Kingston, when they obtained the large sum left as a jointure to his widow, famous and handsome Elizabeth Chudleigh, were lucky in proving her former marriage with Lord Bristol; but his Duchess, convicted of bigamy, poor and disgraced, had to retire to Russia, where she lived many years before she died. Earl Talbot was in great lack when, ten years ago, the Shrewsbury titles, which made him Premier Earl of England, were assigned to him, and perhaps in still greater luck when, in the following year, the Shrewsbury estates were also assigned to him. Another remarkable *cause célèbre*, when the vast Bridgewater estates were involved, is one which more directly involved luck. In this case estates to the value of seventy thousand a year were at stake. The Earl of Bridgewater had devised these

large estates to Lord Alford, the son of Earl Brownlow, with the proviso that if he died before he had attained the title of Duke or Marquis of Bridgewater, then his heirs should not inherit the estates, but they should pass to the second brother, Charles Henry Cust. Lord Alford died in the life of his father, Earl Brownlow, leaving a son, and without having attained any higher grade in the peerage. Vice-Chancellor Lord Cranworth held that the condition not having been fulfilled, the estates passed away. An appeal was subsequently brought to the House of Lords, that is to say, to those few eminent personages who are known as the law lords, and to whom the House invariably relegates its judicial functions. It is rather interesting and amusing to attend the House of Lords on the occasion of the hearing of an appeal case. Two or three gentlemen in plain clothes are lounging about on the empty seats, paying more or less attention to the monotonous pleading of counsel at the bar, and the vast empty space of the glorious chamber contrasts strongly with the crowded appearance of the narrow section formed by the bar, beyond which none of us dare advance. It must, however, be said that the law lords well earn the five thousand a year pension; and though their body at times rather needs recruiting, and Lord Westbury has a decided tendency to absent himself, its decisions are received with the greatest respect. Their decision in the matter of the Bridgewater estates was decidedly against expectation. The Vice-Chancellor, an eminently sound and careful lawyer, had given it against the child, Lord Alford. The House of Lords submitted a series of questions to their assessors, the judges, and the judges, by a very large preponderance, also gave their voices against the infant. Nevertheless the House of Lords—that is to say Lords Lyndhurst, Brougham, Truro, and St. Leonards—took a view utterly conflicting with that of the judges of the land and that of the Vice-Chancellor, who at the time of the appeal had become Lord Chancellor Cranworth. They held that the conditions of the bequest were void, as being against public policy, it being a well-established rule of law that a condition against the pub-

lie good is illegal and void. All the law lords agreed that the condition was against public policy. They drew pictures, not very flattering, of what ministers might do. A peer of the realm, with seventy thousand a year at stake, might be able to bring mighty inducements and temptations to bear, to which poor human nature must necessarily succumb. Here would be a young nobleman attempting to prescribe to the Crown what should be his exact title, with its conditions and limitations. Such a condition would bring on parties a painful pressure, and irresistible temptation. Lord Alford might be induced to use all kinds of undue means to gain his elevation. A peer was a judge, an adviser of the Crown, a member of the legislature; and conditions such as these, taking men as they were, and human nature as it is, must necessarily have a tendency to fetter a man's free agency. His mind would be bent less upon his duties, and with a less independent bias when his fortunes were at stake upon his promotion. Under these circumstances the four law lords, reversing the opinion of the court below, confirmed Lord Alford in the possession of the estates, by holding those conditions to be void according to the non-fulfilment of which he would incur their forfeiture. A constitutional decision by these great lawyers cannot but be received with respect; and yet Lord Cranworth's argument on the other side is very convincing, and so is the opinion of the judges. The present Earl Brownlow may certainly be considered an extremely lucky man in overthrowing such a body of legal opinions, and through the voice of a legal minority gaining such enormous advantages.

And now let us take another *cause célèbre*. It shall have a stroke of luck in it. One day a man was lounging about in the grounds of Ashton Hall, the fine old seat of the Smythes. He knew the place well. A near relative of his had been housekeeper there for years. He had made it his business to collect all the information he could respecting the family. The estates attached to the title were very great, producing a rent-roll estimated not far from thirty thousand a year. The lord of these large possessions, in a broken and uncertain state, was ill at the Hall.

The day on which this man was prowling about the grounds was destined to be the baronet's last day on earth. The following morning he was found dead in his bed. That this man was in the grounds that day there is no doubt; the fact is proved and is uncontested. A remarkable sort of man, quite middle-aged, with great precision of dress and manner, sallow, iron-gray, dressed in black; one who described himself as a schoolmaster and lecturer, and who looked the character. This was stated—that this eventful evening he sought and obtained an interview with the baronet; that he announced himself as his nephew, the son of his eldest brother by a previous marriage, the rightful heir of the title and estates which he had so long improperly enjoyed. The old man was thrown into such a dreadful state of perturbation, that the visitor added, that his object was to establish his rights for his family, and not to disturb him in possession. The baronet was unable to resist the proofs of relationship, and acknowledged his nephew, giving him a fifty-pound note, and promising to make an arrangement. The shock, however, was too much for him, and he died next morning.

Great doubt was thrown upon the statement whether this man, who called himself Sir Richard Hugh Smythe, and whom his enemies called John Provis, ever had this fatal interview with the baronet. However that may be, at his death the estates passed to his daughter Florence and her issue. The claimant, however, by no means lost sight of his case. He collected a great deal of oral testimony, not forgetting Bible, pictures, seals, rings, certificates, calculated to sustain his cause. He was a poor man, and had no means of pushing his claim. At last lawyers were found who looked favorably on his case, and were willing to stake their money on it. Some mention was made of a bond of twenty thousand pounds; and it was stated that for every pound advanced, there was an annuity to be paid. The case eventually came on for trial at Gloucester, before Mr. Justice Coleridge and a special jury. Mr. Bovill, the present Lord Chief Justice, in the absence of his seniors, Sir F. Kelly and Mr. Keating, conducted the plaintiff's case, and Sir Frederick Thesiger led an army of

five counsel for the defendant. The claim was that he was the son of Sir Hugh Smythe, who married Jane, the only daughter of Count Vandenberg, by Jane, daughter of Major Goodkin of Court Macsherry.

Sir Hugh Smythe gave his evidence with the utmost coolness. While his own counsel was examining him there was nothing to check the easy flow of autobiographic narrative. He recounted his earliest impressions: how while under the carpenter's roof of the name of Provis, he was treated like a little lord in the village; how ladies of the highest rank visited him; and how the Marchioness of Bath, when he was only thirteen, gave him fifteen hundred pounds which had belonged to his mother, and various documents necessary to establish his birth. He said that his reputed father, John Provis of Warminster, a carpenter, gave him a Bible, some jewellery belonging to his mother, his father's portrait, and a brooch marked "Jane Goodkin." It was also stated that he was for some time at Winchester School. He gave an account how he had been a lecturer on educational subjects, in this country and abroad, and then turned lecturer on oratory, and actually lectured before the Queen at Buckingham Palace. The truth of this statement was left untested. When, however, the witness got into the hands of Sir Frederick Thesiger, there ensued one of the most memorable and searching cross-examinations known in forensic history. In the first place, the educational lecturer altogether broke down in his spelling. Asked to spell "vicissitudes," he spelt it "vissicitudes;" and when there was a laugh, he said he could give authority for such spelling in the dictionaries. Asked to spell "scrutiny," he spelt it "screw-teny," and insisted to the judge that many persons spelt it in that way. He spelt "whom," "whome," and "set aside," "sett asside." In his speaking he had the curious habit of thus doubling his consonants; and one of the signatures impugned as forgery, was "Dobbson," instead of "Dobson." This false spelling constantly appeared in the documents, and so impugned their authenticity. He got very restless as Sir Frederick's cross-examination increased

in severity. He declared he would say nothing except in answer to a question. He used some insulting expression to counsel. At one time he sat down terrified and exhausted by the process of cross-examination. An anonymous letter was sent to the judge, which he produced in court, urging that he ought not to be unfairly pressed. At six o'clock in the evening the cross-examination was suspended till the following morning.

The next morning a telegraphic despatch reached Sir Frederick Thesiger from town. This was a signal instance of the advantages of publicity in trials and of the facilities afforded by the electric telegraph. It was said that the electric wires hanged John Tawell, and they were almost equally fatal to the cause of the pseudo baronet. A jeweller in Oxford Street sent word that he could give some important information. Messages were interchanged, and Sir Frederick was requested to ask him whether he had not directed the name of Goodkin to be engraved on the brooch. He now completely broke down under examination. He turned very pale, and asked permission to leave the court to recruit himself. Had he done this he might have escaped, and have avoided his coming doom. At last Sir Frederick put the terrible question whether he had not been in gaol for horse-stealing during some period of eighteen months, of which he had given a very different account? Then Sir Frederick, taking up the telegraphic message, amid breathless silence, asked him whether he had not directed the name of Goodkin to be engraved on the brooch, by a jeweller in Oxford Street, a short time before? The witness acknowledged that he had. There was the utmost sensation at this avowal. Of course there was an end of the case. There were many more witnesses—about a hundred and thirty, including both sides—to be examined, but this utter failure of the principal witness settled the case. The counsel for the plaintiff threw up their briefs. The unhappy man was immediately ordered into custody by the judge for wilful and corrupt perjury, and was received by a javelin man in a neighboring apartment. It was stated that there were about eighty witnesses in attendance to disprove every al-

leged fact in his case; and the Smythe family spent some six thousand pounds in overthrowing this monstrous claim.

He was afterwards tried at Gloucester for forgery, and sentenced to twenty years' transportation. So heavy were the stakes for which he had played—title and fortune on the one hand and transportation on the other. The whole history of this wonderful fabric of deception came out on the criminal trial. The one strange fact was that he certainly had received some education at Winchester College. Otherwise there never was a clearer case of imposture, without even the slenderest basis for the huge superstructure of deceit. His own sister identified him as the plain workman's son. There never had been the least doubt about his name, though he had turned lecturer and assumed another. His career was traced step by step. It was shown that he was a man of bad character, with a large intermixture of the fool, and at one time had been under sentence of death for horse-stealing.

The Shirley family, in the possession of the earldom of Ferrers, and vast estates in Leicestershire and Staffordshire, have made considerable contributions to juridical literature. The trial of Lawrence Shirley, the fourth earl, for the murder of his steward, Johnson, is one of the ugliest cases in the ugly literature of murder. My own impression is that Lord Ferrers was mad; but though the plea of insanity is often so successful, yet if a nobleman commits a murder, he is a very unlikely kind of criminal to derive any benefit from it. He appears, like so many other criminals, to have worked himself habitually into fits of passion, in which he hardly was sane. Passion, oftener than anything else, causes murder, and in many more cases it causes death through some sudden access of disease. In this case Lord Ferrers declared that he bore poor Johnson no malice, and did not know what he was doing. He left large legacies, never paid, to the children of his victim, and also made compensation to other persons whom he had injured in fits of passion. The king refused to commute his sentence, but he had the poor satisfaction of going to Tyburn in his own landau, and being hung by a silken rope. His

widow became Duchess of Argyle. He was the great-great uncle of the present lord, and it has been stated that a gibbet has been erected in Chartley Wood for the purpose of hanging him in effigy.

A much more pleasing reminiscence of the family of Ferrers is preserved in Mr. T. B. Potter's "Walks round Loughborough," and by Sir Bernard Burke, of which we give a *résumé*:

"The seventh Earl Ferrers inherited some of that eccentricity of his family, which in the case of one of his line had led to such sad results. Disliking the splendid seat of Staunton Harold, probably from the painful associations connected with it, he erected mansions on other portions of his large estates. Rakedale Hall was one of these, Ratcliff Hall was another. He had quarrelled with his only son, the amiable and accomplished Lord Tamworth, and the latter had died without any reconciliation having taken place. One morning a woman of plebeian appearance came to the Hall, and at first requested, and then being refused, demanded an audience of his lordship. She was at last ushered into the study, and she led by the hand a little girl of three years old, for whose support, as the *grandchild of the earl*, she suppliantly pleaded for some assistance. He looked down on the child, and relaxing and relenting, said, "Ay, you have Tamworth's eyes." This likeness to Lord Tamworth, the little one's innocent prattle, and perhaps some compunctious feelings for his late coldness to his son, made a strong impression on the Earl's heart. He took the child on his knee; his stern heart was softened, and from that moment he formed the resolution of adopting her. During his lifetime she never left him, but became the solace of his declining years. He bestowed great pains on her education, and by his will appointed Mr. Charles Godfrey Mundy, of Burton Hall, her sole guardian, with an allowance of three thousand pounds a year for her maintenance during minority, and bequeathed her the beautiful manors of Rakedale, Ratcliff, &c., with a large amount of personal property.

"Miss Shirley, as she was always called, was removed to Burton Hall; for she had been entirely separated from her mother, who had married an humble inn-

keeper of Lyston, receiving a small annuity, on condition that she should not have any intercourse with her daughter.

"One day the mother was brought in by one of the domestics as a visitor; the young ladies pursued their drawing, none of them being at all conscious of any relationship between themselves and the rustic stranger. A picture or two had been described, but the woman's eye could not be diverted; she only saw her daughter, and in her overpowering emotion threw herself on her daughter's neck. The scene need not be described further.

"There was a stipulation in the will of the late Earl, that Miss Shirley should spend three months of every year upon the Continent. During a sojourn in Italy she was introduced to the young Duke de Sforza, to whom she was afterwards united. The little girl whom I first introduced to the reader in the character of an humble suppliant at the door of Rakedale, is now the Duchess de Sforza, wife of one of the most distinguished men in Europe, and owner of Rakedale Hall itself, and the fine estates that surround it. The Duke and Duchess reside on the Duke's ancestral home in Romagna. They rarely visit England.

"Three or four years ago, a stranger and his wife were observed sketching, for several days in succession, the remarkable ancient manor house of the Shirleys, called Rakedale Old Hall.

"Even the children of the village learned to love the strangers for their gentle manners, and still more, perhaps, for the presents that were bestowed upon them; and there was a universal gloom in the village, when 'the artist and his wife announced that they would not return again.' The morning after their departure a letter was received by the principal farmer, 'conveying grateful thanks to the inhabitants for their kind and hospitable attentions, and enclosing a cheque for a handsome sum for distribution among the cottagers and their children.' The letter destroyed the incognito. The artist and his wife were the Duke and Duchess de Sforza. In the summer of 1861, an antiquary rambling in North Leicestershire, was induced to visit the secluded hamlet, a few miles east of Melton Mowbray. He

had been attracted to this spot by the fame of the old Hall as a remarkably fine specimen of Jacobean architecture. He was descending the hill that overhangs the village, when groups of well-dressed rustics met his eye. The word welcome, too, affixed in flowers on an arch that spanned the entrance to the Hall, gave sign of rejoicing. 'What holiday are you celebrating?' said my antiquarian friend to the civil rustic who opened the gate. 'It's the visit of the Duchess,' was the reply; 'and there she comes,' said he, pointing to a carriage descending the hill.

"A loud shout proceeded from the rustics, and the two bells of the little chapel adjoining the Hall at once began to jingle the best peal the dual could produce. The carriage entered the Hall gates, and a lady of middle age was handed out by a soldier-like young man who accompanied her. With bare heads the farmers and laborers made their best bows to the Duchess and her son."

The last judicial appearance made by any of the Shirley family was that famous Breach of Promise of Marriage case brought by Miss Mary Elizabeth Smith against Washington, Earl Ferrers. There was a great deal of mystery about this case; and although the plaintiff's case entirely broke down, and the Solicitor-General (Sir Fitzroy Kelly) elected to be nonsuited, yet many facts were left unexplained. The plaintiff afterwards published a pamphlet on the subject, which, in the eyes of her friends, would make considerable excuses for her conduct. On the very night before the trial came on she was pressed by the Solicitor-General and her other counsel in the strongest way, and she was told, that if she had any sort of reservation or deception on her mind it would certainly be detected, and she would at once lose her cause; and she was told that the abandonment of proceedings would be infinitely less painful than the consequent degradation. Still she persevered, and her friends supported her with their full credence. There is no doubt that she and Lord Ferrers had known each other when boy and girl in the same village. After they had been separated for years, Lord Ferrers received an anonymous letter, advising him to go to a ball at Tamworth:

"There will, to my knowledge, be a young lady at the ball whom I wish you to see and dance with. She is very beautiful, has dark hair and eyes—in short, she is haughty and graceful as a Spaniard, tall and majestic as a Circassian, beautiful as an Italian; I can say no more." Four letters in this strain were produced in court. Sir Frederick Thesiger, in the course of one of his most adroit and successful cross-examinations, showed through the young lady's mother that these letters must have been written by her daughter, the plaintiff. On this point it was that her case broke down. It was also suggested by Sir Frederick that the love-letters, purporting to be Lord Ferrers', but which by no possibility could be his, were forged by the plaintiff. In her pamphlet Miss Smith acknowledged that these four silly romantic letters were written by her, with a view of bringing about a renewal of old acquaintance, but she altogether denies that her confession of this fact involves the rejection of her case. It is a fact worth mentioning that her leading counsel, the Solicitor-General, was absent almost entirely during the progress of the cause. Miss Smith declares that if the individual whom she repeatedly met—and there was some confirmatory evidence of this statement—was not Lord Ferrers, there was some one who was like him, and who assumed his name. It is of course possible that some personation of this kind might have been effected. It was made clearer than sunlight that Lord Ferrers had run the chance of being made the victim of a conspiracy. Possibly she may have been made the dupe of some designing person acquainted with the previous circumstances and her romantic disposition. Perhaps, also, at an age when the judgment is unripe, and the temperament least governed, she may have been influenced by passion and ambition, and that abnormal cunning which under such circumstances is often developed in the young. Let us hope that in either case the errors of youth were atoned for by a useful and well-balanced life. At any rate, this remarkable trial forms a curious chapter in family history, and the vicissitudes of the cause give us some singular illustrations of Luck.

Macmillan.

THE LAST OF NELSON'S CAPTAINS.

ON the 8th of January the last survivor of Nelson's captains, the Paladins of the great war, sank to his rest calmly at Greenwich, a hale old sea-king of eighty-six. Sir James A. Gordon had been Governor of the Hospital since 1853, and became Admiral of the Fleet just a year since, on the 30th of January, 1868. He entered the navy in November, 1793, at the mature age of ten years, straight from his father's house, Kildrummie Castle, Aberdeen; was posted in May, 1805, several years before the Premier was born; and had been nine times gazetted for conspicuous gallantry in the face of an enemy while Mr. Gladstone was still in the nursery. The race to which he belonged stands out as clearly as Napoleon's marshals, of whom they were the contemporaries. Nelson's captains, now that we can look at them as a group of historical personages, strike us as on the whole the most daring set of men ever thrown together for one work. Were it not for their uniform success, and the thoroughness with which they carried through that work, one might be inclined to call them foolhardy disciples of the chief who "did not know Mr. Fear."

As a boy, Sir James fought in the general actions, under Lord Bridport, at Cape St. Vincent and the Nile, and took part in a dozen minor engagements and cuttings-out, which are chronicled in the faithful pages of James.

But it was not until 1811 that his great chance in life came. In that year he was captain of the *Active* frigate, cruising in the Adriatic under Hoste. They were three frigates and a 22-gun ship, the *Volage*. When off Lissa a French and Venetian fleet of six frigates, a 16-gun corvette, and two gunboats came in sight. Hoste wore at once, and signalled "Remember Nelson," and the four English ships went into action with 128 guns less than the enemy, and 880 men against 2,600. In half an hour the *Floré*, 40-gun frigate, struck to the *Active*; but Gordon, without waiting to send a prize crew on board, followed the *Corona*, another French frigate, and took her within shot of the batteries of Lissa. Meantime the *Floré* had stolen away

no one knew where, and the able editors of the day denounced her captain for treachery in not waiting for the captor's return, and blamed Gordon for not securing her. Hoste only remarked that they didn't know Gordon if they thought he would waste a minute on a prize while an enemy's flag was flying.

Six months later in the same waters, Maxwell in the *Alceste*, and Gordon in the *Active*, came up and fought through a long autumn day with the *Pomone* and *Pauline*, French frigates running for Trieste. Gordon's leg was carried away by a 36-pounder, but the *Pauline* was taken, and Maxwell brought the sword of Rosamil, the French captain, to Gordon, as his by right.

In 1812 Gordon, now with a wooden leg, was again afloat, captain of the *Sea Horse*; and in 1814 was under Cochrane on the American station. In August, Cochrane and Ross resolved on the raid on Washington; and Gordon, with a small squadron, was ordered to sail up the Potomac, in support of the land-forces. He started on the 17th, and struggled up to Fort Washington in ten days. "We were without pilots," he writes, "to assist us through that difficult part of the river called Kettles Bottoms, consequently each of the ships was aground twenty times, and the crews were employed in warping five whole days." On the 27th he took Fort Washington, and on the next day appeared off Alexandria, and offered terms of capitulation to the town which our cousins found hard of digestion. Washington city had been abandoned by Ross on the 25th, after the public buildings were burnt. The whole country was rising, and here was this impudent one-legged captain insisting that the merchant ships which had been sunk on his approach should be delivered to him, with all merchandise on board, or—. The army was already back at the coast; there was not the slightest chance of support, and his difficulties were increasing every hour; but the Alexandrians soon found that nothing but his own terms would get rid of this one-legged man. So the sunk merchantmen were "weighed, masted, hove down, calked, rigged, and loaded" with the cargoes which had been put ashore, even down to the cabin

furniture, and with twenty-one of them as prizes, at the end of three days Gordon started to run the gantlet back to the sea, our cousins vowing that they would teach him something about "terms of capitulation" before he got there. And they worked hard to keep their vow, and at one point (name unknown) had nearly effected their purpose by aid of a strong battery and three fireships. But Gordon in the *Sea Horse*, and Charles Napier in the *Euryalus*, anchored at short musket range right off the battery, and succeeded in almost silencing it: a daring middy or two towed away the fireships, and the whole fleet of merchantmen slipped by. And so Gordon got down to the sea, with a total loss of three officers and sixty-one men, after twenty-three days' operations, in which the hammocks were down only two nights. No stranger feat of daring was ever performed than this, now nearly forgotten.

His last command was in his old ship the *Active*, to which he was appointed in 1819; and in 1826 he was made superintendent of Plymouth Victualling Yard, at which time, so far as we know, his work as a fighting-man ceased. Stop—we are wrong; on one occasion the old sea-lion was brought to bay. He attended the coronation of William IV., like a loyal messmate, in full admiral's uniform, with his orders, and the gold medal which had been awarded him after Lissa, on his breast. He walked away from the ceremony, and at a narrow street-corner in Westminster was hailed by a leading rough in the crowd with, "By God! that's Jem Gordon. He flogged me in the *Active*, and now, mates, let's settle him." The Admiral put his back to the wall, and looked the fellow in the face. "I don't remember you," said he, "but if I flogged you in the *Active*, you d—d rascal, you deserved it. Come on!" Whereupon the crowd cheered, and suppressed his antagonist, and the Admiral stumped back to his hotel in peace.

Even with a wooden leg, he must have been a very formidable man in those days; for he stood six feet three inches, and had been all his life famous for feats of strength and activity. He could heave the lead further than any man in

his best crews, and before his accident had been known to leap in and out of six empty water hogsheads placed in line on the deck.

For the last sixteen years he has been living, full of years and honors, at Greenwich, and now he lies buried amongst his comrades, and has left the grand heritage of an unsullied name to his numerous grandchildren.

Heaven keep England from any such war as that in which James A. Gordon earned his good-service pension of 300*l.* a year and his Grand Cross of the Bath; but, if England is ever fated to endure the like again, Heaven send her such captains as James A. Gordon and his peers.

Westminster Review.

THE STRUGGLE FOR EMPIRE WITH THE MAHRATTAS.

THE COURT of Directors has often been represented as having been actuated by an insatiable lust for dominion in their dealings with the native states of Hindustan, but certainly with very little justice. Never, probably, did any body of men achieve greatness with so much reluctance and grievous heaviness of heart. "To live and let live," this was the maxim on which they would fain have acted, had the fates permitted them. They were a mercantile corporation, careful only for dividends. Their ideal of an Indian policy was to obtain the largest possible dividends with the smallest amount of trouble. If the native sovereigns chose to carry on a continual war among themselves, why should the East India Company interfere? On the contrary, might they not, amid the universal hubbub, be permitted to go on year by year netting those precious dividends, unnoticed and undisturbed? Acting upon such convictions, peace at any price was the sum total of their instructions to each successive Governor-General. Lord Cornwallis did his best to carry out their wishes, by attempting to preserve a balance of power among the native states. But he thoroughly recognized the importance of maintaining unsullied English prestige, and English reputation

for fidelity to our engagements. The promptness with which he took the field to avenge the unprovoked attack on the Raja of Travancore by Tippoo Sultan, the vigor and success with which the military operations were conducted, and the conditions of peace exacted from Tippoo under the walls of Seringapatam, elevated the English to a commanding position in India.

But under his successor, Sir John Shore, this reputation was frittered away. He allowed nothing to interfere with the ideal policy of the Court of Directors. He withdrew as much as possible from all participation in Indian politics. The English military establishments were permitted to fall into a state of most dangerous inefficiency. Our old and faithful ally, the Nizam of Hyderabad, was abandoned to the rapacity of the Mahrattas, who robbed him of a large portion of his dominions. Everywhere the British name and British power were spoken of with contempt. Accustomed to see dynasties and kingdoms flourish and wither away in incredibly brief periods of time, the people of India fancied that the dominion of the English was already on the wane. It would not have been long before the symptoms of weakness would have been construed into signals for aggression; and when the Marquess Wellesley (then Earl of Mornington) landed in India, our empire in the East was in an extremely critical condition. We had not a single ally on whom we could depend, and our very existence was menaced on every side by formidable foes. Tippoo Sultan had greatly recruited his resources. He was animated with his old deadly hatred against the English, and was intriguing right and left with the French nation, with the Mahrattas, with the Court of Hyderabad, for the destruction of English power. The whole power of the Mahratta state had passed into the hands of Dowlut Rao Scindiah, a chief avowedly hostile to the English nation; while, as a dark background to the picture, loomed the imminent probability of a renewed struggle for Indian ascendancy with the French Republic.

The hope of re-erecting a French empire in India was still fondly cherished by the French people; and at this time the extraordinary successes of the French

armies—the apparent invincibility and inordinate ambition of Bonaparte—the plans of universal conquest which he was so fond of proclaiming to the world, seemed to indicate that the period for a second struggle had arrived. Every eye was on the watch for the first symptoms of the coming storm. Every native court was agitated with rumors of French interference, and the political condition of one-half of Hindustan seemed to invite it.

The Sultan of Mysore had actually concluded an alliance with the representatives of the French Republic in the Isle of France, and French officers were reported to be on their way to assume charge of his troops. The Nizam, convinced by the apathy of Sir John Shore that no aid was to be expected from the English against the insatiable Mahrattas, had turned, in his despair, to the French. A corps of 14,000 men, and a large train of artillery, officered and disciplined by French adventurers, held military possession of the Hyderabad territory. Lands had been made over to the commandant, M. Raymond, to insure their regular payment, arsenals and foundries formed for their equipment, and nothing had been spared which could add to their efficiency and stability. M. Raymond was a man of ability, and he and all his officers were deeply impressed with the Jacobinical feeling of hostility against the English nation. His battalions carried the colors of the French Republic (then at war with England), and the cap of liberty was engraved upon the buttons of their clothing. French officers were continually arriving at Hyderabad by secret routes, to re-enforce this formidable army; and it was observed that wherever any detachment of the force was stationed, a strong feeling of hostility grew up against the British. Thus, in the very heart of the dominions of a nominal ally, and close to the frontier of our most active and unscrupulous enemy, was established what might without any exaggeration be termed a French army of 14,000 men. At the same time, such was the weakness of the Nizam's government, that in the case of war breaking out with Tippoo—a war known to be inevitable—it was nearly certain that M. Raymond would openly join

him, seize the Nizam's territories, and secure them for the French Republic, under an alliance offensive and defensive with Tippoo.

This danger, again, was greatly increased by the constitution of Scindiah's army. The situation of Scindiah's territories in Hindustan would, under any circumstances, have been a source of constant menace to British interests. Some of his principal posts extended far into our dominions, and the possession of Agra, Delhi, and the right bank of the Jumna, gave him the command of almost the whole extent of our north-west frontier. These provinces were at this time defended by sixteen battalions of infantry, drilled and disciplined in the European fashion, and one hundred pieces of cannon. These troops were the finest hitherto seen in India, and, until opposed by the English, deemed to be invincible. No troops in Asia, and few in Europe, ever underwent more fatigue or shared in harder fighting during twenty years of active service in the field. Their life was one long campaign, and the conquests of the Mahrattas, from the river Chumbul to the Sewalick mountains, were won by these war-bred battalions alone. Nothing was spared which could insure their fidelity. Their pay was regularly disbursed. Officers and soldiers when wounded received a gratuity varying from fifteen days' to three or four months' pay, according to the severity of their injuries, without any stoppages during the time they were disabled. Pensions and grants of land were freely distributed among those who had suffered upon service. Their arms, accoutrements, artillery, and munitions of war were superior to those used in the British army.*

The commandant of this army was M. Perron, a French adventurer, a brave and energetic soldier, and bitterly hostile to the English. Since his accession to the command, he had filled every post

* "Their army is better appointed than ours. No expense is spared whatever; they have three times the number of men to a gun we have; their bullocks, of which they have many more than we have, are of a very superior quality; all their men's knapsacks and baggage are carried upon camels, by which means they can march double the distance."—*General Lake to the Marquess Wellesley.*

in the army with French officers. The protracted absence of Scindiah in the Deccan, the weakness and distractions in his court, had thrown additional power into his hands. The inhabitants of the Doab regarded him as their ruler; the troops as the executive authority from whom they received orders, pay, and subsistence. Shah Alum, the reigning emperor, was a passive instrument in his hands, to be turned to any use his keeper pleased. Perron was, in fact, the ruler of an independent French state, having possession of the person of the emperor, the two imperial cities of Agra and Delhi, and in command of the most efficient army of regular infantry, and the most powerful train of artillery, then in India. The officers of this great army were in constant communication with their countrymen in the state of Hyderabad. Scindiah was known to be in communication with Tippoo, and it was not improbable that these potentates would unite in an attack upon the dominions of the Nizam. The junction thus effected by the French officers in the several armies of the Nizam, Scindiah, and Tippoo—the blind and unreasoning manner in which native troops generally follow those they have been accustomed to look up to—would have given to the watchful ambition of the French Republic the very opportunity they had waited for so long, and the power of France in India would in all probability have been re-established upon the ruins of the states of Poona and Hyderabad. Menaced thus on every side, the British possessions in India were hardly ever in a more defenceless condition. Our nominal allies were the Nizam of Hyderabad, and Bajee Rao, the Paishwa of the Mahrattas. The Nizam was powerless in the presence of the army he had created; and the Paishwa, destitute of men and money, hated and feared for his cowardice and treachery, was virtually a prisoner in his palace at Poona. Our finances were in an embarrassed condition, and our military establishment had sunk so low—especially on the Madras coast, where the fullest force of the storm would be felt—that the Government of Fort St. George entreated the Governor-General not to kindle the animosity of Tippoo by any warlike preparations. His resources,

they urged, were more available than our own, and he would indubitably overrun the Carnatic if we gave him the smallest excuse for doing so.*

Lord Mornington (or the Marquess Wellesley, as we shall call him in the present paper) landed in India on the 26th April, 1798. With the rapid intuition of genius he seems almost at once to have understood the dangers of the situation, and the nature of the remedies to be applied. He rejected the delusion that a state of anarchy immediately beyond the borders of the English possessions was any guarantee for their quiet and prosperity. He saw that sooner or later the want of subsistence in the countries wasted by war must cause the tide of depredation to flow across the frontier line of the British possessions. He perceived the folly of attempting to maintain a balance of power in a continent where the entire code of international law was comprised in the will of the strongest. The only means for securing the peace of the British possessions, for preserving the rest of Hindustan from anarchy and misery, and depriving the French of all

* Our readers will, we think, very heartily agree in the Governor-General's indignant comments on this extraordinary mode of reasoning. It is difficult," he writes, "to describe the pain and regret which that letter from the Government of Fort St. George occasioned in my mind; nor can I conceive that it is calculated to raise any other emotions in the mind of any friend to the prosperity of the British interests, or to the honor of the British name in India. If the facts and arguments stated in that letter be correct, it must now be admitted that the glorious successes of the last war in the Mysore... have terminated in no better result than to render Tippoo absolutely invincible, and to place the disposal of our fate in his hands. For, if the sentiments of the Government of Fort St. George be founded upon a just estimate of the relative conditions of Tippoo Sultan and the Company in India, he possesses the ready means of attack, while we cannot venture to resort even to those of defence; but, with a full knowledge of his hostility, of his offensive alliance publicly concluded with the enemy, and of his continual and advanced preparations for war, we must submit to remain unarmed, because any attempt 'to counteract his designs might possibly accelerate their execution. This argument against the prudence of preparing for our defence would become stronger every day in proportion to the progress of Tippoo's hostile preparations, until at length we should be reduced to the alternative either of implicit submission, or of incurring a much greater risk than any which can now be apprehended from assembling our defensive force."

hope of interfering with any effect in the troubled politics of India, were for us to abandon our neutral and apathetic attitude; to assume our proper position as the paramount power of Hindustan; and establish such a commanding authority at the various native courts that these endless wars of conquest should thenceforth be impossible, except through our agency, and when we permitted.

It does not belong to our subject to give any account of the various steps by which this new policy was carried out. Suffice it to say that in a very short time the French army in the territories of the Nizam had ceased to exist. An offensive and defensive alliance was concluded with the Nizam. An English force marched to Hyderabad, and surrounded the lines of the French army. Fourteen thousand men laid down their arms, and were disbanded; the French officers were shipped to Europe, and, in place of a hostile contingent, six battalions of English troops held military possession of the Hyderabad state. This bold and successful stroke was followed by the war with Tippoo—a war altogether due to the inveterate animosity of that sovereign, and which ended in his own death and the subversion of his dynasty.

The English now stood without a rival in India, except the Mahrattas. So long as these remained distracted with civil dissensions, there was nothing to fear from them. But the French—ever on the watch—might at any moment take advantage of the ceaseless confusion, to appear as the nominal supporter of one or other of the rival chieftains. It was therefore obviously the policy of the British Government to establish such a system of alliances with the Mahratta chieftains as *would* prevent the possibility of such interference.*

* How deeply the necessity of guarding against French interference colored all our schemes of Indian policy at this time may be seen from the following remarks written by Major-General Wellesley in a defence of his brother's policy:—"In the consideration of all questions of Indian policy it is necessary to extend our views beyond those powers immediately possessing territory. It is well known that the French have never ceased to look to the re-establishment of their power in India; and although they possess no territory themselves on the continent, they have

The weakness of the Paishwa encouraged the Governor-General to hope that there would be small difficulty in inducing him to accept of English assistance on the same terms as the Nizam of Hyderabad. The Paishwa played with the proposal; he was unwilling to accept it, if he could avoid doing so; he was unwilling to say "No," lest the offer should be altogether withdrawn. The Governor-General proposed a subsidiary alliance between the two governments. These subsidiary alliances were an English invention, and one for which the people of India have very little cause to be grateful, although it would be unjust to suppose the inventors foresaw the evil consequences which have resulted from them. The principle was simple enough. The Nizam of Hyderabad, the Nabob of Oude, the Paishwa of the Mahrattas, or whatever other potentate we selected, consented to cede a certain portion of territory, in exchange for which we supplied him with troops, and undertook to preserve him intact from all aggression from without or revolution within his territory. At first sight it seems as though such an arrangement could not fail to be of service to both parties. As far as we were concerned,

at all times had some influence in the councils of the different native powers, and sometimes great power by means of the European adventurers introduced into native armies. There can be no doubt but that the French Government would avail themselves of an instrument, such as the influence or power of these adventurers would give them, to prosecute their favorite plans in India; and it is equally certain, that whether at peace or at war with Great Britain, the object of every French statesman must be to diminish the influence, the power, and the prosperity of the British Government in India. I therefore conclude that, in the consideration of every question of Indian policy, or in an inquiry into the expediency of any political measure, it is absolutely necessary to view it, not only as it will affect Indian powers, but as it will affect the French."

The author of the *Siyar-ul-Mutakerin* speaks of the French and English as "two nations that had disputes among themselves of five or six hundred years' standing; and which, after proceeding to bloodshed, wars, battles, and massacres for a number of years, would lay down their arms by common agreement, and take breath on both sides, in order to come to blows again, and fight with as much fury as ever."

The same writer is of opinion that "the nation of hat-wearers"—meaning the English—"have no equals in the art of firing their artillery and musketry with both order and rapidity."

there was no doubt of the advantage. In every territory thus subsidized, a military force which could not act against us was established beyond the frontiers of our possessions. We obtained under all contingencies the command of the military resources of a number of provinces without any increase of expenditure. But there was a reverse side to this picture. Security and permanence, which form the foundation of political progress in the West, act in a directly opposite manner on the despotic governments of the East. A half-educated, irresponsible Eastern despot never is very likely to govern as a good king: but, left to himself, there is always the chance of a revolution in the palace, a sudden insurrection in the streets, poison or assassination, to deter him from completely neglecting the duties of his position. The same probabilities act in a beneficial manner on the conduct of his ministers. But these subsidiary alliances crushed all such expressions of the popular will—expressions which, under the conditions of Eastern despotism, may be considered almost as constitutional as pulling down the railings of Hyde Park, or holding mob meetings in Trafalgar Square. They are, in truth, the only way in which the voice of the people can make itself heard. The kings, freed from all such restraints—feeling too, perhaps, the humiliating and dependent nature of their position—sank in almost every instance into indolent voluptuaries; the ministers, secure of their position if only they expressed their devotion to the English alliance, became monsters of extortion and corruption. There are no passages in the history of the English in India more saddening and disgraceful to read than the long series of evils which these alliances brought upon the countries which entered into them. They were, in truth, the “pitted speck in garnered fruit, which rotting inwards slowly moulders all.” An instance nearer home of the utter paralysis with which such an alliance strikes the body politic may be found in the internal condition of the papal dominions when defended by French bayonets.

It can easily be conceived that this humiliating dependence upon a foreign power must have been hateful to every prince who retained a particle of self-

respect, and was not altogether unable to protect himself. It is not therefore surprising that the Paishwa, so long as there was any chance of preserving his independence and authority without submitting to the degradation of a subsidiary alliance, should have rejected “the moderate and salutary propositions” (as the Marquess pathetically terms them) of the English Government.

But the expulsion of the Paishwa from his capital, his arrival at Bassein under British protection, his forlorn and hopeless condition, threw him *volens volens* into the hands of the Governor-General. Colonel Close, the Resident at Poona, followed him to Bassein, and after a short negotiation a definitive treaty of alliance was concluded, and ratified by the Governor-General in council on the 28th January, 1803. By this treaty the English Government engaged to furnish the Paishwa with six battalions of native infantry, and a proper complement of field guns, manned by European artillerymen; the Paishwa on his part ceded certain territories for the payment of these troops, and undertook to exclude from his employ all Europeans that belonged to nations hostile to the English. The treaty was no sooner ratified than a force of ten thousand men, under the command of Major-General Arthur Wellesley, advanced from the British frontier for the recovery of Poona. Holkar abandoned the Paishwa's capital as they approached, and on the 13th of May the Paishwa himself reascended the musnud amid the thunders of the English artillery.

The tidings of this event passed like an electric shock from chief to chief of the Mahratta confederacy, and for a moment seemed to unite them by one common feeling of fear and indignation. Though still friendly in their language, rumors were soon afloat that Scindiah and Holkar meditated an accommodation of their disputes; that, at the instigation of Scindiah's minister, Raghojee Bhonslah, the Raja of Berar had taken the field at the head of a large army, and that the three combined chieftains intended at all hazards to frustrate the provisions of the treaty of Bassein. The Governor-General is very indignant at this design. He declares

"that the intricacy, perverse policy, and treachery of such an intrigue, however contrary to every principle of true wisdom and justice, are habitual to the low cunning and captious jealousy of the Mahrattas." The Mahrattas, however, knew perfectly well what they were about. They were not deceived by the apparent moderation of the treaty, or the peaceful professions of the English officials. They understood the future more clearly than we professed to do. Either they must accept the conditions of the treaty of Bassein, and in so doing relinquish henceforth and forever the crown of Indian supremacy, or set their lives upon the hazard of a battle-field. And it does not seem strange to us that the chieftains whose ancestors had subverted the empire of the Moghuls, and carried the Mahratta standard from the south of India to the banks of the Indus, elected for the nobler if more perilous alternative.

While the events were transacting at Poona which we have just related, Dowlut Rao Scindiah had assembled a large force at Oujein, the capital of his possessions in Malwa, and marching towards Poona, with the professed view of opposing Jeswunt Rao Holkar, he crossed the Nerbudda, and halted at Burhanpore, a town immediately on the frontier of the Nizam's territory. At the same time the Raja of Berar advanced towards the same place at the head of a second army.

Colonel Collins, the English Resident in the camp of Scindiah, demanded the reason of these hostile demonstrations. He extracted from Scindiah a confession that there was nothing in the treaty of Bassein hostile to his just rights; but to the inquiry whether Scindiah and the Raja of Berar intended to oppose that treaty, the former declined to give any direct reply. At the same time he lifted the veil from the future by concluding the conference with the menacing observation, that after he (Scindiah) had seen the Raja of Berar, the Resident should be informed "whether it would be peace or war." War from that moment was seen to be inevitable. In truth, there never had been but one purpose in the minds of the confederate chieftains, and they only protracted the discussions in the hope of inducing Jeswunt Rao

Holkar to enter the alliance. In this hope they were disappointed. He persisted in remaining neutral, and retired to Malwa. On the 3d of August Colonel Collins left Scindiah's camp, and his departure was considered by both parties as a declaration of war.

Though deeming it his duty to spare no efforts for the preservation of peace, so long as any hope of peace remained, the Marquess Wellesley was too sagacious a politician not to know that war was almost inevitable; and while Scindiah and the Raja of Berar were fondly hoping that they had blinded the eyes of the English Resident, the English preparations were rapidly pushed to completion. The plan of operations comprehended a tract of country extending from Delhi and the Presidencies of Fort William, Fort St. George, and Bombay, to Poona, Hyderabad, Guzerat, and Orissa, and, to quote the Governor-General's own words—

"Embraced, together with the security and defence of the British dominions, the important objects of defeating the confederate chieftains in the field; of establishing our allies, their Highnesses the Paishwa and the Nizam, in their respective legitimate governments; of securing the legitimate succession to the government of the Deccan; of delivering the unfortunate and aged Emperor Shah Alum and the royal house of Timour from misery, degradation, and bondage; and of extirpating the last remnant of French influence in India."

The army under Major-General Wellesley, together with the Nizam's contingent under the command of Colonel Stevenson, was directed to attack the forces under the personal command of Scindiah and the Raja of Berar. A simultaneous attack from Calcutta and Madras was to be made on the valuable province of Kuttack, in the dominions of the Berar Raja. The Government of Bombay was ordered to seize all Scindiah's seaport towns in Guzerat. On the north-west frontiers of Oude the army of Bengal, under General G. Lake, the commander-in-chief, was directed to assail Scindiah's territories in Hindustan, and effect the liberation of the emperor. The troops collected for these purpose sat various points of our dominions amounted to 54,918 men, exclusive of pioneers, gun-lascars, and persons attached to the store and ordnance

departments. Added to all this was the genius of the Governor-General, and his wonderful force of character. As one has well said who served under him, "His great mind pervaded the whole, and a portion of his spirit was infused into every agent whom he employed." From the commander-in-chief downwards to the youngest ensign in the service, the members of both services were animated by a personal zeal and loyalty for "the glorious little man," as he was called, which are almost unique in history. A keen insight into character enabled the Governor-General to discern, with an unerring accuracy, the fittest instruments for his purposes; and once selected, no man in the world ever understood better how to draw forth their utmost energies. He entrusted them freely with authority; he was lavish in his encouragements and praise; he treated them as friends; and no man in return was ever served with greater assiduity and completer disregard of selfish considerations.*

His administration is perhaps the most dazzling period in the history of British India, both for the brilliancy of the actions performed, and the character of the men who achieved them. Lake and

Wellesley commanded in the field. Of the last it is a work of supererogation to speak; and yet it is hardly possible for an Englishman to mention the great Duke without pausing for a moment to pay his tribute of reverential admiration. No portion of his great and glorious career gives clearer evidence of the clear-eyed penetration and sagacity of England's greatest soldier than his actions in the East. Although only a few years in India, and ignorant of the language, his despatches, his influence among the native chiefs, his mode of conducting war, all bear testimony to an understanding of the Mahratta character, and the wily and deceitful politicians with whom he had to deal, which the oldest political agent, after a life spent in native courts, might envy. General George Lake is another name endeared to the British army, like that of Viscount Gough (whom as a soldier he much resembled), for the simple greatness of his character, his brilliant courage, and his untiring care for the soldiers he commanded. Though no great general, he thoroughly understood the true method (according to Lord Napier of Magdala) of dealing with an Asiatic foe, namely, "to go straight at their heads upon every occasion."

Munro, Malcolm, Elphinstone, Jenkins, Metcalfe, were among the statesmen who learnt their craft in the school of the Marquess Wellesley. It is perhaps worth while to pause in our narrative, and consider for a few moments the principles which guided the conduct of these illustrious men. Before the great mutiny of 1857 they had fallen into considerable disrepute. Under the rule of Lord Dalhousie a race of statesmen had grown up who pronounced them antiquated. These new lights were men of ability, but, like their great leader, totally wanting in that imaginative sympathy which might have enabled them to judge with the judgment and feel with the feelings of those over whom they ruled. They seem to have regarded India, with her variety of races and languages, as a potter might do a piece of clay. She was, for purposes of improvement, to be treated provisionally as a dead thing, having neither interests to destroy, nor feelings to lacerate. Convinced of their own good intentions, they could not

* As a proof of the Governor-General's recognition of talent it may be stated that three of the young assistants in his office rose to the rank of acting governor-general—W. B. Bayley, Esq., Mr. Adam, and Sir Charles (afterwards Lord) Metcalfe. A short note from the last-mentioned is inserted here, as indicating the feelings with which his subordinates to their latest days continued to regard the Marquess. The writer was then Governor-General of India.

"My Lord,—Few things in life have given me greater pleasure than the receipt of your lordship's kind letter, delivered by Lieut. Campbell. It is now within a few days of thirty-four years since I had the honor of being presented to you. You were then Governor-General of India, and I was a boy of fifteen, entering on my career. I shall never forget the kindness with which you treated me from first to last during your stay in India; nor the honor and happiness I enjoyed in being for a considerable period a member of your family. So much depends on the first turn given to a man's course, that I have a right to attribute all of good that has since happened to me to the countenance and favor with which you distinguished me at that early period. My public principles were learned in your school, pre-eminently the school of honor, zeal, public spirit, and patriotism; and to my adherence to the principles there acquired I venture to ascribe all the success that has attended me."

understand that every native high or low should not rejoice to be made into a prosperous and contented being by the application of the latest philosophical methods for attaining these ends. If there was any benighted creature who complained of some of the collateral unpleasantnesses involved in the process of renovation, no regard was to be paid to him. Armed with one comprehensive formula, "the greatest happiness for the greatest number," they entered the field in the spirit of Malvolio, "so crammed as they thought with excellences that it was the ground of their faith that all who looked on them loved them." In this spirit they acted, ousting the talookdars in the north-western provinces, deposing kings, and annexing provinces, by means of the "appalling doctrine of lapse," creating heart-burnings, wounding feelings, and disregarding prejudices, until the great mutiny broke out, and convinced us that India was inhabited by human beings as well as other countries, and would not be treated as a potter treats his clay. Since then there has been a growing reaction in favor of the principles of the older school; a reaction which we hail with delight, as leading us back to the true path of progress and civilization in India. Those principles were briefly these,—that no lasting reformation could be carried out in India except by the active agency of the people themselves; that it was a delusion to suppose a few foreigners could carry on the business of an immense country unassisted by the people of the country. Intimately acquainted with the native character, they knew that we could no more do away with distinctions of rank, and create that dead level which Lord Dalhousie's school attempted to do, without incurring the peril of such a convulsion as the insurrection of 1857, than we could establish a dead level in England. In their reverence for everything old and traditional, in their deference for rank, in their rigid conservatism, the people of India very much resemble the people of England; and the process of change in the one nation must be gradual as it is in the other.

On the 6th of August intelligence arrived in General Wellesley's camp that Colonel Collins had left Scindiah's camp. On the 8th the troops were set in mo-

tion. The fortified town of Ahmednugur was attacked, and carried by escalade. Colonel Stevenson at the same time advanced from the side of Hyderabad, carried the fort of Jalnapore, and on the night of the 9th September beat up the camp of the confederate chieftains. A junction of the two divisions of the British army was effected at Budnapore, when it was agreed to march by separate routes, and assail the Mahratta army, which was said to have taken up a position near the village of Bokerdun. This separation of the army was unavoidable. The route to Bokerdun lay through narrow mountain defiles, which both divisions could not have threaded in a single day; beside which, had one of the passes through the hills been left open, the enemy would have taken advantage of it to escape southward while the English army moved in the opposite direction.

Wellesley timed his march so as to be within thirteen or fourteen miles of Bokerdun on the 23d of September; but on reaching his camping ground he heard that the whole Mahratta army was only five or six miles distant, and preparing to decamp. The troops were pushed on in pursuit, and on reaching the high ground overlooking the river Kailnah, came in sight of the enemy. On a tongue of land formed by the junction of the rivers Juah and Kailnah, 50,000 horse and foot stretched in one vast line along the opposite bank of the Kailnah. The troops that now moved steadily down to attack this huge host did not number five thousand, but there was only one feeling among them—that of their leader—"They cannot escape us." The English army, as they emerged from the hilly country, had struck upon the right wing of the enemy, in which he had massed the whole of his cavalry. But, deeming the destruction of his infantry and the capture of his guns would cripple him more effectually, the general determined to attack their left. The infantry were wheeled to the right, and passed the river Kailnah at a ford beyond the left of the Mahratta force. To meet the attack the Mahrattas threw back their left wing at right angles to their former position, with its right flank resting on the Kailnah, and its left on the fortified village of Assye.

Their infantry were disposed in two lines, and their guns planted along the front.

Wellesley at once perceived that it would be a mere waste of life to attack Assye, where the greatest weight of artillery was masked, and the enemy fought under cover. He sent orders accordingly to the officer in command of his right wing to keep his men out of fire, while he attacked the enemy with the centre and left of his line. Unhappily, these orders were misunderstood. The right wing marched steadily on Assye, amid a tremendous storm of grape and canister. The bullocks dragging the guns were killed, the guns had to be abandoned, and the line itself, "struck by the iron tempest, reeled and staggered like a sinking ship." The pickets on the right of the line, and the 74th Highlanders, were almost cut to pieces by the terrible severity of the fire, and a body of the enemy's horse, emboldened by the havoc in their ranks, attempted to charge. This movement compelled Wellesley to bring his cavalry reserves into action. The word was given them to charge. The 19th Dragoons (360 sabres in all), and the 4th Native Cavalry, moved rapidly to the front, the very wounded cheering them as they passed. They cut in upon the mass of Mahratta horse, and sent them flying from the field, and then dashed on against the infantry and guns. The guns fell for a moment into their possession, but the showers of musketry which rained from the mud walls of the village compelled them to relinquish their hardly-won spoil; and it was not till the right of the enemy's line had been driven, after an obstinate struggle, into the Juah, that any impression was made upon him at this point. As soon, however, as the right gave way, the left evacuated Assye, and, abandoning their guns, the whole army retreated across the Juah. The battle, however, was not yet over. A number of Mahrattas who had fallen as if dead when the English advanced, no sooner saw them pressing forward in full confidence of victory, than they rose from the ground and turned the captured guns upon their rear. General Wellesley put himself at the head of a few companies of infantry, and charged this unexpected foe. A severe hand-to-hand fight took place, the

Mahrattas defending their guns to the last with the indomitable pertinacity which distinguishes the Indian artilleryman. The General had one horse shot under him, and a second piked, and every member of his staff was wounded or dismounted before the struggle was over. In the mean while Colonel Maxwell, at the head of the cavalry, crossed the Juah in pursuit of the main body of the beaten army. Their cavalry fled from the field in the most dastardly manner, but the infantry were not broken up till after repeated charges of the English cavalry, in which service the gallant Maxwell lost his life.

The Mahrattas left twelve hundred men dead upon the field, and ninety-eight pieces of artillery, and the whole country was covered with their wounded. One-third of the English force had fallen. Could Wellesley have followed up the blow with his whole force, the Mahratta army would in a few days have been scattered to the winds; but he had to provide for the defence of the territories of the Paishwa and the Nizam.

"These things called allied governments," he writes in considerable bitterness of spirit, "are in such a state of deplorable weakness, they depend so entirely on us for the defence of their territories, and their power is so feeble over their own servants, who have so much connection with, and even dependence on, the enemy, that I have not means to move forward at once upon Asseerghur with my whole force, although I know if I could take that step with safety it would put an end to the war. But not one of the Nizam's forts is sufficiently garrisoned. He has not a soldier in the country, excepting those belonging to the Company; and his killidars and amildars would readily pay the money they have, just to be allowed to sit quietly in their forts and towns. As for the Paishwa, he has possession of his palace and nothing more; and he spends the little money he receives either upon the Brahmins, or upon women, rather than give any to his troops, or even to his menial servants."

Colonel Stevenson's corps, in consequence, was ordered to follow up the retreating enemy alone, Wellesley remaining behind to protect the dominions of our allies. In this operation the troops had to make what the General terms "some terrible marches," and the sufferings of the army would have been very great but for the General's strict

discipline, and his humane treatment of the country people.

The march of a Mahratta army was one continued scene of pillage, murder, and conflagration. Every unprotected village was plundered and fired, the crops torn up by the roots; whenever the smallest resistance was attempted, the people were ruthlessly put to the sword. Accustomed to such treatment, the people of the country beheld with astonishment the order and, in one sense, the harmlessness of a British army. Along the line of march a crowd of orderlies on either flank protected the standing crops from pillage. At the gate of every town or village men were stationed until the troops had passed, with strict orders to prohibit the entrance of any one within. At every village in the neighborhood of the encamping grounds the same precautions were taken. The army—which, including camp followers, who are most determined plunderers, must have numbered upwards of 40,000 men—passed three times over the same route, but not a village was plundered, or even injured; not a single cultivator left his ordinary occupation; the stacked grain stood untouched, and none was even drawn from the village granaries which was not paid for upon the spot. This order was not maintained without the practice of a discipline which would perhaps be shocking to the somewhat effeminate humanitarianism of the present time. The following brief note to Colonel Close is suggestive of many things:—

"In my opinion," writes the General, Purneah's thieves ought to be hanged. There is no other way of putting a stop to these robberies; and I am not quite certain that it would not be best to send six to be hanged at Sangoly, two at Ghoorgherry, and two at the post on the Kistna, and the remainder at Hurryhur. If you agree in opinion on this subject, I will give orders that the thieves may be escorted and executed accordingly."

Wellesley declared that nothing but the conviction with which he had impressed his Mahratta allies, that a detected plunderer would indubitably be hung forthwith, preserved his army from dyi g of hunger.*

* "One of the camp followers was hanged yesterday for stealing a cow from a village, and this evening two villagers were executed in the same

Simultaneously with these operations in the Deccan, the possessions of the confederate chieftains in Kuttack, Guzerat, and the rich Doab, lying between the Ganges and Jumna, had been successfully attacked. Kuttack and Guzerat were overrun by British troops with very little resistance, but the opposition offered to the Commander-in-Chief in the Doab was of a character which demands a more detailed account.

Scindiah's army in this part of India numbered 17,000 regular infantry, disciplined in the European fashion, and plentifully supplied with French and English officers, a well-appointed and numerous train of artillery, and from 15,000 to 20,000 horse. This force, it was expected, would be increased by re-enforcements of Sikh cavalry and troops from the petty chiefs along the banks of the Jumna, who regarded M. Perron as almost invincible. That officer had proposed to Scindiah a plan of operations which, if executed, would have rendered the issue of the war extremely doubtful. He foresaw that in the open field native troops, however well disciplined, would be defeated by English infantry, and advised Scindiah to hold the strong passes between the Deccan and Hindustan with his infantry and guns, while the hordes of Mahratta horse, some one hundred and fifty thousand in number, were let loose upon the open country in Bengal, Bahar, and Hyderabad, to burn the open towns and lay waste the fields. Ruthless as such a plan was, it was from a military point of view an eminently good one. Happily for the people of Hindustan, the mutual

manner for binding a sepoy and carrying him off with an intent to rob, if not to murder him. Two officers who were shooting discovered the transaction, and pursued the fellows, who ran off after robbing their prisoner, but were brought in to the number of fourteen from their village; the other twelve were soundly flogged and dismissed. The proceedings on these occasions are very summary; the fact and person ascertained, punishment follows in a few hours. Many affect to think this a very arbitrary exercise of illegal power, but these are persons who are not daily subject to the deprivations occasioned by camp robbery; yet it cannot be questioned that such a mode of proceeding is in the end the mildest, best adapted to the people of the country and the camp followers, and, as above mentioned, impartially applied to both."—*Journal of Major-General Sir J. Nicholls, K.C.B.*, 24th Nov., 1803; *see* Wellington Despatches.

distrust of the Mahratta chiefs hindered it from being carried into effect. Holkar, as we have seen, held aloof from the confederacy altogether, and just before the commencement of hostilities a cabal against Perron himself was formed in the Court of Scindiah, which compelled him to throw himself on the protection of the British Government at the very crisis of the campaign. With his secession the fate of the Mahratta chieftains was sealed beyond the hope of redemption.

(To be continued.)

CURIOSITIES OF THE POST-OFFICE.

CYRUS the elder, king of Persia, 559 B.C., is believed to have been the first to establish a regular system of posts. Herodotus (484-408 B.C.) mentions the existence of a method of communication among the Persians by means of horsemen placed at certain distances. The Romans had a similar system of posts in the time of Augustus, 31 B.C. Establishments of this kind existed in France under Charlemagne (768-814). In the Close and Misæ Rolls (*temp.* King John), payments are recorded for nuncii who were charged with the carriage of letters. In 1481, Edward IV., during his war with Scotland, established horse-riders at posts twenty miles apart, by which letters were conveyed two hundred miles in two days (*Gale's History of Croyland*); and the Scottish Parliament issued an ordinance for facilitating the expedition of couriers throughout the kingdom. Carriers of letters also existed in England about this time, for in a letter from Sir John Paston, written in 1471, we are informed that "Courby the carrier hath had tenpence for the third hired horse" for a journey from Norwich to London and back (*Fenn's Paston Letters*, v. p. 73). In 1542, letters reached Edinburgh on the fourth day from their despatch from London (*Sadler's Letters and Negotiations*). In 1548, the rate to be charged for post-horse hire was fixed by statute (2 and 3 Ed. VI. cap. 3) at one penny per mile. In 1581 (according to Camden), Thomas Randolph was appointed the first chief postmaster of all England. In 1603, every postmaster was bound to keep

horses ready, and on receipt of a packet or parcel containing letters, he was to send it on to the next stage within a quarter of an hour after its arrival, entering the transaction in "a large and faire ledger paper book." He was also to have "hornes to sound and blow," the origin, doubtless, of the mail-coach horn.

Sir Bryan Tuke, "master of the postes" (*temp.* Henry VIII.), thus explains the reasons why the mails were not sent quicker: "The kings grace hath no moe ordinary postes ne of many days hathe had, but betwene London and Calais. For, sir, ye know well that except the hackney-horses betwene Gravesende and Dovour, there is no suche usual conveyance in post for men in this realme as in the accustomed places of France and other parties: ne men can keepe horses in redynes withoute som way to bere the charges; but when placarde be sent for suche cause [to order the immediate forwarding of some state packet], the constables many tymes be fayne to take horses oute of plowes and cartes, wherein can be no extreme diligence."

A regular post was established in England in 1631, as appears by the following entry in the corporation books of Great Yarmouth: "1631. Agreed, June 6, with the postmaster of Ipswich to have quarterly twenty shillings paid him for carrying and bringing letters to and from London to Yarmouth for the vse of the towne." In 1635, Charles I. issued a proclamation for the establishment of "a running post or two to run night and day between Edinburgh and Scotland and the City of London, to go thither and come back again in six days." In 1649, Prideaux established a weekly conveyance to every part of the kingdom, and though he cannot be called the inventor of the postal system, to him may be attributed the extension of it. He was made postmaster-general, became M.P. for Lyme, Dorsetshire, and recorder for the city of Exeter, acquired a large fortune, and died August 19, 1659. In 1653, John Manley farmed the post-office for £10,000 a year, and all other private schemes were put down. In 1663, it was farmed to Daniel O'Neal for £21,500; and in 1674, to Sir William Petty for £43,000. In the reign of James II., the Duchess of Cleveland received

£4,700 per annum out of the post-office revenue. Povey attempted to establish a halfpenny post in 1708. In 1720, the cross-posts were farmed to Mr. Allen, who cleared out of his contract £12,000 a year for forty-two years. The net revenue in 1724 was £96,339.

The privilege of franking was confirmed and regulated by parliament in 1764. It was much abused. Members of parliament signed large packets of covers at once, and supplied them to friends in large quantities; sometimes they were sold, and have even been given to servants in lieu of wages. In 1715, £24,000 of franked correspondence passed through the post-office, which had increased, in 1763, to £170,000; indeed, thousands of letters passed through the office with forged signatures of members. The privilege was entirely abrogated in 1839.

In 1784, John Palmer originated the mail-coaches, which were so true to their time that people set their watches by them; and so grand did they become, that the procession of them on the king's birthday was one of the sights of London. In 1844, a coach proprietor in the north of England actually paid to the Post-office department the sum of £200 annually for what he regarded the privilege of conveying the mails twice a day between Lancashire and Carlisle. Now the Post-office pays the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway the sum of £18,000 annually for the same service.

The idea of a penny-post was originally projected by Robert Murray, of the company of clothworkers, and William Docwra, a subsearcher in the Customs. It was commenced as a foot-post in 1680, with four deliveries a day; but this was considered an infringement on the right of the Duke of York, and was therefore stopped. Rowland Hill, the great postal reformer, was born in 1795. At the age of forty, we find him engaged in conducting the colonization of South Australia upon the plan of Mr. E. G. Wakefield. In 1835 he turned his attention to the subject of postal reform. He announced the idea of charging one penny for each letter of a certain moderate weight in a pamphlet published in 1837. This scheme was heartily embraced by the public, though, of course, the authorities discountenanced it as much as possible.

At page 86 of his little work, we read: "Coleridge tells a story which shows how much the post-office is open to fraud, in consequence of the option as to prepayment which now exists. The story is as follows: 'One day, when I had not a shilling which I could spare, I was passing by a cottage not far from Keswick, where a letter-carrier was demanding a shilling for a letter, which the woman of the house was unwilling to pay, and at last declined to take. I paid the postage, and, when the man was out of sight, she told me that the letter was from her son, who took that means of letting her know that he was well; the letter was *not to be paid for!* It was then opened, and found to be blank.' " By the exertions of Rowland Hill a uniform rate of one penny on all inland letters weighing half an ounce, to take effect from October 5, 1840, was established by 2 and 3 Vict. c. 52 (August 17, 1839).

The present General Post-office was designed by Sir R. Smirke, R.A., and was opened in 1829. It is 400 feet long by 130 wide, and 64 high. It stands in the three parishes of Sts. Anne and Agnes, St. Leonard, and St. Michael-le-Quern; 131 houses and nearly one thousand inhabitants were displaced to make room for this single edifice. About 2,500 persons were employed by the General Post-office, and £528,000 are paid annually to railways for the conveyance of mails.

In 1846, Rowland Hill received a testimonial amounting to £13,360. He was made secretary to the Post-office in 1854, and in 1860 received the dignity of Knight Commander of the Bath. In 1864, Sir Rowland retired with a pension of £2,000 a year, at the same time receiving the Albert gold medal of the Society of Arts, the honorary degree of D.C.L., and last, but not least, a parliamentary grant of £20,000.

The stamped postage covers came into use May 6, 1840, but the idea of a prepaid envelope is as old as the time of Louis XIV. A Stockholm paper, *The Tryskitten*, stated that as far back as 1823 a Swedish officer, Lieutenant Trekenber, petitioned the Chamber of Nobles to propose to the government to issue *stamped paper* specially destined to serve for envelopes for prepaid letters; but the proposition was rejected.

A pictorial envelope was designed in 1840, by W. Mulready, R.A. An India-proof impression of this, one of six, was advertised in *The Times* a short time ago for twenty guineas. The postage-label stamps were first used in 1841, and perforated in 1854. There are now more than 1,200 varieties of the postage-stamps of all nations.

Out of the 650,000,000 letters posted per annum, only about 3,000,000 fail to be delivered; in other words, less than half per cent. The increase of letters on Valentine's Day is not less than 500,000 throughout the kingdom. The book-post was established in 1848, and 80,000,000 book packets and newspapers annually pass through the post. Tens of thousands of tons, weight of newspapers are annually posted to India, China, or Australia, at one penny each paper. If a copy of the *Times* was charged by the letter scale, the postage would be tenpence, as it weighs five ounces.

The profits of the money-order office are now more than £30,000 a year. In 1838, this department was carried on at a loss. About 8,000,000 of orders are now issued for £15,000,000. During the famine year (1847), the sum of £150,000 was sent to Ireland, and principally in small sums. During the last few years, a large sum of money has been saved in this department, by simply reducing the size of the money-orders and advices; and by abolishing seventy-eight superfluous ledgers, the labor of sixty clerks has been saved.

The difficulty of delivering letters in many parts of the metropolis is very great, for, setting aside the fact that many of the addresses rival the Egyptian hieroglyphics in indistinctness, there are fifty King Streets, as many Queen Streets, Sixty St. John Streets, sixty William Streets, and upwards of forty New streets. For many years the postal authorities have been supplying pillar and letter boxes at the rate of 500 a year. In 1865, 12,000 letters were posted in Great Britain without any address at all, and these contained valuables in the form of checks, notes, and money, to the amount of £3,700. On one occasion £5,000 in notes were sent improperly addressed, open at the ends like a book packet. A letter thus addressed was received at the office:

"My dear Father in Yorkshire at the white cottage with green pailings." The following was intended for Sir Rowland Hill:

"Mr. Owl O'Niel

"At the Post Office."

Here is a lucid direction for the postman:

"Mr. — Travelling Band one of the four playing in the street

"Persha (Persshore)

"Worcestershire. Please to find him if possible."

Here is a specimen in the "Sairey Gamp" style:

"E. R — a cook as lived temperry with a Miss L — or some such name, a shoemaker in Castle Street abt No. — Hoborn in 1851; try to make this out. She is a Welch person abt 5 feet 1, stoutish, Lives in service some ware in London or naboured. London."

"This is for the young girl that wears spectacles who minds two babies

"30 Sherif stret

"off Prince Edwin Street

Liverpool."

Letters are continually received begging the secretary not to return any more *dead letters*, as they bring death to the house. One person complained that twenty-four persons had died in her neighborhood since a dead letter had been sent her from the post-office.

The following very clever bait appeared in several country newspapers:

"An elderly bachelor of fortune, wishing to amuse himself by testing the credulity of the public, and to benefit and assist others, will send a suitable present of genuine worth according to the circumstances of the applicant, to all who will send him seventeen stamps, demanded merely as a token of confidence. Stamps will be returned with the present, carriage paid." Three or four hundred letters all containing the seventeen stamps were returned to the dead-letter department; we give a specimen of two:

"The Rev. — encloses seventeen stamps. He is a clergyman with very limited means, and the most useful present would be five pounds. If his application be not agreeable, he requests that the stamps be returned."

"I have enclosed the seventeen stamps, and shall be very pleased to receive any present you will send me, as I am not very well off; what I should like very much would be a nice black silk dress, which I should consider a rich reward for my credulity."

DIMINISHED ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE
AND DISEASE.

SIR,—I have lately seen in *Galignani* an article extracted from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, on the beneficial effects of "high mountain air," and attributing them to the proximity of ice and snow. I address you these lines to put the matter in its true light. If any one will take the trouble of thinking for himself, and, therefore, begin at the beginning, he will perceive that there is no such thing, in itself, as "mountain air;" and, consequently, he will turn elsewhere for the explanation. Looking for that explanation, it meets him on the threshold; indeed, he cannot proceed without jostling it. It is *atmospheric pressure*. One of our first acquisitions in physics is the knowledge that we walk about carrying on our bodies a tremendous weight—not less than 28,000lbs. for a man of ordinary stature. This is the pressure at the sea-level. As you ascend this pressure diminishes; and, were a man suddenly projected to the necessary height he would explode as a bomb, by that internal power which is adjusted for the carrying on of the circulation under this superincumbent weight. Having been much engaged in submarine experiments and operations, and having witnessed the extraordinary effects of increased pressure in the cure of consumption, my attention was awakened to the probabilities which diminished pressure might afford for the cure of other diseases, such as those of the brain, and of the stomach when in connection with the brain. This prevision was justified by the result. It was so, instantaneously, in two cases, both serious; and the effect was produced at the same point of elevation, which was only 4,000 feet; both these persons having simultaneously dismounted, and proceeded to climb with their own limbs, having been able only

to walk short distances on the plain. Returning below, they relapsed to their normal state, and were again restored to strength, activity, appetite, and sleep on re-ascending, as they did, to a height of 5,000 feet. It would take a volume to say what I have to say on this subject, and another to disprove what has been already contributed to confuse it by the medical works which have appeared on the Continent and Geneva. In the latter place, however, has appeared, in the form of a paper read at a Philosophic Society by my friend, Dr. Goss, the only real light that has been thrown on the subject. I will now only add an indication of my own results. The question was, to determine the line where the full benefits could be obtained without the disadvantages and inconveniences, so as to remove as much weight as possible without exposure to too much cold. That line I have fixed at 6,000 feet. I have no books at hand to refer to, but I suppose that at that level some 5,000 or 6,000 lbs. will be taken off the human body—let us say about a third; concurrently therewith there will be a diminution of a third of the density of the atmosphere, and a corresponding diminution of moisture. The relief, therefore, which will chiefly affect the brain, enclosed as it is in a cone, will be accompanied by a corresponding activity of the skin and determination towards it. I found a spot combining all the conditions of level ground, exposure, water, and shade at this height, and having constructed a residence, have spent there the summer months for the last four years. My expectations have been fully borne out, not only as regards my own family, but as regards numerous other persons. The spot so chosen effectually disproves the assertion that the benefits in question have something to do with the proximity of glaciers or snow. Here is a case of topography, and must be dealt with as such. The position in question is the Prarion, (*quasi* rolling prairie), a spur of Mont Blanc, overlooking on the one side the Valley of Chamounix, on the other the Plain of Sallanches. It is at the level of the Mer de Glace; but the nearest glacier is that of Bionassey, at a distance of between three and four miles. The particular spot on the Prarion is the dip to the west, immediately

overlooking St. Gervais. The Prarion is separated from the nuss of Mont Blanc by a deep cut, through which the bridge-like ridge of the Col de Voza passes, joining it to Mont Lisohat, and constituting one of the paths to the summit. Here, in elevation and in proximity, there is nothing apparently to contradict the theory of "proximity to ice and snow." I now come to the disconnection of the two. This depends on an atmospheric peculiarity wholly unanticipated, and which has, to my knowledge, no parallel. The spot in question is never touched by storm or wind. It is always breathed upon by a zephyr from one and the same point, undisturbed by the prevailing storms or winds which sometimes rage or blow to within 100 yards of it. This breeze does not come from the "ice and snow," but from the hot plains of Salanches; the air of which, and not of the mountains, we breathe constantly and alone, some twenty minutes after it has left its low bed and travelled up the tunnel of the Giblon. It will be seen at once that a peculiar configuration of the surrounding mountains explains this phenomena; but, anyhow, the result is there, and undeniably, as hundreds of witnesses can prove, and in proving which they disprove any connection between "high mountain air" or "the proximity of ice and snow" and the results obtained of relief in cases of disease of the brain, stomach, nerves, &c. I would offer a further confirmation in the vegetation of this favored spot. There spontaneously grow wild roses and wild cherry-trees. My first attempts at culture were treated as insular folly or madness by the people of the country. Last year my crop of potatoes was the finest in the whole district, and fed my nearest neighbors when their own had failed. This year my garden has supplied the vegetables from the 1st of August. With some experience as a rose-grower, I can affirm that the roses (including several of the delicate species) exceed any thing I have obtained with the ordinary advantage of lowland culture, and without an equal attention to soil and manure; whilst the mode of vegetation is different and far more precocious in the starting of the new buds; in a word, the conditions of vegetable as of animal life are different, and have yet

to be studied. The great drawback is, the having to come down for the winter.

I remain, sir, your obedient servant,
D. URQUHART.

Geneva, Sept. 5th, 1868.

THE ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY.

THIS celebrated collection of books was founded by the first Ptolemy, king of Egypt, and was maintained by him and his successors; its foundation dates between 285 and 283 B.C., and it was suggested by Demetrius Phalereus, who had seen and profited by public libraries at Athens. Demetrius was appointed superintendent of the new library, and collected for it the literature of all nations, Jewish, Chaldee, Persian, Ethiopian, Egyptian, &c., as well as Greek and Latin. This was, probably, the largest collection of books which was ever brought together before the invention of printing, and from this circumstance thus early the city of Alexandria derived the title of "Mother of Books."

The number of books in the library has been variously stated. Some authors assert that Demetrius had brought together 200,000 volumes; but Eusebius says, with more probability, that at the death of Ptolemy Philadelphus, which occurred later, there were but 100,000 volumes in the library. Philadelphus purchased the library of Aristotle. His successor, Ptolemy Tuergetes, greatly increased the library. In the reign of Ptolemy Epiphanes, Eumenes, king of Pergamos, established a rival library. The Egyptian monarch, in a fit of jealousy, forbade the exportation of paper (*papyrus*) from his domains; and the invention of parchment, or, perhaps, the improvement of this material, was the consequence. Ptolemy (Euergetes II.) was also a great book-collector, and is said to have commenced a second library, probably that which was placed in the Serapeum, or Temple of Serapis, in a different quarter of the city. It is said that during his reign all books brought into Egypt were seized and sent to the museum, as it was called, where they were transcribed, and the copies delivered to the owners, while the originals were retained in the library—a royal road to the formation of a valuable col-

lection. Almost all the Ptolemies were patrons of learning; and at last the Alexandrian Library is said to have amounted to 700,000 volumes. It is to be recollected that the rolls (*volumina*) spoken of contained far less than a printed volume, as, for instance, the "Metamorphoses" of Ovid, in fifteen books, would make fifteen volumes; and one Didymus is said by Athenæus to have written 3,500 volumes. This consideration will bring the number assigned at least within the bounds of credibility.

The library building was eastward of the seaport of Alexandria, and in its siege by Julius Cæsar, when he set fire to the fleet, the flames were carried by the wind to the neighboring houses, and thence to the library; and the conflagration is thus vividly described in Rowe's translation of the "Pharsalia" of Lucan:—

"On one proud side the lofty fabric stood,
Projected bold into the adjoining flood;
There, filled with armed bands, their barks drew near,

But fled the same defending Cæsar there:
To every part the ready warrior flies,
And with new rage the fainting fight supplies;
Headlong he drives them with his deadly blade,
Nor seems to be invaded, but to invade.
Against the ships Phalaric darts he aims,
Each dart with pitch and livid sulphur flames.
The spreading fire o'erruns their unctuous sides,
And nimbly mounting, on the topmast rides.
Planks, yards, and cordage feed the dreadful blaze;

The drowning vessel hisses in the seas;
While floating arms and men promiscuous strewed,
Hide the whole surface of the azure flood.
Nor dwells destruction on their fleet alone,
But, driven by winds, invades the neighboring town:

On rapid wings the sheeted flames they bear,
In wavy lengths, along the reddening air!
Not much unlike the shooting meteors fly
In gleaming trails athwart the midnight sky.
Soon as the crowd behold their city burn,
Thither, all headlong, from the siege they turn;
But Cæsar, prone to vigilance and haste,
To snatch the just occasion ere it passed,
Hid in the friendly night's involving shade,
A safe retreat to Pharos timely made."

The library of the Serapeion is said also to have been burnt in this siege, but this has been disputed. If burnt, it was, at least, very soon re-established; and there is reason to presume that the diligence of the learned men who frequented and were attached to these establishments, would preserve some part of their contents, to aid in forming the new libra-

ry, to which Marc Antony presented, through Cleopatra, the whole collection of Eumenes, King of Pergamos, amounting to 200,000 volumes. Gibbon asserts that the whole library was totally consumed, and that this gift was the foundation of the new one, which continued to increase in size and reputation for four centuries, until, at the destruction of the Serapeion by Theophilus, Patriarch of Alexandria, it was dispersed, A.D. 390. Orosius, who visited the place twenty years afterwards, saw the empty book-cases. Still the library was re-established; and Alexandria continued to flourish as one of the chief seats of literature until it was conquered by the Arabs, A.D. 640. The library was then burnt, according to the story generally believed, in consequence of the fanatic decision of the Caliph Omar, "If these writings of the Greeks agree with the Book of God (the Koran), they are useless, and need not be preserved; if they disagree, they are pernicious, and ought to be destroyed." Accordingly, it is said, the books were distributed to the various baths in Alexandria, to be burnt in the stoves; and such was the number, that six months were barely sufficient for the consumption of the precious fuel. Gibbon, and other writers, reject this notion. Delepierre objects that John of Alexandria, who figures in the story, was dead before the city was taken in 640. Then there were 4,000 baths in Alexandria to be heated. Greek authors, who were so incensed against the Saracens, omit to speak of this conflagration authorized by Omar; and "the caliphs had forbidden, under severe penalties, the destruction of all Jewish and Christian volumes; and we nowhere hear of any such work of destruction during the first conquest of the Mohammedans," although two Orientalists, Langley and De Sacy, maintain that the Mohammedans did demolish libraries and destroy books, in spite of the law against any such destruction.

Gibbon thus pathetically describes the empty library at Alexandria: "It was pillaged or destroyed; and near twenty years afterwards the appearance of the empty shelves excited the regret and indignation of every spectator whose mind was not totally darkened by religious prejudice. The compositions of ancient genius, so many of which have irrevoca-

bly perished, might surely have been excepted from the wreck of idolatry, for the amusement and instruction of succeeding ages; and either the zeal or the avarice of the archbishop might have been satiated with the richest spoils which were the rewards of his victory." The library was, at all events, dispersed, if not destroyed: it ceased to exist as a public institution.

SUBMARINE EARTHQUAKE IN THE ATLANTIC.

ALTHOUGH geologists believe that earthquakes and volcanic explosions occur as often beneath the bosom of the ocean as on the land, it is comparatively seldom that the effects of submarine disturbances are actually witnessed. Still less frequently have scientific men the opportunity of examining the phenomena presented during these disturbances. It sometimes happens that the crews of passing vessels have seen sulphurous smoke, flame, jets of water and steam rising from the sea—or have noticed a remarkable discoloration of the water and a state of agitation, as if the ocean were boiling. At other times the signs of recent disturbance have been witnessed in the appearance of rocks or reefs where formerly there was deep water. Occasionally it has even been possible to watch the gradual uprearing of an island by submarine eruptions, as in the case of the island of Sabrina, thrown up in 1811 off St. Michael's, in the Azores. The cone which was projected from the sea on that occasion was about 300 feet in height. It was regularly formed, having a crater in the centre precisely as a volcanic cone on land would have. But being formed of ashes, the action of the waves of the sea soon washed it away.

There are parts of the ocean where volcanic eruptions occur much more frequently than elsewhere. The place where Sabrina Island was thrown up was one of these districts, eruptions having been recorded to have taken place in the same part of the sea in 1691 and 1720. Amongst other such regions is one in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean—almost exactly midway between

Liberia and Cape St. Roque. The region has been defined as between longitudes 20 and 22 degrees west, and about half a degree south of the equator. Over this tract there occurred, in 1838, a series of remarkable volcanic phenomena, "earthquakes, troubled water, floating scoriæ, and columns of smoke." Similar phenomena had also been observed at intervals, over the same tract, since the middle of last century. According to Mr. Darwin, these facts may be held to show that "an island or archipelago is in process of formation in the middle of the Atlantic; since a line joining St. Helena and Ascension would, if prolonged, intersect this slowly nascent focus of volcanic action." If an island should be formed in this part of the ocean, it would not be the first which has been thrown up from beneath those seas. The utility which an island so placed would have gives the subject more than a merely scientific interest, since, as Sir Charles Lyell remarks, "it would be difficult to estimate too highly the commercial and political importance which a group of islands might acquire, if in the next two or three thousand years they should arise in this part of the ocean."

The intelligence published this week respecting the occurrence of a submarine earthquake in the Atlantic, although the scene of disturbance is considerably removed from the tract we have mentioned above, yet points to the existence of subterranean forces at work over the larger district contemplated in the remarks of Darwin and Sir Charles Lyell. Captain Christie of the barque *Euphrosyne*, relates that when his vessel was in latitude about $10^{\circ} 40' S.$, and longitude $4^{\circ} W.$, the sky suddenly became overcast with dense black-looking clouds, and in all directions was heard a noise resembling distant cannonading, while the sea became tossed and confused. To these signs of agitation another was added of peculiar significance. The compass vibrated largely, and almost lost its polarity—a sure sign that a terrestrial disturbance of great extent and violence was in progress. Several large meteors shot out from the heavens—a phenomenon which can hardly be associated with the occur-

rence of submarine disturbance, unless we suppose that burning matter had been projected from some submarine volcano, and that the flying masses were mistaken by Captain Christie for meteoric bodies. The fish jumped out of the sea and struck against the sides of the ship, and the trembling of the vessel could be distinctly felt as well as heard. Both the last-named phenomena point so distinctly to submarine action as to remove all doubt which might be suggested by the appearance of meteors. The intense heat of the matter thrown out in submarine convulsions invariably drives the fish away from the neighborhood, killing large quantities of those which happen to be near the outlet from which the burning matter is being erupted. Captain Christie relates that the volcanic action of the sea continued during the night until sunrise, when the weather became clear and settled.

When we remember that St. Helena—itsself a volcanic island—lies not very far from the scene of the disturbance whose effects were experienced by Captain Christie, we cannot but recognize the fact that the submarine volcanic district to which the islands of Ascension and St. Helena belong was in action at the time; and that Darwin's view of the extent of the region of disturbance to which the submarine explosions of 1838 belonged, is justified by the recent phenomena. It would be interesting to inquire whether any shoal or reef has been formed where the disturbance took place. The bed of the Atlantic between Trinidad, Tristan d'Acunha, St. Helena, and Ascension, would seem to be subject to the action of upheaving forces, and any information which can be gained respecting the extent or energy of these forces cannot but be important and interesting. Indeed the whole question of submarine volcanic action is full of interest to geologists, as evidencing the character of the restorative forces by which nature is continually replacing by new material the land which is being swept away from our shores by the action of waves, tides, and currents. We have seen so much lately of the destructive powers of the earth's subterranean

forces that it is pleasing to see tokens of the fulfilment of the more important purposes which those forces are intended to subserve.

ROSA BONHEUR.

WE present our readers this month with a very fine portrait of the great artist Rosa Bonheur. The original is by Dubufe, and is generally considered an exceptionally truthful, gracefully conceived, and successful picture. The philosophic and amiable-looking yearling upon which she is carelessly leaning, is by Mdlle. Bonheur's own pencil, and the association is eminently suggestive and characteristic. The keen and ardent intellectuality of the artist's countenance is in striking contrast with the placid meditative expression, ruminative mouth, and gentle eyes of her well-fed companion.

The following biographical sketch is taken almost entirely from an admirable article by Prof. Hoppin, in a book which we recently took occasion to strongly recommend—"Eminent Women of the Age."

Rosalie Bonheur was born in Bordeaux, France, March 23, 1822, and is now just forty-seven years of age. Her father, Raymond Bonheur, was an artist of considerable talent, but was compelled by poverty to renounce his higher studies and his dreams of artistic fame, and to devote himself to giving lessons in drawing. He was thus all his life kept in the humbler walks of his profession, though he found his reward at last in living to see the fame of his daughter Rosa.

Day and night this worthy man toiled at his occupation of drawing master, aided by his young wife, Sophie, who gave lessons in music, walking daily from one end of the city to the other. Through the incessant labors of these devoted parents, the prospects of their little family, already increased to four children, became at length brighter, and Raymond set about preparing two large pictures for the Paris exhibition, when he was called upon to suffer the sudden bereavement of his wife's death. This blow crushed his hopes. Bordeaux became insupportable to him, and he re-

moved to Paris, when Rosa, his eldest child, was seven years old.

She was placed, with her two little brothers, under the care of a worthy matron, named Catherine, who lived in the Champs Elysées, and the children were daily sent to the school of the Sisters Chailot. But sturdy little Rosa liked sunshine and rambles better than school, and played truant on pleasant days. Her wandering steps were drawn irresistibly toward the neighboring Bois de Boulogne, which at that time bore very little resemblance to the present beautiful park.

Then it was but a rough young forest, or copse-wood, untrimmed and uncared for, that had sprung up in place of the fine old oaks and beeches cut down by the Cossacks in 1815. Great dusty avenues ran through this wood at right angles, which was very rarely visited, save by the duellist and suicide. Sometimes the people of the villages around came to the wood to find a shady place in the heat of the dog-days; and here and there might be met a solitary rider. But in spite of the shadows and solitude, the Bois de Boulogne had an unconquerable attraction for Rosa. To her, a ten years' old child, there was nothing so magnificent in the whole world as this forest walk. With her independent manners, brisk gait, close-cut hair, and her round chubby face, she might have been taken for one of the truant boy-heroes of the Chailot school, if the little petticoat coming down to the knee had not shown her sex. She might have been seen bounding like a kid along the forest walks, while the good Catharine supposed she was snug and safe at school. At times, stopping on the side of the road, she drew with a stick, on the sand, the objects that met her eye: horses and riders, animals and people, framing in her personages with a fanciful landscape, dotted with windmills and cottages.

Her drawing sometimes so absorbed her that she did not notice the odd group that, after a while, gathered about her, down on their knees, too, in admiration at the precision of the figures which the little artist had traced on the dusty roadside.

One of them said to her one day, "You draw well, my little girl."

"Yes, indeed," replied the child, with

a decided air. "Papa draws well too. He gave me lessons."

But these erratic ways were after a while found out, and for better oversight Rosa was apprenticed to a seamstress. The spirited child felt this change bitterly; and it was very soon seen that the bondage of needle-work was wearing upon her sadly, and her pale, meagre face caused her father to take her away, and place her in a *pension*, or young ladies' school, where, for her board and education, he gave drawing-lessons three times a week.

Rosa soon began to show her bold self-willed nature, that brooked no control, and turned the school upside down by her pranks. Nothing could exceed the fun and ingenuity of her tricks. Cutting out grotesque caricatures of the older scholars and the teachers, especially of the English master, she fastened these by threads to balls of chewed paper, and then flinging them to the ceiling, there they dangled and grimaced to the infinite amusement of the younger scholars.

There was no search for the offender. Rosa was at once sentenced to dry crust and water.

But in the mean while her extraordinary talent was recognized, and Madame, who kept the school, was very careful to gather up these cuttings for her album, forming thus an amusing collection.

In her other studies Rosa made poor progress. Drawing absorbed her. You might punish her and deprive her of food, and shut her up, but she would sketch landscapes in charcoal on the walls of her closet prison. At the year's end, to the embarrassment of her father and the envious admiration of the other pupils, she never failed to bear away the first prize for drawing. Rosa would have been happy at this school were it not that her schoolmates, by their mean jealousy and spite, deeply wounded her self-esteem.

Most of the girls belonged to wealthy and aristocratic families, and the daughter of a poor drawing-master was looked upon by them as a kind of mendicant, admitted by an act of special charity into their company.

These young simpletons, by taunts and comparisons, humiliated and martyred their fellow-pupil, until her life became

absolutely insupportable. M. Bonheur found it necessary to take his daughter home under his own humble roof, and here her proud and troubled spirit found rest. She threw herself at once wholly into artistic pursuits. All day long she never quitted her father's study, drawing and painting incessantly. When it grew too late to draw, she betook herself to modelling in wax or clay; for she early developed a remarkable genius for sculpture, and for some time the struggle was hard as to which branch of art she should follow; but finally the charms of color prevailed over those of form.

When she had decided to pursue painting as a vocation, she spent her mornings at the Louvre Gallery, studying and copying the pictures of the great masters of the Italian school, and of Poussin and Lesuer, rather slighting the Flemish painters.

When she had finished her day's work at the Louvre, she began her studies with her father. He was her only teacher, and he did not permit her to do anything for public exhibition until he thought her genius was sufficiently matured.

Four years were thus spent in the study of the old masters. But at length she was forced to answer the question, to what particular aim were her efforts to be directed? Should she become an historical painter? That would be to forget that she was a woman. Should she be a *genre* painter? That was something which did not meet the inmost bent and quality of her mind. Then it was that the remembrance of her early wanderings in the Bois de Boulogne came freshly to her. She recalled the long delight and delicious dreams that she had, as a child, in communion with open nature in the fields and woods, and she awoke to the fact that she was to be a painter of pastoral nature.

Immediately, with the energy of will which she put into everything that she undertook, and which Goethe says makes the difference between great minds and small ones, she began to study nature.

Every morning Rosa departed with her painting apparatus and some simple provision for her noontide meal, crossing the city barriers, and straying wherever her fancies led her, in the green fields around Paris. After having walked a long distance into the country she rested

at the border of some stream, prepared the colors of her palette, and made a rapid sketch of the scene where she happened to be. She returned home worn with fatigue, and often with her garments drenched and covered with mud; but this did not prevent her doing the same thing next day.

Her attention was even then given to animated nature, drawing the animals that she came across in the fields, and studying their habits; but she longed to have a farm-yard of her own, and, in fact, a couple of all the animals reported to have been in the ark. As she could not quite realize this wish, she came as near it as possible.

They lived in the sixth story of a house in the Rue Ramefort. Their lodging consisted of four very small rooms, opening out upon a little terrace. Rosa managed to make this terrace a hanging garden with flowers, rope-weeds, and other climbing plants—a kind of oasis flourishing amid an endless desert of roofs and chimneys. And here was installed a pretty sheep of Beauvais, with fine, long, silken wool, and which for two years served as a model for our young artist. But this was not enough. With a courage above her sex, the young girl went three times a week to visit the *abattoir* of the Roule. There she passed whole days, braving the disgusting features of the place, and working and taking sketches amid a crowd of butchers and flayers.

At last she made her *début* in the *Salon* exhibition of 1841, with two pictures, entitled "Goats and Sheep," and "Two Rabbits."

The next year she followed with "Animals in a Field," "A Cow Lying in a Meadow," and "A Horse Sale." In 1844 she exhibited "Horses out to Pasture" and "Horses going to Water."

She kept her pictures in her study until she was perfectly satisfied with them, never compromising her reputation by a hasty production; so that in the exhibition of 1844, she had but three small paintings, and a clay model of a bull; but in 1845 she sent in twelve pictures with the true stamp of genius in them.

Mademoiselle Bonheur did not have to struggle through long years of obscurity. She rose at once to fame.

Her works, though at first a little timid, showed unexampled accuracy, purity, and an intuitive perception of nature.

The purchase of her noble picture of "Cantal Oxen" by England, set the seal upon her reputation; and at the same time the French committee of award decreed her a medal of the first class. Horace Vernet, president of the commission, proclaimed her triumph before a brilliant assembly, and presented her, in the name of the Government, a superb Sévres vase.

In 1849 Rosa Bonheur sent to the Exhibition a number of remarkable paintings, among them the famous "Ploughing Scene in the Nivernais," and a "Morning Scene" ordered by the Government.

In eight years she had exhibited thirty-one pictures, and many more were painted for private individuals. Her reputation had now become European, indeed world-wide; she could not fill half the orders from rich amateurs, and wealth began to flow in upon her.

Her most remarkable pictures in addition to those mentioned above are "Hay-making," "Morning in the Highlands," "Denizens of the Mountains," and the "Muleteers Crossing the Pyrenees." America has the honor of owning what is perhaps her greatest, certainly her best-known, picture, the "Horse Fair." It is now in the possession of A. T. Stewart.

All the paintings of Rosa Bonheur are truly conceived and thoroughly executed. There is no need for searching for any other cause of success. Simplicity has done more for her than artifice for others. In looking at her pictures people were surprised to find an impression of a serious character in the faces of the great white and red oxen, the limpid eye, and the muzzle dripping with foam, the peaceable look of sheep browsing on the savory grass of the hills and mountains, and the landscape breathing the pensive charm and filled with the perfume of the summer

fields. It was in fact art which simply reproduced the charm of nature. Perhaps the highest quality of Rosa Bonheur as an artist is her truth to nature—what the French call "the probity of her pencil." Here she wins our inmost sympathy.

Physically Mdlle. Bonheur is of medium, or rather small, stature. Her features are a little hard and masculine, but regular. Her forehead is broad and beautiful. All the lines of her face indicate immense force of character. Her black or dark-brown eyes are full of brilliancy, and her hands are small and finely shaped.

Owing to the peculiar demands of her department of art, leading her to traverse fields, to visit farm-yards and markets, to mingle among shepherds, laboring men, and horse-dealers, she is accustomed, on such excursions, to wear a man's dress, and looks very much like a young farmer. It is impossible to recognize her sex. But she never appears in this garb excepting in the country.

She lives in the Rue d'Assas, near the corner of the Rue Vagiraud, the only quarter in Paris where one still finds gardens, and her little cottage is literally embowered in foliage.

Rosa Bonheur receives immense sums for her pictures, and but for her generous liberality would long since have become wealthy. She is now engaged on a cattle piece for the Czar of Russia, for which he is to pay very heavily. Though as yet comparatively young, Rosa Bonheur has reaped the very fulness of honors. She is the only woman who has ever received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, and to add *éclat* to the occasion, the ribbon of the decoration was put round her neck by the hands of the Empress Eugenie herself.

May she live long to vindicate the intellectual claims of her sex, and to delight the world with specimens of the highest and purest Art!

P O E T R Y .

THE SINGLE LADY.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

IN singleness I walk the vale of life,
 Gathering some sweet-lipp'd flowers upon my way;
 Though love at times may wake its tender strife,
 Heart, once a tyrant, must resign its sway.

What though for me no husband smiles at morn,
 Showing the path my duteous feet should tread,
 My lot is freedom, on whose wings I'm borne,
 Uncheck'd and happy as the lark o'erhead.

What though no children nestle on my breast,
 Or sport around me 'mong the garden flowers,
 Making, by Nature's law, the heart most blest,
 And sandalling with gold the tripping hours:

Methinks I may escape full many a tear;
 Those we love best and cherish ofttest die,
 Sad, too, to leave on earth the prized and dear:
 Then for a mother's joys I will not sigh.

Fancies, sweet fancies shall my children be,
 And birds, and flowers, and all bright things
 around—

No discord reigns in Nature's family,
 Pleasure in each fair scene and soothing sound.

But think not, though I journey on alone,
 Unmated in the crowded human mart,
 That my calm'd breast has frozen into stone,
 Or that no fire lies dormant in my heart.

Yes, there is that within me which might love
 With strong, enthralling passion; resting snow
 Hides the volcano's peak all cool above,
 The lava, close conceal'd, lies hot below.

If I have loved, or vainly love this hour,
 It matters not—the dream will soon be o'er;
 Man can pray, urge; poor woman hath no power,
 Hiding her sorrow in her bosom's core.

Such is the law for womankind; we gaze,
 We sigh, we love, then feign to feel no smart;
 The loved love not; and so we pass our days,
 And cannot to some other yield our heart.

Yes, other eyes may smile, but nought to me
 The smile I do not prize; flow on, ye years!
 Untroubled singleness my lot will be,
 I heal my wound, I dash away my tears.

I need no pity—that my soul would scorn;
 Strong, independent, I can walk alone,—
 Sorrows, if sorrows come, in patience borne,
 Pleasures, with cares unmingled, all my own.

Call not my life a cold and barren waste,
 Which nought but weeds of selfishness can bear;
 Nay, with the flowers of feeling it is graced,
 And love for human kind flows rill-like there.

Books, Nature, art, unfold for me their store,
 Music and song to time give silver wings,
 Bee-like, life's varied sweets I wander o'er,
 And in my breast content for ever springs.

Then lone, unmated, let me onward go,
 A faint-rayed star that singly still must shine,
 A humble flower that by itself must blow;
 Some sweets I miss, but countless joys are mine.

IN THE FIRELIGHT.

IN the curtained glow of comfort
 I sit, and sit, and see
 Dear dead faces in the firelight—
 Dear dead faces lost to me!

Loving eyes glow in the embers,
 Glow again, as in the light
 Of their own short summer sweetness,
 Ere they closed on earth their sight.

Gentle laughter rings its joy-bells;
 Ah! *one* voice of all the rest—
 I can hear its mellow heart-tones—
 Strikes a gold chord in my breast!

He it was whom I had chosen,
 As himself had chosen me,
 With a mutual soul-attraction,
 An all-tender mystery.

Little Nellie's lisping child-notes
 Peal in silver treble clear;
 Ah me! laid beneath the green turf
 She has slumbered many a year.

Dark-eyed Frank, who ever foremost
 Was in van of duty found,
 Shrouded lies in English colors
 'Neath the Alma's battle-ground.

They are gone, those treasured jewels
 Of a loving widowed heart;
 And with their dear graves between us,
 Life and I stand wide apart.

What to me the ceaseless flowing
 Of its river to the sea?
 What the tumult, what the turmoil,
 Since I live on memory?

But to pray in humble patience,
 And to wait in humble trust
 The awakening of the righteous,
 The reunion of the just.

B.

MEPHISTOPHELES, GENERAL DEALER.

WHO'LL buy tresses, bonnie brown tresses?
 Maids and matrons, come and buy!
 Here is one that was cut from a beggar
 Crouching low down in a ditch to die

Look at it, countess! envy it, duchess!
 'Tis long and fine, and will suit you well;
 Hers by nature, yours by purchase,
 Beauty was only made to sell.

Who'll buy hair of lustrous yellow?
 Maids and matrons, 'tis bright as gold,
 'Twas shorn from the head of a wretched pauper
 Starving with hunger and bitter cold.
 It brought her a supper, a bed, and a breakfast;
 Buy it, fair ladies, whose looks are thin,
 'Twill help to cheat the silly lovers
 Who care not for heads that have brains within.

Who'll buy tresses, jet-black tresses?
 Maids and matrons, lose no time!
 These raven locks, so sleek and glossy,
 Belonged to a murderess red with crime.
 The hangman's perquisite;—worth a guinea!
 Wear them, and flaunt them, good *ma dame*;
 They'll make you look a little younger;—
 She was reality, you are a sham!

Who'll buy tresses, snow-white tresses?
 Widows and matrons whose blood is cold,
 Buy them and wear them, and show the scorners
 You're not ashamed of growing old.
 The face and the wig should pull together,
 We all decay, but we need not *dye*;
 But age as well as youth needs helping,
 Snow-white tresses come and buy!

Who'll buy hair of all shades and colors,
 For masquerade and false pretence?
 Padding, and make-believe, and swindle
 That never deceive a man of sense!
 Chignons! chignons! lovely chignons!
 'Tis art, not nature, wins the day—
 False hair, false hips, false hearts, false faces!
 Marry them, boobies, for you may!

SPRING FLOWERS.

"Non semper idem floribus est honor
 Vernis."—HORACE.

LAST year's flowers have fled,
 Last year's leaves are dead,
 Last year's glories gone from earth and sky:
 Now fresh flowerets blow,
 Green boughs bravely show,
 Spring resumes her gracious sovereignty.

But there never came
 Flower or leaf the same
 As were dear in days for ever past;
 Tender thoughts of death
 Chill your sweetest breath,
 Flowers so like, yet so unlike, the last!

All that with them went,
 All the sweet event
 Of the household year: the loving ties
 That were bound or broken,
 All the love unspoken,
 All the grief suppressed, within us rise.

A STAGE IN LIFE.

THE days are fleeting by, and melt away
 Like snow-flakes lighting on the sun-pierced
 ground;
 And as the canopy of cloudy gray
 At last, wind-hurried, shows a ridgy bound,
 So now towered life a sharper outline casts
 Upon the eternal; and the excited soul
 Looks out like one that sees the tops of masts
 Rising above the ocean's furrowed roll,
 Whose deck must bear him from his native land,
 The land whose mossy hills he used to rove,
 In whose familiar streets hand greeted hand,
 Whose bright home kissed him with unwearied
 love.
 Ah! fluttering soul, thou must go all alone—
 Pray for the Faith that hails a world unknown.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Foul Play, by Charles Reade. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

Hard Cash, by Charles Reade. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

White Lies, by Charles Reade. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

Griffith Gaunt, by Charles Reade. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

Love Me Little, Love Me Long, by Charles Reade. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

Never too Late to Mend, by Charles Reade. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

The Cloister and the Hearth, by Charles Reade. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

Peg Woffington and other Stories, by Charles Reade. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

The fame of Reade, like that of Thackeray, has been of slow growth, and the position which he now holds as a writer has only been attained by long, faithful, and persistent work. Like Thackeray, too, though in a less degree, he has had to create the taste to appreciate him. A man with the peremptory opinions and aggressive intellect of the author of "*Peg Woffington*," "*Hard Cash*," and "*The Cloister and the Hearth*," could not but provoke determined and even passionate opposition; and at the best originality is long in being appreciated by contemporaries. It cannot be denied either that Reade has courted, or rather challenged, opposition, and made personal enemies of many of the English literary critics by intensely offensive replies to strictures on his works, by personal allusions in his prefaces and appendixes, and by prosecutions at law.

Then, too, the overshadowing colossus of Dickens's fame has obscured many a light of no insignificant magnitude, and must have proved fatal to any claims of an ordinary character. But, in spite of all these drawbacks, the star of Reade has risen steadily to the zenith, and now that Charles Dickens has voluntarily abdicated the throne, is universally recognized as the foremost English writer of fiction.

The novels of Reade, though not so universally read in this country as they should be, and as they will be, now that they are brought out so cheaply and in such handsome style, are yet too well known to require elaborate criticism. That

they are among the best, and better still, most characteristic novels of our day is now generally conceded, and no household which pretends to even a superficial acquaintance with the best contemporary literature can afford to be without them. For "power of sequence in writing," as he himself expresses it, a kind of legal faultlessness of construction and plot, and a manly, wholesome, direct way of treating moral and social questions and abuses, they are without a rival in modern fiction.

His characters too, unlike the hazy outlines and sentimental abstractions which flit through the pages of so much fictitious literature, are as tangible and clear cut as if hewn from the quarry. Indeed, the manner of Reade in bringing out a character is very analogous to the cutting of a figure in stone. By a few vigorous but dexterous strokes the rough outline is shaped, and then as the work progresses, a series of skilful touches bring out the whole beauty of the artist's conception, until a human being stands before us whom we look upon as a friend or enemy for life. If we were asked to give, in a single sentence, the characteristics of the two great novelists, we should say that Reade is the *sculptor* of human nature, while Dickens is a painter, of the Hogarthian school.

The principal accusation brought against Reade, by his critics, is that he is "sensational." Now this term, though in modern criticism it has become utterly "without form and void," is in its original meaning, far from a reproach. As Reade himself says, "The charge of sensationalism, in the vulgar acceptance of the word, is altogether inapplicable to me. It is true there can be no interesting work without the sensational element, but I have always endeavored to combine with it a little philosophy, facts, and a faithful study of character." This is the key-note to his novels.

This "Household Edition" of Reade's novels is very timely, and supplies a need which has long been felt. It is the only complete edition, fit for the library, ever published in this country, and is very tasteful, very cheap, and very convenient. Eight volumes constitute the set, and a larger amount of good literature cannot be obtained in the market for the same money.

Letters of Madame de Sevigne. Edited by Mrs S. J. Hale. Boston: Roberts Bros.

Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Edited by Mrs. S. J. Hale. Boston: Roberts Bros.

The age of the *Salon* of the *Causeries* and of the *Hotel de Rambouillet* is passed away, and with it its other most characteristic offspring, the Letter-writers. We shall never see them again, and their productions stand forth the most truly unique and distinctive in the history of literature—the wonder, the despair, and the admiration of all subsequent periods.

Every epoch has its own peculiar features and fruit, and that which produced Madame de Sevigne and Lady Montagu was the hiatus, as it were, between the first fatal attack by secular critics upon religion and the throne, and the resolution of society into its elements by the horrors of the Revolution. Society everywhere was disturbed, restless, and excited by a vague presentiment of coming change, intellectual life, as in all

culminating periods, was awakened to unwonted activity, and as then no great scientific, political, and social problems, such as our age is endeavoring to solve, absorbed this energy, all the attention was given to details and social amenities. Add to this the influence which woman for the first time began to exert in the world of intellect, and we have the very era for letter-writing; for without this mental activity, this unwonted predominance of the details of life, and without cultivated women, true letters, letters such as those of the Sevigne and the Montagu are impossible. No man has ever written letters which are in any respect worthy of comparison with these great classical models. We have had the didactic essays of Pope, and epistles since the days of the Apostles; but man has never yet shown himself capable of applying the microscope of an acute and cultivated intellect to comparative trifles, of writing from the heart and not from the head, and a certain graceful ignoring of self, which are essential to the production of letters, and which seem to be the exclusive attributes of woman.

If one has never been found in the past, we can certainly hope for none in the future, unless the whole tendency of modern intellectual progress be reversed, and the modern spirit and experience obliterated utterly. The mighty forces and problems which now present themselves in every field of human knowledge, demand for themselves all the intellect which society can command, and render such complete mental repose and abstraction no longer possible. A woman of so masculine an intellect as Lady Montagu would be to-day in the fore front of the champions of "advanced ideas"—would be on the platform, or writing books on the science of Government or Social Statics, and even the amiable and lovely De Sevigne would have been drawn into the vortex of politics or the tumult of critical controversy.

We have also become self-conscious, and the vulgar horror of "sentiment" which is so prevalent, and which is being fostered by the materialistic tendency of opinion and literature, would cause such effusions as those of Madame de Sevigne to her daughter to be looked upon as either the wildest affectation of extravagance, or as lamentable indications of a maudlin intellect. In fact, to sum up, Madame de Sevigne and Lady Montagu, as they were in the seventeenth century, would be an impossibility in the nineteenth.

Their letters and their lives have been left to us as a legacy, and it behooves us to cherish them as the richest, or at least the rarest, fruit of an exceptional epoch, the like of which will never be again produced.

We have not considered it necessary to enter into any lengthy criticism upon these letters, as though they were new and unknown. They have become classic in literature, and are probably familiar to the majority of our readers. They are not only models as to style, but present by far a more truthful and lively picture of the times in their respective countries than can otherwise be obtained. They are, besides, a healthful, restful antidote to the feverish spirit of our modern life, and give us glimpses of a life—and a beautiful intellectual life too—of which we could otherwise, from our own observation and experience, form no conception.

The present edition is, in many respects, superior to any yet put before the public. Tolerable biographies are prefixed to each volume, and the style is convenient and handsome for the library.

Travels in the East-Indian Archipelago, by Albert L. Bickmore. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Few books of travel published for many years past have excited more interest or met with a more appreciative reception than this of Mr Bickmore.

It was published nearly simultaneously in this country and in England, and since its first appearance excerpts from its pages have been drifting everywhere through the columns of the newspaper press. In England particularly, where there is of course more interest felt in everything relating to the East Indies than here, nearly the whole work has probably been thus given to the public.

This is the most reliable testimony as to the merely popular interest of the work; but this feature—which is common to all narratives, however fictitious and extravagant, which refer to little-known, far-distant and tropical lands—is its least valuable characteristic.

The Netherlands India, whence come all our spices, has, as far as any reliable data are concerned, been a *terra incognita* to the rest of the world. Vague ideas, geographical traditions of our youth that thence come cloves, nutmegs, mace, pepper, and the like, we all of course had, but any scientific knowledge of its flora and fauna, of its conchology, geology, probable age, manner of settlement, religions, and races, of the tremendous physical convulsions, almost amounting to cataclysms, through which many of the islands have passed, practically none was to be had.

The suspicion with which the Dutch Government and official Residencies have always regarded inquisitive travellers, and the restrictions invariably put upon their movements, have, in great measure, been the efficient cause for this state of things, and the great natural obstacles to be overcome, even when every assistance is rendered, are amply sufficient to deter even the most enthusiastic and determined investigators.

In all these particulars Prof. Bickmore has been peculiarly fortunate. Every assistance was rendered him in his explorations, from the Governor-General of India down to the humblest Resident, and the valuable book of travels is probably the least service which he has been enabled to render to science.

The principal, and in fact the only primary object of the Professor's voyage was to re-collect the shells figured and described in Rumphius' "*Rariteit Kamer*," of which there was then no collection in existence; and it was not until he arrived at the Spice Islands, and found the unexampled facilities for travel throughout the Archipelago afforded him by the Government, that he conceived the idea of extending the range of his observations, and preparing an authoritative work upon Netherlands India.

For this reason, the first half of the work is fragmentary and in the form of a journal, and in fact the whole book is severely free from any attempt at "fine writing." Bare facts are presented with almost statistical terseness and brevity, and we are inclined to regret that, with the vast

amount of material at command, and with the rare ability he possesses, the Professor did not produce a more artistic work. Some positive grammatical and structural errors are to be met with, which could only result from the evident haste or carelessness with which the *Travels* were prepared for publication. As the author says: "Accuracy, even at any sacrifice of elegance, has been aimed at throughout; and first impressions are presented as modified by subsequent observation."

For the majority of readers, "*Travels in the East-Indian Archipelago*" will possess all the interest of the "*Arabian Nights*" and other tales of the Orient.

Nature there is on a grander, or, at least, more terrific scale, all her adjectives are in the superlative degree, and descriptions of those vast and perpetually burning volcanoes, fearful earthquakes and tempests, and luxuriant tropical forests, to us, who sit in the lap of old Mother Earth, and not over the flues of her mighty laboratory, read like some lurid romance of the under world.

The illustrations to the volume are profuse, and unusually elegant. The majority of them are taken from photographs, and may therefore be relied upon as accurate; and the whole work is brought out in a manner worthy of its permanent value.

Life and Letters of Halleck, by James Grant Wilson. New York: D. Appleton & Co. This book is a companion volume to the "*Poems of Halleck*," the prefatory remarks to which we recently transcribed entire into our pages. It contains many hitherto unpublished poems, juvenile efforts, tributes to the poet, conversations, epigrams, and a copious though not very varied correspondence, and is in very many respects more interesting than the "*Poems*" themselves. Halleck's acquaintance embraced nearly every celebrated *litterateur*, from the beginning of the century up to the time of his death; and with many, such as Paulding, Drake, De Kay, and others, he was long intimate; his letters and reminiscences could not therefore but be of unusual value.

On reading them—as we mark the pithiness, elasticity, and polish of his style, his acute perception, wonderful memory, fund of anecdote, aptness and copiousness of illustration, and finished sarcastic humor, we cannot but feel that Halleck never wrote a poem which did justice to his great powers. If he is remembered at all, that is by cultivated men, it will probably be like Johnson, from this masterly biography of him, rather than from any of the poetic productions of his pen.

Halleck would have made an Addisonian essayist, and every reader of his letters and scraps of conversation will feel that he mistook his talent.

Poetry, except of the highest order, so soon sinks "into Time's great storehouse of oblivion," misses the mark, and is forgotten; and the world has a right to expect of a man of genius the kind of work of which he can produce the best. Happy is it for himself, and the world too, if he rightly understands his own talents.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the literary skill with which the editor and biographer has performed his task. Out of what in ordinary

hands would be very dry and scanty material, he has filled a volume of six hundred pages with the life and reminiscences of the poet, almost Boswellian in their copiousness and adequacy. Around the thin outline of an uneventful and rather monotonous life he has clustered such a profuseness of anecdote, epigram, wit, and tender manly affection, that the interest seldom flags before the end is reached. And though the whole book is so indiscriminately eulogistic as to be worthless as a criticism, we can readily overlook this defect in one who has known and loved so fascinating a man as Halleck from his early youth.

We all know that Gen. Wilson is writing under the inspiration of affection rather than judgment in calling Halleck "not only the sweetest, but the greatest poet America has yet produced;" but it is an affection which does honor alike to the poet and the biographer.

Gen. Wilson has, throughout, the good taste to refrain from projecting his own personality between the reader and his subject. And this is praise of the highest order. More egotism, at least more egotism of an offensive character, has been displayed in biography than in all the other branches of literature combined, and its absence argues the presence of taste and culture.

The volume is published in a sumptuous style not often seen in American books, and is creditable to the gentlemen from whose press it proceeds. It is a positive pleasure to rest the eyes upon its ample, creamy, good-natured looking pages.

A Garden of Spices. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden; New York: Carlton & Lanahan. This is rather a fanciful title to bestow upon the religious letters of a great divine like Samuel Rutherford; but we feel, on perusal, that nothing could so well express the impression which they leave upon the mind.

They are the very flowers of human speech, and though we realize that their author is the most intense of enthusiasts, we feel also that it is the enthusiasm of a cultivated intellect, of a singularly fertile and impassioned imagination, and of a heart pure and without guile, and yearning after the spiritual. Probably Rutherford is the most illustrious example in the history of letters of a man in whom Religion had become not merely a conviction of the intellect but an absorbing and consuming passion of the whole nature.

Such mental exaltation as Rutherford seems to have spent his whole public life in, is utterly inconceivable to us of this material, philosophical, practical age; and were it not the sublime eloquence with which he clothes his ecstasies, and the perennial interest of the questions on which he rhapsodizes, his life, his letters, and his works would long since have passed out of remembrance.

Samuel Rutherford was a minister in Scotland in the early half of the seventeenth century; his life is an epitome of those troublous times of the fearful contests between the Prelacy and the Covenanters, and the fact that now, after the expiration of two centuries, extracts from his writings are looked upon as "a garden of spices," is the most splendid of all tributes to his genius. Few works on any subject upon which public opinion is so constantly changing as on that of theologi-

cal belief live through one generation, and two and a half centuries is immortality indeed. Even the great, good, and splendidly endowed Jeremy Taylor is passing into oblivion, and he whose works Hazlitt declared to be among the sublimest productions of the English intellect will soon be forgotten outside of his own denomination.

Rutherford has been more fortunate, his letters skim the swirling vortex of controversy, and appeal to every mind which has the capacity to admire keenly imaginative, poetic, and generous enthusiasm.

This volume of selections cannot fail to make him much more widely known in this country.

Anderson's General History. New York: Clarke & Maynard. A valuable work for schools, particularly rich and accurate in chronology. Unlike the majority of text-book compilers, who, in spite of Grote, Rawlinson, Mommsen, and others, persist in commencing the history of Greece with the siege of Troy (the date of which they generally put down wrong), Prof. Anderson gives the Epic Cycle its proper classification, and dates the authentic record from the first Olympiad.

So far as we have examined, we have found this work an exceptionally succinct, lucid, and comprehensive abridgment, and the general arrangement is admirable. There are several tests by which we can ascertain the soundness of a compiler's historical knowledge, such as the interpretation of the lists of Manetho and Berossus, the date of the fall of Troy, and the legendary annals of Rome, and Prof. Anderson seems to be conversant with the latest conclusions of the best authorities on mythic and traditional history.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Letters of a Sentimental Idler, by H. H. Leech. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol., 8vo, pp. 464, handsomely illustrated.

History of Pittsfield, Mass., by J. E. A. Smith. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Vol. 1, 8vo, pp. 518, handsomely illustrated.

Memory's Tribute to Thomas H. Stockton, by Rev. Alexander Clark. New York: S. R. Wells. 12mo, pp. 55.

Texas Almanac. Galveston: W. Richardson & Co. 12mo, pp. 256.

SCIENCE.

The Sun.—Since the discovery that the red flames (as we are entitled to call them now) can be examined at any time the sun is visible, the extreme interest with which physicists have hitherto looked forward to a total eclipse will be somewhat abated. It may, however, be worth recording that, on the 7th August next, there will be a total eclipse of the sun visible in North America. The path of totality, about one hundred miles in width, will pass through Alaska, lat. 60° 46' 9" north, long. 68° 4' 6" west of Washington, on Saturday noon; crossing British America, it will again enter the United States territory near the head of Milk River, long. 30° W., pass through the southwest corner of Minnesota, crossing the

Mississippi river near Burlington, Iowa, the State of Illinois just north of Springfield, and the Ohio river near Louisville. From thence it will run, in a southeasterly direction, through the States of Kentucky and North Carolina, and reach the Atlantic Ocean near Beaufort, North Carolina, at about sunset. North and south of this line the eclipse will be partial throughout the United States. The American photographers are already organizing arrangements to bring every available telescope into use on that occasion for photographic purposes, and intend securing photographs along as many points of the path as possible. The writer, who has already had some experience in photographing the phenomena of eclipses, the moon and sun, would venture to make three suggestions in this respect. Firstly, that attention should not exclusively be confined to the wet collodion process, but that the daguerrotype and dry albumen process should also be used. Pictures by those processes possess more sharpness, and are capable of giving more microscopic detail, than ordinary wet collodion; moreover, the plates may be prepared the night before and developed after the eclipse is over, thus leaving the operator's whole attention free to devote to the exposure of as many plates as possible. Secondly, some telescopes should have a system of lenses beyond the principle focus of the object-glass, so as to project a magnified image of the phenomena on to the sensitive plate. The necessary amplification to four or five inches will be far more accurately done, when effected in this manner at one operation, than when the small negatives are copied afterwards in the enlarging camera, which will magnify all the defects as well as that which is wished to be recorded. Thirdly, the most experienced photographer who can be obtained should have charge of the photographic operations. It is a mistake to suppose that astronomers, physicists, and photographers can be manufactured for the occasion. To look at the records of the English expeditions it would appear as if the highest scientific talent possessed by the country were an exclusive attribute of our army and navy. Amongst so many captains and lieutenants it is a relief to find a plain Mr. The French and German expeditions were managed differently—and contrast their results with ours!—“*The Great Solar Eclipse of August 18, 1868, in the Quarterly Journal of Science.*”

Transfusion of the Blood.—Among the wonders of surgery nothing is more remarkable than the operation of transfusion, which has occasionally been performed with success in very extreme cases. It consists in conveying a portion of the blood from the veins of a healthy and vigorous person into those of one sinking, and apparently at the point of death. A case of this kind has lately occurred in the Hospital della Concezione at Palermo. A youth of seventeen, named Giuseppe Ginazzo, was received into that establishment in September, 1868, with a bad humor in his leg, which eventually rendered amputation necessary. The patient was very much emaciated and laboring under fever, and after the operation he became more reduced than ever, the pulse being imperceptible, the eyes dull, the body cold, and it was clearly apparent that he was sinking fast. In this emergency, his attendant, Dr. Enrico Albanese

had recourse to transfusion of the blood as the only remedy that had not yet been tried. Two assistants of the hospital offered to have their veins opened for the purpose, and thus a quantity of blood on two different occasions was introduced into the patient's system. He began at once to revive, and after the first operation he recovered the faculty of speech, stating that before he could neither see nor hear, but felt as if he were flying in the air.

A similar, and even more interesting case, occurred a few years back in Staffordshire, the operation then being performed on a lady residing in Cannock. The patient seemed to be expiring from loss of blood, when her husband, at the suggestion of the surgeon, Mr. J. Wheatcroft, consented to the experiment of transfusion, and two pounds of blood were conveyed from his veins into those of his wife. In a few minutes after the operation was performed the current of blood began to flow, the “ebbing of life” was checked, and the circulation being re-established, deliverance from death, which had seemed so near, was secured.

The suggestion has been thrown out that in the last stage of low typhus, and the collapse attendant on Asiatic cholera, the same remedy might possibly prove of service. But we have not yet heard of the experiment being tried in such a case.

Discoveries at Jerusalem.—Biblical students will be greatly interested in the discoveries which have been made, and are now in progress, at Jerusalem, by Lieut. Charles Warren of the Royal Engineers of England. The colossal foundations of the Temple wall, which are “stones of ten cubits and stones of eight cubits,” laid by Solomon or his successors on the throne, are now being laid bare at the enormous depth of ninety feet and more beneath the present surface. If bared to its foundation, the wall would present an unbroken face of solid masonry nearly 1,000 feet long and 150 feet in height! The wall, as it stands, has excited the wonder of the world. A letter in the *London Times* says:—

“The pinnacle of the Temple, on which the tempter placed the Saviour, has just been uncovered to the base, and is found still to have an elevation of 136 feet. The statement of Josephus is therefore no exaggeration. ‘If any one looked from the battlements into the valley he would be giddy, while his sight could not reach to such an immense depth.’ Sections of the ancient wall of Ophir have been exhumed, showing that, as Josephus says, it was joined to the southeast angle of the Temple. Aqueducts, cisterns, rock-hewn channels and passages have also been discovered within and around the harem, throwing new light on the buildings, the arrangements, and the services of the Temple.”

The sites of Calvary, the Holy Sepulchre, and the Pool of Bethesda are hoped to be discovered; and, if the exploring party is provided with funds, Lieut. Warren does not despair of surveying and designating the boundaries and chief localities of the ancient Jerusalem which the Saviour saw and which Josephus described. The recent visit of the Sultan to England has been favorable to the work of exploration, and the wisdom and tact of Lieut. Warren and his staff have smoothed

down Moslem prejudice, removed local opposition, and brought about opportunities for excavation, such as never occurred before; and, besides, large numbers of Arab laborers have been trained to the work and are eager to be employed, and the exact points for successful exploration are now known.

Balloons and Ballooning.—In reply to your Manchester correspondent, "G. H. W.," permit me to say that hydrogen gas was discovered by Cavendish in 1776; and as this gas was found to be the lightest substance known, 100 cubic inches weighing only a little more than two grains, Cavallo, the eminent electrician, immediately after began to make experiments in aerial sailing. The brothers Montgolfier constructed a vessel 110 feet in circumference, and 500 lbs. in weight; with this they intended to navigate the air, and they called their new vessel a "balloon." In the summer of 1783 this balloon was sent up, and its passengers were a sheep, a duck, and a cock; and soon after, in the same year, the Montgolfiers made their first ascent from Paris. Then, in 1784, Blanchard and Jeffries passed in a balloon from Dover to the forest of Guineas. Rozier, in his attempt to cross the English Channel from France, in 1785, was the first man killed by ballooning. The French Republican army, in 1794, operated with the first army-balloon for military reconnoitring purposes, and Colonel Coutelle was the first army balloonist. In 1804, Gay Lussac and Biot made the first ascent for scientific purposes. Brioschi and Andreane, in 1806, were the first Italian aeronauts. Blanchard made no less than sixty-six ascents. In Europe, the longest aerial voyage is that of Green, Holland, and Mason, who in eighteen hours travelled 500 miles; and from St. Louis to Canada, is the longest American aeronautic adventure. And we all remember 1863, the year in which Glaisher and Coxwell made the highest of all balloon ascents, namely, 31,680 feet above the sea-level.

H. H. U.

Things worth Remembering.—That in England there is one birth to every 30 persons living, one marriage to every 122 persons living, and one death to every 45 persons living. That according to the marriage registers 22 per cent. of the men and 30 per cent. of the women who marry are unable to write. That the proportion of persons marrying under age is 7 per cent. among males and 20 among females. That 14 per cent. of the men who marry are widowers, and 9 per cent. of women who marry are widows. That boys are born in the proportion of 104 to every 100 girls born. That males experience a higher rate of mortality than females, so that if there were no emigration, or if the men and women emigrated in pairs, the numbers would be reduced in the end very nearly to an equilibrium, and the men and women living of all ages would be in the proportion of 100,029 to 100,000; emigration, however, has upset this hypothesis, and the census declares the majority to be in favor of the women—that is, there are only 95 men to every 100 women, the mean male death-rate in this country per 100,000 of population, in 29 years, being 2,382, against a female rate of 2,154, so that to every 100 deaths of females there are 103 deaths of males, or of equal numbers living the

number of male deaths to every 100 deaths of females is 108. That the rate of increase of population is gradually decreasing; thus, it was 18 per cent. in the 10 years 1811–21; in the 10 years 1851–61, it was only 12 per cent., or 1·141 per cent. per annum. That the average age at which marriages are first contracted in England—that is, excluding marriages of widowers and widows—is 25·5 years for males, and 24·3 years for females. That the average age of husbands is 43·0 years, and of wives 40·5 years; the husband being 2·5 years older than the wife. That to every 100 births there are six children born out of wedlock annually. That out of every 100 children born 26 never see their fifth birthday; that the births in England are registered in the greatest proportions in the first two quarters of the year; that the deaths are most frequent in the first quarter of the year; and that the marriages are most numerous in the last quarter of the year. That the mean after lifetime or expectation of life of males and females respectively, at birth, is 39·9 years, 41·9 years; at five years of age it is rather more—40·8 years and 50·3 years; at 20 years of age it is 39·5 and 40·3 years; at 30 it is 32·8 and 33·8 years; at 40 it is 26·1 and 27·3 years; and at 50 it is 19·5 and 20·8 years. The mean age at death for males and females respectively—with which the expectation of life should never be confounded—is, at birth, 39·9 years and 41·9 years; at 5 years of age it is 54·7 and 55·3 years; at 20 years of age it is 59·5 and 60·3 years; and at 30 it is 62·8 and 63·8 years; at 40 it is 65·1 and 67·3 years; and at 50 it is 69·5 and 70·8 years.—*The Times*.

French Customs Statistics.—The French Director-General of Customs has published the general table of the foreign trade of France during the first eleven months of the year 1868. On the whole, it indicates a steady increase in the exports, and a corresponding decline in the imports. The amount of imports for the past year is 3,113,000,000fr. in goods, and 655,000,000fr. in specie; total 3,768,000,000fr., against 3,556,000,000fr. in 1867, or an augmentation of 212,000,000fr. for the eleven months. The exports for the same period (1868) amount to 2,996,000,000fr., comprising 365,000,000fr. of precious metals, against 2,817,000,000fr. in 1867, including 227,000,000fr. for precious metals—showing an increase for 1868 of 179,000,000fr. It is with England that the commercial relations of France are the most important. The imports and exports together, which in 1862 amounted to 1,145,000fr., and rose in 1866 to 1,778,000,000fr., fell all at once in 1867 to 1,448,000,000fr. In 1862 France imported from Switzerland merchandise to the amount of 58,000,000fr., and in 1867, 107,000,000fr., and exported to the same country 137,000,000fr. and 283,000,000fr. respectively. The imports from the United States fell to 96,000,000fr. in 1862, in consequence of the civil war, and the exports to near 100,000,000fr.; but after the peace they rose rapidly—the former to 141,000,000fr. and the latter to 155,000,000fr. In that part of the returns which relates to shipping we find that on the 31st of December, 1867, the total tonnage was 1,042,751, and at present is 1,048,679, showing an increase of 5,928 tons. The number of vessels is 15,602. Of these 7,212 are below 10 tons, 4,757

from 10 to 100, 2,738 from 100 to 300, while above 800 tons there are only 76; out of that total 215 are steamers, representing 86,102 tons, an augmentation being found over the previous year of 8 ships and 11,192 tons. The total amount of indirect imposts for the eleven months of 1868 was 670,000,000fr., against 662,000,000fr. in 1867. There is a falling off in the import duties, in the duties on salt and tobacco, but an improvement in those on potable liquors, home-made sugars, and gunpowder.

People inclined to corpulence may profit by M. Dancel's observations on the development of fat. He says, that some of his patients, whose obesity was a constant inconvenience and cause of disease, "lost very notably of their *embonpoint* by a change in their alimentary regimen—abstaining almost entirely from vegetables, feculent substances, diminishing their quantity of drink, and increasing, when necessary, their portion of meat."—On another subject, M. Guérin Méneville believes he has found a new cochineal insect (*Coccus fabæ*) on the common bean, which grows wild in the south of France, and in such abundance that a considerable quantity may be collected in a short time. The yield of coloring matter is of such amount, that a project is talked of for cultivating the plant extensively.

Lieutenant Hunt, of the American Coast Survey, states that copperplate engravings may be copied on stone; specimens are to appear in the forthcoming report. To quote his description: "A copperplate being duly engraved, it is inked, and an impression taken on transfer-paper. A good paper, which wetting does not expand, is needed, and a fatty coating is used in the process. The transfer-paper impression is laid on the smooth stone, and run through a press. It is then wetted, heated, and stripped off from the stone, leaving the ink and fat on its face. The heated fat is softly brushed away, leaving only the ink-lines. From this reversed impression on the stone, the printing is performed just as in ordinary lithography. A good transfer produces from 3000 to 5000 copies. Thus prints from a single copperplate can be infinitely multiplied, the printing being, moreover, much cheaper than copperplate."

The Color of the Sky.—Professor Tyndall is now engaged on the chemical action of light upon vapors, and he has quite recently handed in a paper to the Royal Society on the colors of the sky, on the polarization of light by the sky, and by cloudy matter generally. By the condensation of liquids of various kinds into particles so small that their diameters are measured, not by tens of thousandths, but by hundreds of thousandths of an inch, he succeeds in producing a blue which equals, if it does not transcend, that of the deepest and purest Italian sky; and this blue exhibits all the effects of polarization which have been hitherto observed in skylight.

Columbus and the Egg.—Among the popular errors of the day is the story of Columbus, who, finding it impossible to make an egg stand on its end, crushed in the basis, and thus made it stand. The goldfish of Charles II. was accepted as imponderable by many wise heads without experiment, (if, indeed, it ever had a being,) and the

story of Columbus and the egg is supposed to be based on the physical axiom that it is impossible to make an egg stand on its end. Yet, five minutes' careful balancing will convince any dexterous experimenter that an egg may be made to stand, and remain balanced on its end, without breaking the shell. All that is required is steadiness of hand, and perhaps a little patience. And M. Delepierre mentions that "the fable of the egg that he is said to have broken, in order to make it stand upright, has been disproved by M. Humboldt, in his *Examen Critique de l'Histoire de la Géographie*." Hogarth, it will be recollected, has made "Columbus and the Egg" the subject of one of his admirable illustrative prints. Now, if Vasari is to be credited, the Florentine architect, Brunelleschi, many years before Columbus was born, performed the egg feat relative to his intended cupola for the Church of Santa Maria del Fiore, in Florence. The other architects desired that Filippo should explain his purpose minutely, and show his model, as they had done theirs. This he would not do, but proposed to all the masters, foreigners and compatriots, that he who could make an egg stand upright on a piece of smooth marble should be appointed to build the cupola, since in doing that his genius should be made manifest. They took an egg accordingly, and all those masters did their best to make it stand upright, but none discovered the method of doing so. Whereupon Filippo being told that he might make it stand himself, took it daintily into his hand, gave the end of it a blow on the plane of the marble, and made it stand upright. Beholding this, the artists loudly protested, exclaiming that they could all have done the same; but Filippo replied, laughing, that they might also know how to construct the cupola if they had seen the model and the design. This occurred about A. D. 1420.—*Historic Ninepins.* By John Timbs, F.S.A.

VARIETIES.

The Name of God in Forty-Eight Languages.—As Louis Burger, the well-known author and philologist, was walking in the Avenue des Champs Elysées one day, he heard a familiar voice exclaiming, "Buy some nuts of a poor man, sir; twenty for a penny!" He looked up, and recognized his old barber.

"What! are you selling nuts?" said he.

"Ah, sir, I have been unfortunate."

"But this is no business for a man like you."

"Oh, sir, if you could only tell me of something better to do," returned the barber with a sigh.

Burger was touched. He reflected a moment; then tearing a leaf from his memorandum-book, he wrote for a few moments and handed it to the man saying, "Take this to a printing office and have a hundred copies struck off; here is the money to pay for it. Get a license from the Prefecture of Police, and sell them at two cents a copy, and you will have bread on the spot. The strangers who visit Paris cannot refuse this tribute to the name of God printed in so many different ways."

The barber did as he was bid, and was always seen in the entrance to the Exposition, selling the following hand-bill:

THE NAME OF GOD IN FORTY-EIGHT LANGUAGES.

Hebrew, Elohim.	Olala tongue, Deu.
Chaldaic, Elah.	German and Swiss, Gott.
Assyrian, Ellah.	Flemish, Goed.
Syriac and Turkish, Alah.	Dutch, Godt.
Malay, Alla.	English and old Saxon, God
Arabic, Allah.	God
Language of the Magi.	Teutonic, Goth.
Orsi.	Danish and Swedish, Gut.
Old Egyptian, Teut.	Norwegian, Gud.
Armorian, Teuti.	Slavic, Buch.
Modern Egyptian, Teun.	Polish, Bog.
Greek, Theos.	Pollacca, Bung.
Cretan, Thios.	Lapp, Jubinal.
Æolian, and Doric, Ilos.	Finnish, Jumala.
Latin, Deus.	Runic, As.
Low Latin, Diex.	Pannonian, Istu.
Celtic and old Gallic, Diu.	Zemblain, Fetizo.
French, Dieu.	Hindustanee, Rain.
Spanish, Dios.	Coromandel, Brama.
Portuguese, Deos.	Tartar, Magatal.
Old German, Diet.	Persian, Sire.
Provençal, Diou.	Chinese, Prussa.
Low Breton, Doue.	Japanese, Goezur.
Italian, Dio.	Madagascar, Zannar.
Irish, Die.	Peruvian, Puchocammas.

A few days after Burger met the barber.

"Well," said he, "has the holy name of God brought you good luck?"

"Yes, indeed, sir. I sell on an average a hundred copies a day, at two cents each, or two dollars; but the strangers are generous; some give me ten cents and others twenty. I have even received half a dollar for a copy, so that, all told, I am making five dollars a day."

"Five dollars a day?"

"Yes, sir, thanks to your kindness."

"Ah!" thought Burger, as he walked away, "if I were not a literary man I would turn peddler or publisher; there is nothing so profitable as selling the learning or wit of others!"

Purchasing an Emperor's Body.—On the 21st September we heard that his Excellency Admiral von Tegethoff had arrived to take away the body of the Emperor, and arrange his private affairs. The arrival of the hero of Lissa of course created a great sensation amongst the Mexicans, and the more so as the dignified and proper manner in which the admiral behaved formed such a striking contrast to the behavior of the former representative of the Emperor of Austria. M. von Tegethoff arranged also the money affairs of the Emperor by M. Davidson, the agent of the house of Rothschild. I received a confidential letter from that gentleman, in which I was requested to give my opinion about the claims of different persons. I did so according to the best of my knowledge and judgment, and heard that these claims were paid according to my suggestions. About that time I received a letter from Dr. Basch, in which he requested me to procure for him the plaster-of-Paris cast made from the face of the Emperor by Dr. Licea. As I could not go out, I sent my wife. The doctor had preserved a great many relics of the Emperor,—of course not because he loved him, but for the same reasons for which the Liberal Government retained his body—to do business with them. Dr. Licea had all the clothes which the Emperor wore when he was shot, part of his beard, hair, &c., and he was waiting for a purchaser for these relics. He asked

my wife twenty thousand pesos, and she asked him to make a written inventory of all the things he had, and also the price he asked for them. Probably to bribe her, he presented her with a part of the Emperor's hair and beard, and a piece of the red silk sash which was saturated with his blood. To me he sent a piece of the Emperor's heart in alcohol, and a bullet which was found in his body. Dr. Basch states in his book that all the bullets passed right through his body, but all the Mexican doctors assert that one remained near the spine. I suppose it was that which was shot into his heart when he was lying on the ground. My wife showed this inventory to Admiral Tegethoff and President Juarez. The doctor was sued for trying to sell what did not belong to him, and condemned by the court.—*My Diary in Mexico in 1867, &c. By Felix Salm-Salm.*

Empress of France.—In one of the accounts of the last ball at the Tuileries the Empress was reported to have worn a pink dress; another announced her as dressed in white, and a third declared the imperial robe to be yellow! However, if her Majesty is not blessed with the qualities of the chameleon, she possesses the true art of the toilette; she knows how to dress to suit her face and figure. Her costumes are always tasteful, never gaudy. She has also solved another difficult problem—that of dressing with wonderful quickness. The arrangements that have been made to compass this end are very intricate, and resemble the transformation scene in a pantomime. When the Empress is about to pass from her apartment to her dressing-room, the first *femme de chambre* touches an electric bell that corresponds with the room overhead. Thereupon a trap-door in the ceiling of the dressing-room opens, and the toilette the Empress has signified her intention of wearing is lowered from above—petticoats, slip, dress, tunic, all ready to put on, one inside the other, with their trimmings of flowers and ribbons, flounces and lace. A quarter of an hour after she is dressed, necklace, jewels, and ear-rings are in their places, and then the hairdresser is summoned; for the Empress, contrary to the usual fashion, leaves her *coiffure* to the last. The whole process is completed in less than half an hour.

Diamonds.—Six well-authenticated diamonds have been found, one of them by a Hottentot, near the missionary station of Pnail, about the junction of the Vaal and Orange Rivers. He showed it to his missionary, who sent it to Dr. Atherstone. He pronounced it a diamond of great value, worth perhaps £500 or more, and received instructions to send it to the care of the colonial secretary in Cape Town, to be held or disposed of for the benefit of the finder. I have just seen two of the diamonds, which have been brought by Sir P. Wodehouse, and are in the possession of Messrs. Garrard, jewellers to her Majesty, in the Haymarket. One weighs $21\frac{1}{2}$ carats, and the other $8\frac{1}{2}$ carats. The smaller one would be worth £200. The other, if placed on a half-sovereign, would not project over its rim, but is a trifle heavier, and a thousand times more valuable, than that coin. The fact of six or seven such diamonds having been found almost in one locality, in so limited a time, is remarkable, Brazil producing one of such value only in about twelve

months. And Mr. Tennant directs the attention of searchers to small stones and dust, which are worth £50 per ounce, pointing out that if diamond dust could be gathered in such abundance as to reduce its price to £5 per oz., many substances which cannot now be profitably worked would become useful.

Byron boasted that he had written "*Manfred*" with a single pen. As this feat was performed before Gillott or Mitchell had risen to fame, the implement must have been such as he apostrophizes in his "*English Bards*" by the name of "*My grey goose quill, slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will.*" *Le Sage*, in *L'Envoi* to "*Gil Blas*," also apostrophizes the one pen which wrote the whole work.

Mr. Mill on Female Education.—Mr. John Stuart Mill has written to some ladies in St. Petersburg, congratulating them on their efforts to obtain a higher education for women in Russia. He says—"The equal advent of both sexes to intellectual culture is important not only to women, which is assuredly a sufficient recommendation, but also to universal civilization. I am profoundly convinced that the moral and intellectual progress of the male sex runs a great risk of stopping, if not of receding, as long as that of the women remains behind, and that, not only because nothing can replace the mother for the education of children, but also because the influence upon man himself of the character and ideas of the companion of his life cannot be insignificant; woman must either push him forward or hold him back."

Allibone's Dictionary of Authors.—Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, are about to issue the completion of Dr. Allibone's "*Dictionary of English Literature, and British and American Authors*"—the first volume of which was published some years since by Mr. G. W. Childs. Persons desiring Vols. II. and III., uniform with the original edition of Vol. I., to complete their sets, are invited to send their names to the publishers.

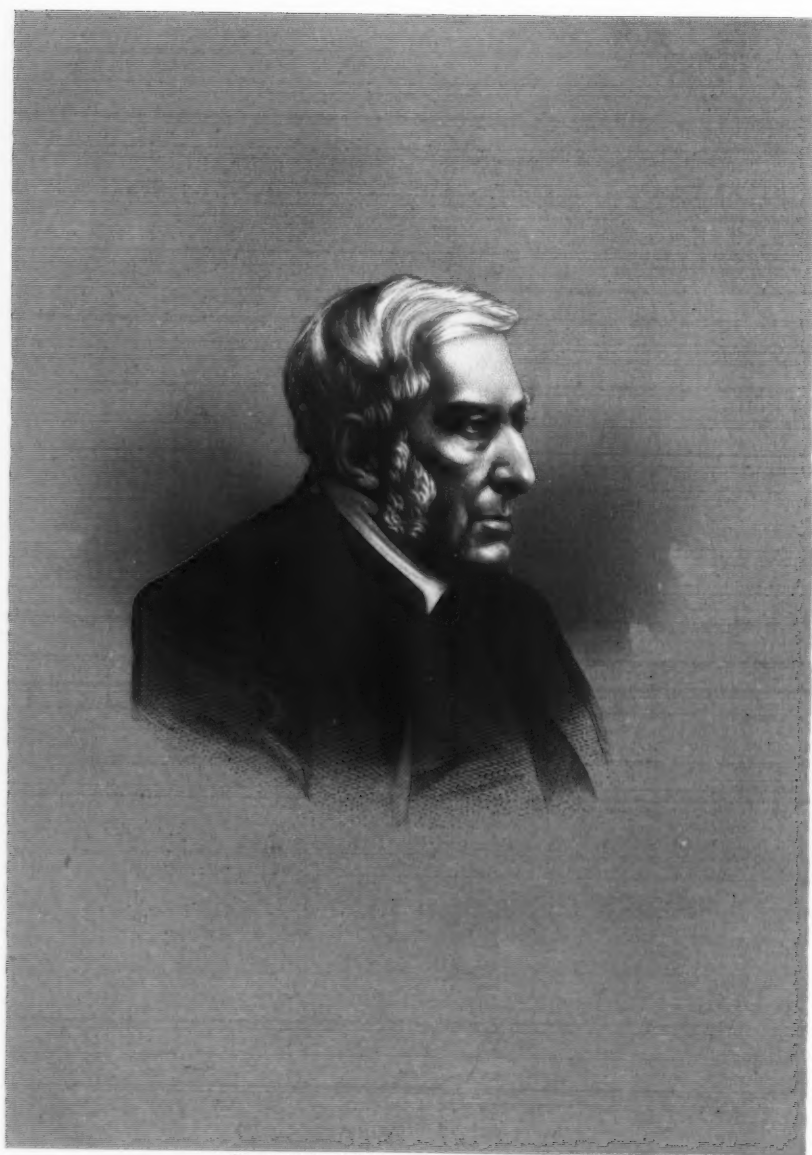
Past and Present in the Desert.—There are the vast Pyramids that have defied time; the river upon which Moses was cradled in infancy; the same sandy deserts through which he led his people; and the watering-places where their flocks were led to drink. The wild and wandering tribes of Arabs who, thousands of years ago, dug out the wells in the wilderness, are represented by their descendants, unchanged, who now draw water from the deep wells of their forefathers with the skins that have never altered their fashion. The Arabs gathering with their goats and sheep around the wells to-day recall the recollection of that distant time when "Jacob went on his journey, and came into the land of the people of the East. And he looked, and behold, a well in the field; and, lo! there were three flocks of sheep lying by it; for out of that well they watered their flocks; and a great stone was upon the well's mouth. And thither were all the flocks gathered, and they rolled the stone from the well's mouth, and watered the sheep, and put the stone again upon the well's mouth in his place." The picture of that scene would be an illustration of Arab daily life in the Nubian deserts, where the present is the mirror of the past.—*Sir. S. Baker.*

Ovation to Women in Russia.—The Medico-Chirurgical Academy at St. Petersburg conferred, at its

annual conference, a week or two ago, the degree of M.D. upon *Mdme. Kaschewarow*, the first female candidate for this honor who had presented herself before them. When her name was mentioned by the dean, it was received with an immense storm of applause, which lasted for several minutes. The ceremony of investing her with the insignia of her dignity being over, her fellow-students and new colleagues lifted her upon a chair, and carried her with triumphant shouts through the hall. At this moment *Mdme. Lucea* was espied among the audience, and such was the students' fickleness that the lady doctor had to yield her elevated seat to the popular singer. The *prima donna* not only remained in undisturbed possession of the extemporized throne, but was carried upon it to her carriage, whilst the new doctor had to find what comfort she could in her diploma.

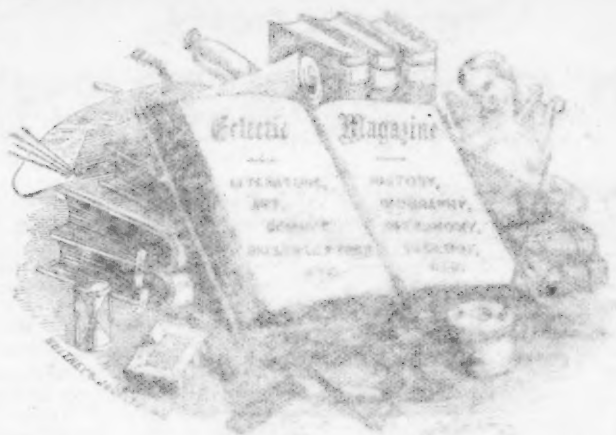
Mazzini and the British Politicians.—Mazzini, in answer to a request from a Glasgow gentleman to appeal to the British people on behalf of the Spanish nation, says: "I feel despairing about any influence to be exercised on your country by any possible appeal." He also says: "You in Britain had an immense power, and you professed to be believers in Christianity, which has no sense unless it means a belief in the unity of God, therefore in the unity of mankind, and of fraternal duties binding each to all as the practical result of that belief. You declared yourselves to be the representatives in Europe of religious, political, and commercial liberty. Belief, programme, and power, were pointing out to you your European task, and the popular sympathies of Europe were cheering you on to it. But your political men have systematically betrayed the task, and the nation has, through inertness and readily-accepted erroneous doctrines, allowed them, without even an energetic protest, to do so. Your Manchester school taught men the worship of material interests; amongst your best—John Bright—summed up Britain's programme in the words, '*Perish Savoy*' rather than front a material sacrifice for England. I shall therefore be silent."

Universal Reform.—Sir W. Hamilton, in his "*Discussions*," estimates the annual revenues of Oxford at about £600,000, and those of Cambridge at £200,000. The endowments of both universities were intended solely for educational purposes, but how are these now appropriated? Is it not notorious that more than two-thirds of the Fellows are non-resident? Even those who reside often do very little of the proper work of a Fellow. The tuition of the students is mostly carried on by private tutors or "coaches." In fact, the original objects of Fellowship endowments have long ago been lost sight of. What is the remedy for such abuses? Let all Fellows be required to reside and teach, or to resign their emoluments if they fail to do so. It might require an Act of Parliament to compel residence or resignation, but such an Act might be passed, I apprehend, without much difficulty in the next Parliament. What would be thought of an endowed school where the masters were paid £15,000 or £20,000 a year for educating from ten to thirty boys, and where less than one-third of the masters was in residence? Yet this is precisely the case of more than one college here.—A MEMBER OF THE SENATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.



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DEAN MILMAN.



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North British Review.

THE RIGHT HONORABLE HUGH ELLIOT.

THE position of a diplomatist is, in some respects, less favorable to the cultivation of personal ambition than that of an officer of rank in the army or the navy. The most important part of the diplomatist's work is unseen, and is unknown to the great body of his countrymen. He may convey to his Government the most ample details of his proceedings, but, in most cases, it would be inexpedient and in many injurious to the national interests to make these public. If, for example, he has succeeded in conducting, with consummate ability, to a satisfactory conclusion, discussions which threatened to produce a rupture between his Government and that to which he is accredited, he has rendered an important service to the State; but it can rarely be desirable to make public in detail all that passed in the course of such a negotiation. It is generally more conducive to the maintenance of a good understanding between the parties, that these details should be

kept out of sight, if not forgotten; but without a knowledge of them, of all the difficulties he has had to contend with, and of the manner in which he surmounted them, the diplomatist's merits cannot be duly appreciated. He must therefore be content, in most cases, even on occasions of the greatest success, to forego the popular appreciation which attends success in the other branches of the public service. Such, at least, was the position of our ambassadors and envoys in the last century.

For diplomatists, however, who have been men of mark in their generation, there may come a time, but not till they and their contemporaries have passed away, when some friendly hand, shaking the dust of many years from the papers they have left, gives a truthful picture of a man who, it may be, was known and admired at almost every court in Europe, revives the memory of his talents, accomplishments, and public services, and contributes authentic materials for the history of the times in which he lived.

This is what, in the memoir of her grandfather, Lady Minto has done with

Memoir of the Right Honorable Hugh Elliot,
by the Countess of Minto. Edinburgh, 1868.

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